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THE EMERSON SOCIETY QUARTERLY

No. 21

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TER, 1960

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES A YEAR BY THE EMERSON SOCIETY, BOX 1080, HARTFORD 1, CONNECTICUT. EDITED FOR THE SOCIETY BY KENNETH WALTER CAMERON. ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP \$5.00. Copyright 1961 by Kenneth Walter Cameron. *****

EMERSON, THOREAU AND CONCORD IN EARLY NEWSPAPERS

SUPPLEMENT ONE

By

KENNETH WALTER CAMERON



The interest shown in Emerson, Thoreau and Concord in Early Newspapers (Hartford, 1958) indicates at least a growing awareness of the importance of early journalism in preserving for us many suggestions for fruitful research in the area of our specialties—hints for both the graduate student and the professional scholar. That volume has been accessioned by college and university libraries, by schools of journalism offering courses in the history and cultural significance of the newspaper, and by historical societies aware of the perishable nature of newsprint and even of filmstrips of old newspaper files. Dr. Clifford K. Shipton of the American Antiquarian Society (See page 59 below.) found in E T C N "a new technique in historical publishing." Since Transcendental Books, its publishers, have reported that only about one dozen copies remain unsold and that it will soon be out of print, it has seemed wise to begin thinking of supplements, if only to alert scholars and other members of our society to the importance of preserving clippings that come their way.

Most of those reproduced in this issue have been identified. They include a complete transcript of an Emerson lecture, which differs considerably from the form it took as an essay. We are permitted, through these clippings, to be present at the celebration of Concord's 250th Anniversary and at the interesting Emerson Centennial of 1903. We can here read something further on the Thoreau-Emerson relationship. I am indebted to Mrs. Dorothy Nyren, Librarian of that scholarly Mecca, the Concord Free Public Library, for supplying me with some of her duplicate clippings and for permitting me to photograph some in collections that may not circulate. Her help and interest continue to encourage all of us in this and in other departments of research.

The Concord Transcript.

VOL. I---NO. 14.

CONCORD, SATURDAY, SEPT.

19, 1885--[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

PRICE FOUR CENTS.

OLD CONCORD.

**Celebration of the 250th
Anniversary.**

**The Promenade Concert and Govern-
or's Reception.**

THE PARADE.

The Exercises at the Town Hall.

GREETING

BY THE

Hon. JOHN S. KEYES.

Report on the Historical Tablets,

BY

CHARLES H. WALCOTT, Esq.

THE ORATION

BY THE

Hon. GEORGE F. HOAR.

THE DINNER.

**INTRODUCTORY REMARKS OF THE PRES-
IDENT OF THE DAY,**

THE Hon. JOHN S. KEYES.

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

BY

GOVERNOR ROBINSON,

J. R. LOWELL,

WM. M. EVARTS,

E. R. HOAR,

GEO. W. CURTIS,

And Others.

In September, 1635, Peter Bulkeley, an English non-conformist minister from "Wuddle," or Odel, in Bedfordshire, and Simon Willard, a merchant or Indian trader from Kent, in company with a little band of men and women who had left England to escape persecution on account of their religious views, formed a settlement on the banks of the beautiful stream which loiters through what is now known as Concord, then called by the Indian name of Musketaquid. Later in the same month, by an act of the General Court holden at Newe Towne, it was ordered that there should be a "plantation" at Musketaquid and that the name of the place should be changed to Concord. On Friday and Saturday last, the descendants of these men and women celebrated the 250th anniversary of this incorporation as a town with appropriate military and civic exercises.

THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION.

On Friday evening there was a grand promenade concert and reception to the invited guests at the Town Hall, at which there was a very large attendance.

The decorations were very tasty. At the rear of the platform was a large facsimile of the act of incorporation of the town, reading as follows:—

"Att the Genall Court holden at Newe Towne, Septe. 1635, it is ordered, that there shalbe a plantacon att Musketaquid, & that there shalbe 6 myles of land square to belong to it, & that the inhabitants thereof shall have three yeares imunities from all pub[li]c charges, except trainings: Further, that when any that plant there shall have occacon of carryeing of goods thither, they shall repaire to two of the nexte magistrates where the teames are, whose shall have power for a yeare to presse draughts, at reasonable rates, to be payde by the owners of the goods, to transport their goods thither att seasonable tymes; & the name of the place is changed, & hereafter to be called Concord."

This facsimile was surrounded by a mass of flowing white and gold drapery. The sides of the hall were covered with shields representing the different States of the Union, while from the centre of the hall to the sides depended numerous streamers of red, white and blue, which also extended to the gallery, itself handsomely draped.

The Salem Cadet Orchestra, Jean Missud leader, furnished the music for the occasion. The guests were received by

the following committee: George M. Brooks, the Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Charles H. Walcott, Edwin S. Barrett, James B. Wood and Edward C. Damon.

At quarter before nine o'clock the orchestra struck up "Hail to the Chief," and the distinguished guests entered the hall as follows: Governor Robinson, escorted by Henry J. Hosmer; William M. Evarts, escorted by Richard F. Barrett; George F. Hoar, leaning upon the arm of Samuel Hoar; George William Curtis, escorted by Edwin S. Barrett; E. Rockwood Hoar, accompanied by Charles E. Brown, and Mrs. Governor Robinson, upon the arm of William Brown. For about three quarters of an hour the governor and his lady received in front of the platform, during which time a long line of ladies and gentlemen passed continuously before them. The reception was followed by dancing, the first dance being a plain quadrille. The principal set was composed of the governor and Mrs. Robinson, George M. Brooks and Miss Norvelle Whaley, John S. Keyes and Miss Ellen T. Emerson, Henry Hosmer and Miss Jeanie S. Barrett. Dancing continued until about eleven o'clock, Senators Hoar and Evarts leaving the hall early. Mr. Curtis remained later, and was the centre of an animated and charmed group during his stay. Among those present the governor and Mrs. Robinson were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Brown, Mrs. Robinson being a cousin of Mrs. Brown; Senators Hoar and Evarts were at E. Rockwood Hoar's residence, and George William Curtis was at the home of the Rev. James S. Bush.

SATURDAY'S EXERCISES.

Saturday, the ever-to-be remembered day, was ushered in with the ringing of bells and the firing of a salute of 15 guns by the Concord battery, followed, later in the morning, with the reports of smaller cannon, dynamite cartridges and firearms of all descriptions. At half-past nine o'clock a procession was formed in Monument square, and moved over the principal streets of the town in the following order:—First came the Chief Marshal, Richard F. Barrett and staff, mounted. The aids were Messrs A. B. C. Dakin, Charles E. Brown, William Barrett, Geo. E. Walcott and Frank W. Gilmore. They wore dark coats and white pants, sashes, black hats and belts, and carried batons of gilt and white with red ribbons. The chief wore a distinguishing badge and richer trappings, including a gold belt. Next came the Salem Cadet Band, Jean Missud leader, 24 pieces, marching at the head of the Concord Artillery, company

I, Sixth Regiment M. V. M., Captain John L. Gilmore in command, with 50 men in line; Old Concord Post 180 G. A. R., under command of Edward J. Bartlett, and parading 60 members, was the next organization which caught the eye of the observer, and this was followed by the Concord Battery, Captain Arthur G. Fuller commanding, two pieces, with 20 men. The Chelmsford Band, 24 pieces, furnished the music for the fire department, which paraded as a battalion in this order, the entire department being commanded by Densmore B. Hosmer, chief engineer: Westvale Fire Company, No. 2, Walter Wright foreman, 30 men; Independence Engine Company No. 3, Mark Loftus foreman, 25 men; Hose Company No. 1, Frank R. Garfield foreman, 16 men.

The route of the procession was over Lexington, Heywood, Walden, Hubbard, Devens, Sudbury and Thoreau streets to the head of Main street, where the procession was reviewed by Governor Robinson, and the invited guests were received. The carriages, containing Governor Robinson, the Hon. George F. Hoar, the Hon. William M. Evarts, the Hon. George William Curtis, and six members of the governor's staff, the Hon. John S. Keyes, the Hon. George M. Brooks, the Rev. B.

R. Bulkeley, the Rev. Grindall Reynolds, the Rev. H. M. Grout, D.D., members of the various committees, and others took up their position in the line directly in the rear of the Concord Artillery, Company I, Sixth Regiment, Captain John L. Gilmore, which organization acted as the especial escort of the governor. The procession then moved to the town hall, where the opening literary exercises of the day took place.

The sidewalks and windows along the route of the procession were lined with eager observers, who viewed with interest the passage of the procession. A very large proportion of the entire number of houses along the route of the procession were decorated for the occasion. Among them were those of the Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar, Mr. A. J. Harlow, Mr. Geo. W. Crampton, Mr. Henry J. Hosmer, Mr. Charles E. Brown, Mr. William Brown, Mr. Samuel Hoar, Mrs. John M. Cheney, the Misses Munroe, Mrs. Damon, Mr. Thomas Todd, Mr. W. H. Dodd, Dr. Geo. E. Titcomb, Mr. Richard F. Barrett, Mr. Edwin S. Barrett, Mr. Charles Thompson, Major James B. Wood, the Hon. George M. Brooks, Mr. John O. Haskell, Mr. N. S. Daniels, Mr. George Penniman, Mr. Frank Holden, the Rev. James S. Bush, Mr. F. M. Holland, Mrs. Cyrus Pierce, Mrs. Goodenow, Mr. O. H. Underhill,

Mr. Edward S. Hoar, Mr. Woodward Hudson, Mr. Prescott Keyes, and many other private residences, the Old Wright Tavern and nearly all the places of business.

The Exercises at the Town Hall.

The hall was filled to its utmost capacity with those who desired to listen to the distinguished orator. Upon the platform were seated the invited guests, most of those who were to participate in the literary exercises of the day and the members of the various committees. Chief Marshall Richard F. Barrett stepped to the front of the platform, shortly after eleven o'clock and invited the Rev. B. K. Bulkeley, as Chaplain of the Day, to offer the prayer.

At the conclusion of the prayer, the President of the Day, the Hon. John S. Keyes, delivered the following words of greeting, his rising being the signal for hearty applause:—

Fellow Citizens:—For to-day, at least, you are all, by birth or adoption, citizens of Concord, the oldest inland town in the country, the earliest settlement above tide water, the first battle-ground of the Revolution, the birth-place of American liberty; for, if in Boston was the conception, and in Lexington the agonizing throes of deadly pain, here the blessed child was born. [applause] To this memorable and venerable town, your old, or present home, you have come up to renew your affection, and to this sweet Concord its committee bids you a cordial earnest welcome. Welcome to its pleasant houses, its shady streets, its quiet rivers. Welcome to its scenes, where Emerson thought, and Hawthorne wrote, and Thoreau walked and Alcott talked. Welcome to its fine library, its beautiful statue, its pure and flowing water, and, if you will stay long enough, *procul este*, to its peaceful cemetery. Read and ponder over its historic tablets set up on this anniversary to remind the coming generation of the struggles of their forefathers.

These two hundred and fifty years cover nearly all of the history of America and take us back in thought to the unbroken forest and the Indian occupation of these meadows and hills. From Tahattewan, the Sagamore of Musketaguid, to Ralph Waldo Emerson, the seer and sage, of Concord, is a long step in the world's progress. And yet two centuries which three lives might have spanned have seen these great changes. Dr. Bartlett, the old physician we all remember, had talked with the Centurian, Dr. Holyoke, who had talked with Peregrine White, the first white child born in Plymouth. For its first century Concord

was a struggle for existence, for its second century a business and political centre,—for the last half century literature and philosophy its leading traits. Fifty years ago to-day was heard here the first of those matchless addresses that have made Emerson's words and thoughts known wherever our mother tongue is read or spoken. It has proved the key-note of the Concord of the generation. At that time, this town had no claim to any man of more than local distinction, could present no name known beyond the county limits.

Within these fifty years how many have found here "a birthplace, a home or a grave whose names are household words." The roll of the illustrious dead can be left to you to recall, and of the living some are in your presence. [applause.]

On this anniversary, naturally a comparison is made between the Concord of to-day and of former days. Contrast its appearance then, you elders who have come back, and say in what respect there has been a failure of duty by her citizens in the past. Impress it now on your mind, you youths, that so soon will have it in your keeping, and see to it, that Concord gains in your hands new and added renown. Let us all give for the past thanks, for the present a welcome, and for the future a cheer. [great applause]

"Invitation" by Kimball, was then finely rendered by the following double quartette from the church choir: Mrs. William H. Brown and Miss Hattie E. Clark, sopranos; Mrs. George A. King and Miss Eugenie Houghton, altos; Mr. William Barrett and Mr. Augustus Davis, tenors; Mr. Thomas Todd and Mr. Charles E. Brown, basses; Mrs. Charles E. Brown, accompanist.

The report on the historical tablets was then submitted by Mr. Charles H. Walcott, chairman of the committee on tablets, in introducing whom the presiding officer said:—This town, having no pressing need of any great undertaking to be completed on this anniversary, voted to permanently mark the important events of its earlier history. The more recent are modestly left to our successors to decide what proves worthy of commemoration. The writer of the volume, "Concord in the Colonial Period," has increased our debt to him, by his labors in preparing and establishing these historic tablets. And of the places which he, as chairman of the Sub-Committee, and his associates have

"With graven stone
And the enduring bronze,"

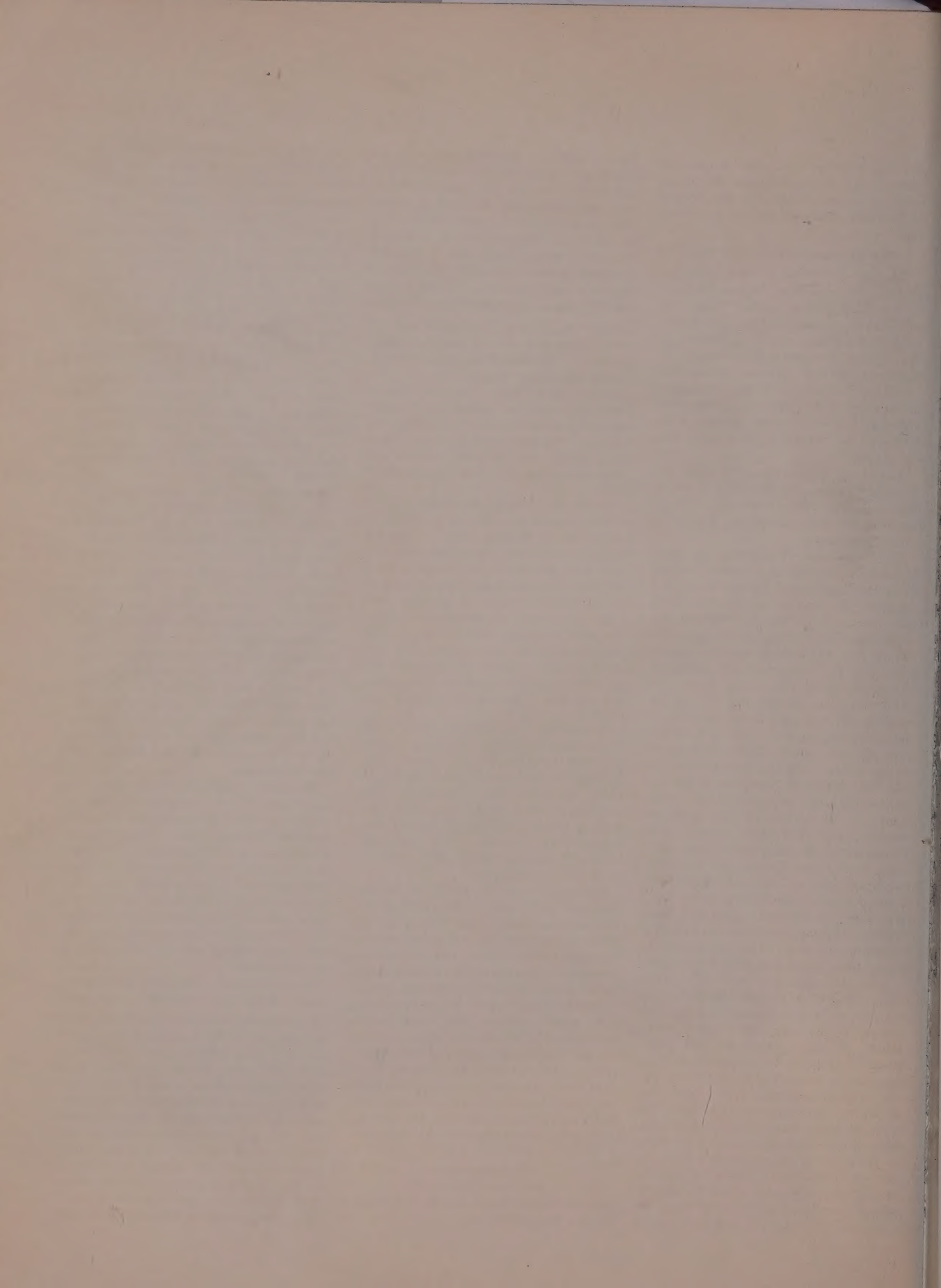
fittingly inscribed, we are now to hear. Charles Hosmer Walcott.

On this interesting anniversary, the Town of Concord aims to perpetuate upon its soil the names of the two men who were leaders in the enterprise of founding and building up the first inland town in Massachusetts, and to mark with lasting memorials of stone and bronze some of the places that are most closely associated with our early history. Among the men whom the people of Concord delight to honor, Peter Bulkeley and Simon Willard are this day peculiarly entitled to our grateful homage. The Committee in their desire to avoid, so far as possible, comparisons of one benefactor with another, have not ventured, strictly speaking, to erect monuments even to these deserving men, but, with the exception of the Indian chiefs, no names but theirs are inscribed upon the tablets that have been erected.

Few towns or cities on this continent have within their limits so much that is worthy of notice. Rich as we are in places hallowed by associations with eminent men and gifted women—places redolent of heroic action—to designate what shall be accounted, for all time, most worthy of grateful recollection, and to frame apt inscriptions that shall set forth in language simple, clear and accurate, the important facts, is to assume no light responsibility. This work the Committee have endeavored faithfully to perform, and without betraying, it is hoped, any undue anxiety, they earnestly desire that the results may meet with the approval of the townspeople and their distinguished guests.

The tablets displayed to-day for your inspection are seven in number. The inscriptions are before you, and it is not necessary to repeat them. The historical thread that runs through them and joins them together is easily traced. Taken together, and in connection with the monuments that we already possessed, they form an epitome of the town's history for a century and a half—from the beginning of the plantation to the war of the revolution.

The old Indian, Jehoiakin, in his testimony given and recorded in the year 1684, informs us "that about 50 years since he lived within the bounds of that place which is now called Concord at the foot of an hill named Nashawticke," and that he was present at the house of Mr. Peter Bulkeley, when the bargain was made between the Indians and the English planters. The simple words inscribed on the rugged face of the rock where the rivers meet, will serve to remind us and succeeding generations of a people who have vanished from the face of the earth, leaving scarcely a trace of themselves, except



a few arrow-heads, and stone pestles, and, here and there, a mound or heap of clamshells.

The land that was more especially the dwelling place of these unfortunate people passed into the ownership of Simon Willard, and it has been deemed an appropriate acknowledgment of the town's debt to him, that his name should be inscribed in letters of stone upon the farm that he owned and occupied while he dwelt in Concord, and before he went elsewhere to respond to more urgent demands for his services.

Perhaps the most interesting of our memorials is the bronze plate set in red granite, on Lowell street, to mark the site of Mr. Bulkeley's house, where the memorable interview took place between the white men and the Indians; and where in the words of the witness already quoted, the "Indians declared themselves satisfied and told the Englishmen they were welcome." The monument stands on land described in 1661 by Grace Bulkeley, widow of the minister, as her "house lot and mill lot" containing thirty-one acres. Recent excavations on the spot have disclosed fragments of old bricks and portions of what appeared to be portions of a stone foundation. Within a few rods of the monument, within the memory of persons now living, there was an excavation or depression in the ground that was commonly known as the Bulkeley cellar-hole; and in the history of Concord, published in 1835, Mr. Lemuel Shattuck indicates the spot as the site of Mr. Bulkeley's house. After a full consideration of all accessible evidence, the Committee were led to the belief that the statement of the Town's historian is correct. Scene worthy of an artist's canvas is that meeting of the two races at the minister's house. The Indians few in number, wasted by disease and poverty, and beginning to realize the bitter truth that the new day then dawning in America could have no brightness for them; the Englishmen strong and keen, vigilant and hopeful, but just and considerate in all their actions, the advanced guard of a splendid civilization. The wonder is, that this interesting event has so long escaped a formal recognition. A slab of dark-blue slate imbedded in the wall of the old burying ground—"the hill near the brooke" mentioned in the old record—points to the ridge that gave friendly shelter to the homeless settlers and determined the course of their first road. Once the site of the Puritan meeting house, it received into its dumb bosom and still retains the secrets of the unrecorded tragedies of forty years. In later times it bore upon its summit that

prophecy of American independence, the liberty pole of the revolution.

On the common or training field a stone has been placed to mark the site of the first town house, built in 1721, partly of materials furnished by the second meeting house. Here, during the provincial times, courts were held; and the inhabitants came together in town meeting, until, by reason of the heated discussions that immediately preceded the Revolution, the building proved unequal to the service required of it, and subsequent gatherings in the venerable meeting-house that stands on the green to-day gave evidence at once of the people's intensity of purpose, and their feeling that in the approaching struggle human efforts would grow weary and slacken, unless inspired from above. Our monument recognizes the historical value of the New England town-meeting. It is appropriately erected in a town where that form of popular government survives in all its original purity and excellence.

The logical interval is not great between the old town house on the common and the hill beyond the river, where a granite block is set to commemorate the forming of the minute men and militia, in preparation for the first aggressive, forward movement against the King's troops. That movement was the natural and necessary result of their votes and resolutions in town meeting; and it was not inappropriate that the smoke rising from the town-house roof, and plainly visible to the men on the hill, should give signal for the attack.

After the collision at the old North Bridge, the contestants drew off, to renew their strength and adjust themselves to the new state of affairs,—the British, to call in their detachments and withdraw as quickly as possible,—the Americans, to rouse the country and harass the invading

forces on their return. John Buttrick had taken upon himself to declare war against the British empire, and his countrymen were not slow to make it known that they intended to support his action. This determination was manifested with effect by the attack on the retreating foe. At Meriam's Corner, where our seventh tablet is a boulder firmly set in the wall.

I now invite your attention to an ancient document recently found by me in the State Archives,—a paper that, so far as I am informed, has never been printed, or alluded to by writers who have treated of the events of the 19th. of April. Its great value, as it seems to me, consists in the fact that it supplies what has always been lacking in the accounts of the day,—a graphic sketch by an eye-witness of

what was going on in the centre of Concord during its brief occupation by the enemy.

I read from a copy of a petition dated February 4, 1776, bearing the name of Martha Moulton, the old house-keeper of Dr. Timothy Minot, and addressed

To the Honorable General Court of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England in their present session at Watertown: The petition of Martha Moulton, of Concord in sd Province, Widow Woman, Humbly Sheweth

That on the 19th Day of April 1775 In the forenoon the Town of Concord, wherein I dwell, was beset by an army of Regulars who in a Hostile manner entered the Town and Draw'd up in Form before the Door of the house where I live, and there they continu'd on the Green feeding their horses within five feet of the Door—and about 50 or 60 of them was in and out the house, calling for water and what they wanted for about three hours. At the same time all our near Neighbors In the greatest Consternation were Drawn off to places far from the thickest part of the Town, where I live and had taken with them their Families and what of their best Effects they could carry,—some to a neighboring wood, and others to remote houses for security. Your Petitioner being Left to the mercy of six or seven hundred armed men and no person near but an old man of 85 years and myself, 71 years old, and both very Infirm—It may easily be imagined what a sad condition yr Petit'r must be in. Under these circumstances yr Petit'r Committed herself more Especially to the Divine protection and and was very remarkably helpt with so much Fortitude of mind, as to wait on them as they call'd with water and what we had—Chairs for Maj. Pitcairn & 4 or 5 more officers who sat at the Door Viewing their men. At Length yr Petit'r had by degrees cultivated so much favor as to talk a little with them—when all on a sudden They had set fire to the Great Gun Carriages Just by the house, and while they were in flames yr Petit'r saw smoke arise out of the Town house higher than the ridge of the house. Then yr Petit'r did put her life, as it were in her hand, and ventured to beg of the officers to send some of their men to put out the fire, but they took no notice—only sneered. Your Petit'r seeing the Town house on fire & must in a few minutes be past recovery Did yet venture to Expostulat with the officers Just by her as she stood with a pail of Water in her hand Begging of them to send it, when they only said—O mother we wont do you

any harm. Don't be concern'd mother—and such like talk. The house still burning and knowing that all the Row of 45 houses as well as the Schoolhouse was in certain danger yr Petit'r (not knowing but she might provoke them by her incessant pleading) yet ventur'd to put, at much strength to her arguments as an Importunat widow could think of—and so yr Petit'r can safely say that under Divine Providence she was an Instrument of saving the Court house and how many more is not certain, from being consum'd—with a great deal of valuable furniture—and at the great Risque of her Life, at Least by one pail of water after another they sent & Did Extinguish the fire. And now may it please the Hon'd Court as several people of note in the Town have advis'd yr Petit'r Thus Inform the public of what she had done—and as no notice has been taken of her for the same, she Begs Leave to Lay this her Case before your honors and to Let this hon'd Court also know that yr Petit'r is not only so Old as to be not able to earn wherewith to support herself—is very Poor and shall think her highly honor'd in the Favorable notice of this Honor'd Court. As what yr Petit'r has done was of a public as well as a private good and as your honors are in a Public Capacity yr Petit'r begs that it may not be taken ill in this way to ask in the most humble manner something—as a fatherly Bounty—such as your great wisdom & Compassion shall seem meet and your Petitioner as in Duty bound For the peace and prosperity of this our American Israel shall ever pray.

MARTHA MOULTON

Concord
Feb 4 1776

CONCORD, SEPT. 19, 1885.

[Continued from first page.]

The committee to whom the petition was referred reported the following resolve, but the report was for some reason not accepted:

Resolved—that there be paid out of the publick Treasury to James Barrat Esqr the sum of three pounds for the use of Martha Moulton the Petitioner for her good services in so boldly & successively (sic) preventing the enemy from Burning the Town House in Concord as set forth in her Petition.

Psalm 107, from the Bay Psalm Book, 1640, was then sung by the quartette, to the tune of "St. Martin's."

The Orator of the Day, the Hon. George F. Hoar, was then introduced by Judge Keyes, in the following words: On hardly more than an acre of land on the main

street of Concord, stood three houses from which have gone forth, in the last fifty years, five representatives in the Congress of the United States. Of these, one has been a member of the Cabinet, and one a Senator at Washington. That one, the youngest of them, connected by blood and lineage with the Declaration of Independence and the march through Georgia to the sea, I have the honor of presenting to you now as the Orator of the Day. In his native town, on this platform built of the oak of the Old North Bridge where his grandfather and the ancestors of many of you once "Fired the shot heard round the world," his eloquence cannot fail to inspire and delight you—The Senator of Massachusetts, George Frisbee Hoar.

The oration (which is printed in full in our Supplement) was listened to with the deepest attention, and was heartily applauded.

At its close, "America" was sung by the entire audience, and the audience then dispersed.

The line was then re-formed and the procession moved over Main, Thoreau, and Texas streets to the Agricultural Hall, where the parade was dismissed.

THE DINNER.

Agricultural Hall, where the dinner was served, was handsomely decorated by Messrs. Daniel C. French, the sculptor, E. J. Bartlett, John F. Hosmer, and John H. Chapman. About 600 dinner tickets were sold, and it is said that as high as \$5 each was offered for tickets during the forenoon, although the original price was only \$1. Music was furnished by the Salem Cadet Band, stationed on the balcony of the hall. At the dinner the president of the day, the Hon. John S. Keyes, presided. At his right were seated Governor Robinson, George F. Hoar, the Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, George William Curtis, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, Hapgood Wright of Lowell, the Rev. H. M. Grout, D.D. On his left were James Russell Lowell, Ebenezer R. Hoar, William M. Everts, George M. Brooks, the Rev. George H. Hosmer, Samuel Hoar and Henry J. Hosmer. A seat was reserved for President Phillips of the Fitchburg Railroad, but he was not present. The Rev. B. R. Bulkeley invoked the divine blessing, after which about an hour was spent in discussing the viands.

THE POST-PRANDIAL EXERCISES.

The company was rapped to order by the President of the Day, the Hon. John S. Keyes, who said:—

Concordians, neighbors, friends: It is

my pleasant duty to invite your attention to this rare feast of rich eloquence you see spread before you, not to detain you by any words of mine, except to say (privately in your ear) that if in the excitement of such an occasion, there should slip out inadvertently words not quite consistent with the well known modesty and humility characteristic of Concord, you will pardon it and receive it as it is meant in a Pickwickian sense, and not as sober earnest.

Of course this morning at that public gathering we were on parade, and that was something entirely different from this family dinner. The Orator of the day told us such a flattering tale that if we were not plain, common-sense folk, we might be set up with our importance, and imagine that Concord was the "hub," that New England harbored not her peer, and

"The spacious North
Exists to draw her virtues forth."

and believe

"Thy summer voice Musketaquid
Repeats the music of the rain.
They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of days."

But this is poetry. The prose fact is that we are,

"Content with these poor fields,
Low, open meads, slender and sluggish
streams,

And found a home in haunts which others
scorned.

Beneath low hills, in the broad interval
Through which at will our Indian rivolet
Winds mindful still of sump and of
squaw.

Whose pipe and arrow oft the plough un-
buries,
Here in pine houses built of new-fallen
trees,

Supplanters of the tribe, the farmers
dwell.

Traveller, to thee, perchance, a tedious
road,

Or, it may be, a picture."

and we are

"Not vain, sour, or frivolous,
Not mad, athirst, or garrulous.
Grave, chaste, contented though retired."

To-day Concord proposes to be worthy of her name. All is to be peace and good will. Forgetting her old rivalry with Lexington, she greets the Governor of the State, although he was born there and not here. Yet, as his mother was a Concord lady, and he is not responsible for the place of his birth, we claim our share of him. As the descendant of Dolor Davis, one of our first settlers, and the ancestor of three Governors of Massachusetts, John Davis, John Davis Long, and our guest, the present chief magistrate of

the commonwealth, whom I now present to you as most worthy of his line of ancestors and predecessors, His Excellency George Davis Robinson.

Upon rising to speak, the Governor was given an enthusiastic greeting, at the close of which he said: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Descendants of Old Concord: There was no strife or rivalry between the people of Concord and Lexington when danger was in the front. [Applause.] And never was the question raised as to priority of honor until the people were born who shouldered no musket in 1775. [Renewed applause.] There is glory enough for all and each. When we come into the presence of advanced years, we bow our heads in great respect, taking up the lesson that comes out of a long and marked life. So we stand here to-day, in the presence of 250 years drawn up to the present hour in the results that are impressed upon our appreciation now. How happy a thing it is, and how much of a relief to one who is charged with saying a few words, that he can come here now and recognize real age. The Governor has oftentimes to meet with towns that are only 100 years old. [Laughter and applause.] It is pleasant, too, when we reflect that our fathers must have foreseen into the future much farther than we had ever given them credit for. What but the great wisdom that planted the township here in 1635, what but that rare wisdom that penetrated what seemed to be beyond human ken, could have been so considerate as to have caused Governor Haynes and the general court in 1635 to incorporate this town right in the month of September, when, over nature's fields, the tints are painted on the autumnal leaf and the rich crops are ready to drop into the hands of the husbandman? How beautiful it was that they have foreseen (surely we will all believe it to-day) this beautiful-beyond-description weather that entrances us and delights us all! And they knew that 250 years hence we should sit down under this glorious sun and clear sky, and think of their bright and glorious deeds. [Applause.] And it is, too, pleasant that they foresaw it in this year, 1635, it may be (at any rate we will hope so) this time, when, for some reason that shall be here and now unexplainable, the commonwealth should have a chief magistrate who should stand upon this platform to speak for her, in whose veins should flow a joint current of blood from Lexington and Concord, uniting in one grand force the power of patriotic devotion to America. [Applause.]

It is always a pleasure to respond, Mr.

President, to the courtesies of such an occasion as this; to accept the greeting which is extended to our good old State that we love so well. Wherever the people congregate to consider

THE ANCIENT SETTLEMENT

of our various municipalities, wherever from far and near they gather to talk over the associations of home, to look down into each others eyes and souls and see all the past, the riches that are in human nature, wherever they come together and deal with those things that lie up nearest and dearest to all, there, surely, is the vital spirit of our commonwealth ever present, finding the best expression of her freedom and her life. It is like our good old New England festival, celebrated annually in every home circle, bringing the child and the parent, kith and kin together, as they live over what is so much a treasure. No one, except he were of Concord origin, could measure the satisfaction and the feeling that have filled me yesterday and to-day. The old streets, the old cemetery, the inscriptions upon the tombstones, the faces here and now, the lineaments that stand out before me, telling of ancestors that I knew a few years ago, all these come up to intensify my delight and to strengthen my impressions. Indeed, my recollection takes me back (I dare to say it) upwards of 40 years, when, as a boy, I knew the ways, and the hills, and the vales, and the streams of this town. I was associated with many that have remained here and others that are gone, and I knew all the choice, and sweet, and sacred spots. The old river was not unfamiliar. I wandered up and down its banks many a time, and, judging by results, I can assure you that the same fish swim there to-day that were there on those occasions [laughter], for I never had any success at all in tempting them to yield to my offerings. [Renewed laughter.]

The earlier settlers, we must believe, could not have fully anticipated what has resulted. They worked with the highest ideal in view, but we can hardly fancy that the men who founded this town in 1635 saw that with unerring certainty would fall here the signal distinction that came in 1775. Patriotism was not confined to this town. It spread everywhere. There were other hills, and other rivers, and other bridges, and other ways; and none but divine knowledge could have known that it would come here by this stream, in this town of Concord. It is not the old North bridge that makes this town of Concord justly famous. Down through the Loerian mountains ran the defile of Thermopylae. It would have re-

mained unknown in history, without even a mention of recognition had not 300 brave souls gone down there for Lacedaemon's cause. Bridges everywhere, streams numerous, the North bridge not significant, but the manhood that stood on the bridge and stemmed the tide of British aggression and turned back the onset in victory was peculiar to that time. [Applause.] The old bridge has disappeared to us; the traveller sees it no more. He loves to know that its planks have passed into the foundation work of the platform in the town hall. He knows that the shot was heard round the world. But more: the impulse went everywhere, and wherever the oppressed recognized it, there came confidence and courage and encouragement. Our independence was surely not the work of a year or of a decade. The work, the process, commenced with the first settlement. More than a century passed while this movement was proceeding to its unerring result. The church, the schoolhouse, the town meeting were educating the people to know, not only that it was their right to be free, but were inspiring them with the heroism that would dare, in the future, to declare that independence. So surely, under God's providence, was the power implanted in the people that should strike down oppression. Said the great inventor, Stephenson, to the dean of Westminster, "What impels that locomotive engine?" "Why, sir, steam of course." "No," said Stephenson, "It is the sunbeam that God sent into the flowers." The great drama was prepared and rehearsed in Concord from 1635 to 1775, and then the first act was opened here in the presence and with the knowledge of the civilized world, and the curtain was not rung down at the close until Yorktown came and America was free forevermore. [Applause.]

Standing here to-day, we may look with trembling and anxiety in our imaginings of what the future shall be. We can safely trust the past. We know that in the early days Congress sat here, choosing John Hancock to the presidency. We do not fail to remember that Harvard College for a time found its home in this town. And though it may be that in the later years Harvard has gone to her permanent establishment in the city where it was first located, yet, wherever literature, and science, and statesmanship and poetry, and romance, and philosophy are considered, there shall be told

THE NAME OF CONCORD.

And though Congress comes no longer here, Concord's sons are in the great Congress of the nation, expressing her intelligence and her power. [Applause.]

If it be so in the future, we need have no anxiety or apprehension for what shall come.

"We can bear to the future,

No greater than to us the past hath brought;

Faithful to the lowliest duty

True to the loftiest thought."

And as we look back only a few years—as we look back to the work that was done from 1861 to 1865, when we see that Concord blood and Concord courage and Concord patriotism failed not then in the nation's emergency, we know that, whatever may betide, so long as the school-house, the church, and religion and integrity shall stand, there shall yet be a Grand Army of the Republic that will take care that the nation shall live. [Great applause.]

Now, the strength of this community, in my judgment, has resided in the strength of the people individually. There is the secret of power. And this town is strong, because it maintains with jealous care its original methods and ways. Honesty in public affairs, decency in public and private life, good, open hearted manhood and womanhood are not out of fashion in Concord. [Applause.] And so long as you keep those powers in the majority, so long the influence that shall go out from here will be immeasurable. Concord will retain the greater strength the longer she remains a town. It may be fashionable to court the ways and methods of a city, but, bear with me, the true, underlying principle that holds our government firmly is self-control, and there is no better democracy under God's sun than that found in the New England town meeting, where each man meets his fellow, exchanges his thoughts, and puts his voice and his vote on the side of his judgment. [Applause.] Knowing that you are all far advanced in years to-day, and that you tire more easily than you would have done 250 years ago [laughter], I must forbear to vex your ears and weary your patience longer. There are gentlemen on either side of me that have not only entranced America, but the whole world. [Applause.] We welcome them here—you, Mr. President, only for Concord—I, for Massachusetts [applause], and I speak out of the impulse of the generosity, not only of two towns that I always carry with me [laughter], but the whole commonwealth that for the time being is intrusted to my care. [Applause.] Though we will not be at the next quarter-millennium [laughter], we may, perhaps, keep our influence strong, so that the town

shall be here, and so that the state may then come up here with as just pride as she comes now to give the happiest greeting and to express satisfaction at the accomplishments of the past. [Applause.]

The President: There is one presence here, without which no Concord celebration could be complete. He has carried this town on his shoulders for more than a generation. He has honored it and every station to which he has been called,—at the bar, on the bench, in Congress, in the Cabinet and in the diplomatic commission. At home his influence has been such that it has been irreverently said, that when he snuffed all Concord succeeded. (Laughter) Be that as it may, when he speaks all Concord delights to listen. Perhaps he will tell us of our second Centennial, fifty years ago, something he remembers,—our Judge, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar. On rising to speak, Judge Hoar was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause, after the subsidence of which he said:

Mr. President, such an introduction is unkind of you, but I will not allow any feeling of unkindness to enter my mind upon this occasion. I think it is undoubtedly true that most of the Concord people present would have a little doubt of the identity of the town, on any public occasion, if they did not have a little dreary talk from me. (Laughter) To-day I have neither of the qualities which make a public speaker. The first quality of a public speaker is legs (laughter), and mine are sadly deficient. The other is that he shall have something to say, and in that I am totally deficient, except that the President has expressed a wish that I should say something to you about our second Centennial, and with that wish I will endeavor to comply. I was present at the last celebration, the 200th anniversary of the settlement of the town. I had recently graduated from college and was remaining in Concord a week, to attend that celebration, before I should enter upon my life's work by commencing it as a school-master in western Pennsylvania. I remember very distinctly all that occurred then, and the Concord that was then here. I belong, I think, in some degree, to the Concord of the minister and the meeting-house, the Concord all of whose citizens were of the same race and generally of the same way of thinking, except as their judgments might differ at times on public questions; and there has been a very great change since that time. I am inclined to think however, with the Orator of the Day, that the digestion of Concord is equal to the meal which has been laid before it.

There have been two great influences

at work upon our town during the last fifty years. One is the railroad. This influence has been not only that which the enterprise itself has exerted upon the town, but it has also been felt in the persons of the poor men who came here to aid in the construction of the railroad, who were obliged to work at starvation wages, and who were received with such an unbounded hospitality and compassion by our people, that great numbers of them were induced to settle here. It is probable that our population now includes 1000 or 1500 of that race, who by reason of the education received in our common schools and through the associations existing between them and the old inhabitants, are fast becoming valuable members of our community.

That rail-road had two effects. It made Concord nearer to Boston. Well, that to some extent, might be considered an advantage, because it afforded people a rather more rapid means of reaching here than they had before enjoyed. But it had the tendency to attract to our town persons who merely came here as to a pleasant place in which to live,—whose concerns were elsewhere, and whose amusements, associations, and friends, were very largely in the city. I do not think that was an advantage to Concord, and it is one of the things we need to consider.

The Concord that I knew in my boyhood was an extremely *self-respecting* community. We thought that it would do just as much good to the people of the city, or of anywhere else, to know what *we* thought, as for us to know what they thought. And, as I remember the collection of our substantial citizens, at the post office, in the morning, and their comment and conversation on public affairs, I find that trait very conspicuously present, as it had been all through the town's history. I remember a good and excellent Democratic selectman of this town who went on to Washington, for the first time, and who had great respect for the country and its government and the members of Congress. He also had some respect for himself, and was accustomed to be treated with respect and kindness by others. When he returned from Washington, he said he was shocked with the actions of the members of Congress. "Why," said he, "they came into the hotel where I put up, they went up to the bar, they drank and they *moore* right before me." (laughter) Now, that is as thorough a specimen of a Concord quality which I value and which I should like to preserve and perpetuate as any that I know of.

I hope that we are not going to become a suburb of the city. We should remember that our part in the state is as important as any other. In the presence of others, our opinions should be expressed with modesty, and caution, and reflection, but still we are entitled to be heard.

The other great influence which has been exerted upon this town during the last fifty years, is, in my judgment, the presence of Mr. Emerson as a resident in it. (applause) Yet, while we know, that his presence has been the education of the town, while we know that he has been the inspirer of the town on all occasions no less than his grandfather, who saw the fight from the North Bridge, while we know that in every struggle for freedom, for education, or for any other good cause he has always been found in the front of the battle as our leader,—still, *that* has not been without its disadvantages; for I think the presence of Mr. Emerson has not been wholly serviceable, as *no good gift of God ever is*. He brought, and has tended somewhat to bring to our town what has been called his “menagerie;” and to a quiet Concord person of the plain old-fashioned type, the presence, frequently grotesque, is not always absolutely admirable. Undoubtedly Mr. Emerson, who was one of our most hospitable citizens and one of the most attractive of men, has brought here many worthy and excellent persons who shared his spirit and his purpose. But also we have had all manner of imitators; and occasionally a Concord person, when he is away from home, remarks made by people, who do not consider that we are responsible for neither the Reformatory up here at one end of the town, nor for *all* the attendants at the School of Philosophy at the other. (laughter and applause.)

I am going to mention two things which I think are creditable to the town and the benefit of which I like to extend to our neighbors whenever possible; and I think of them, because we are entitled so to do, with complacency.

One thing is the example which Concord has set to other towns,—and to the cities,—as regards the non-partisan administration of town affairs. I think we are partly indebted to the anti-slavery movement for this. There was, in this town, while the old Whig and Democratic parties existed, the Free-Soil movement of forty-eight years ago, which was composed of a part of each of these other parties; and the three parties were frequently equally balanced in the town. The result was, that we set about having no political division in regard to our town affairs; and from 1848 up to the

present time,—while before that date, we used to have just as hard a contest in the election of a selectman as we would were we electing a president of the United States and about as bitter a one sometimes,—we have not had any division and have elected our town officers quietly, taking the best of our citizens that we could get to serve and always taking care to have the minority represented as far as they had any political duties. I think that this is something which the cities and any other towns that have not done the same thing should do. I hope a great many Massachusetts towns *have* done so.

Then there is one other debt which the country owes to Concord, which is entitled to recognition, and which is of a practical character. *There* are two bunches of Concord grapes. (Exhibiting the bunches) (applause) *That* is what it can do when it tries (exhibiting a very handsome bunch) and very abundantly it does it when it goes into other parts of the country. (Applause) That grape was originated by the experiments of a citizen of Concord, Mr. Bull, and it has extended from North Carolina to the Pacific, all over the northern section of the country, and a friend of mine found it on the table of a hotel in northern Italy where the phylloxera had spoiled the native grape. The Concord grape, is perhaps, the greatest horticultural benefit that has been conferred on the country during these fifty years. Having shown you the grape as it ought to be seen and as it appears when it tries what it can do I will say that *there* are a couple of bunches (exhibiting a smaller specimen than the last) which grew on the original vine, which still stands in bearing condition, though in bad shape, owing to the fact that so many cuttings have been made from it for propagation.

I think that our people have kept quietly about their business, have endeavored to make the world better, and are to be commended for that: and it shocks our modesty to be commended for anything else than good intentions and a faithful performance of what we can find to do. (Great applause)

The President: *Poeta nascitur non fit*. But if ever there *was* a fit, it was when our genuine Yankee poet went ambassador to England. More than a century ago, there was an unpleasantness here with some Englishmen, some traditions and memorials of which still exist in our village. We have got over all that now, especially since we got so much the latter of them through our minister to London, who could teach them their own

literature, who could eulogize their own poets and more eloquently use their own language, and who accomplished what we *all* hope and what I think we shall find to be the case; namely that the Puritan will come out ahead to-day and always, as she has this week. (Laughter and applause) We congratulate that gentleman, our guest, on his successful mission, and we fondly hope that in his great renown he will spare us a little leaf of his laurels, in memory of his youthful residence and of Concord Bridge and John Bull's run. Indeed, we almost dare to think his victory over England was in part owing to his early reading and fine rendering of the old fight and that he knew

“What earthquake rifts would shoot and run
World-wide from that April fray.”

James Russell Lowell.

Mr. Lowell was the recipient of hearty applause as he rose to address the company.

He said: Mr. President, your Excellency, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Although Governor Robinson supposed so much of foresight in the men of 1635 as to have credited them with foreseeing us sitting here at these tables, yet, had they done so, they would never have foreseen me making a speech here on this occasion; for I came over here under a misapprehension. I was misled by my dear old friend on my left (turning to Judge Hear) into the supposition that nothing would be expected of me. He now tells me that what he meant was, that I should not be expected to deliver a poem (laughter and applause),—as if I kept poetry always on tap. (Renewed laughter) If I had known what was expected of me, if I had known that there would be so much eloquence in addition to the admirable oration we have heard this morning, I should have come with a pocket-ful of impromptues; but, as it is, you will get rid of me sooner than you might otherwise have reasonably expected.

I am reminded in rising here of an adventure which occurred to me in the town of Concord; and being neither a Lexington nor a Concord man, I am in some doubt under what title I appear here to-day. I am not an adopted son of Concord. I cannot call myself *that*. But I can say, perhaps, that under the old fashion which still existed when I was young, I was “bound out” to Concord for a period of time; and I must say that she treated me very kindly. In other words, I was, during a period of my senior year in college, forty-seven years ago, *rusticated* in Concord. (Laughter and applause.) I look back upon it as one of the most fortunate events of my life. I am quite

serious in saying so. I then, for the first time, made the acquaintance of Mr. Emerson, of whom Judge Hoar has so fittingly spoken; and I still recall with a kind of pathos, as Dante did that of his old teacher Brunetto Latini, "*La cara e buona imagine, paterna,*" "The dear and good paternal image," which he showed me here; and I can also finish the quotation and say "*Che in la mente m'è fitta, ea or niaccora.*" "And showed me how man makes himself eternal." (Applause) I remember he was so kind to me—I, rather a flighty and exceedingly youthful boy. He took me with him, I remember, on some of his walks. I remember particularly a walk to the Cliffs which I shall never forget. And perhaps this feeling of gratitude which I have to Concord gives me some sort of claim to appear here to-day.

But I can easily find another one. Although the orator dwelt to-day in perfectly fitting terms on the deliberate courage of the men who marched down to the Bridge, and although I was particularly struck with what he said of one of them,—that is, that he said that he went into battle as he went to church.—I could not help thinking of the motto of our State, which, omitting the minority half of the quotation, shows that our ancestors made war only (considering war in itself a bad thing) to attain a specific object, and, that object attained, were willing to sit down under their own grape and fig tree; and finer grapes, I may say, have never been grown. You remember the motto, "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.*" It is familiar to you all. But it has always struck me that they omitted the "*Maus hec inimica tyrannis,*" which constitutes the threat. Although the men who went down to that bridge that morning, as Mr. Hoar told us this morning, as he thinks, went there with a more far-

glory of the patriot is the country he has saved. Children's children are the crown of old men. The hundred years beginning in 1783, and just ended, must tell us whether it were not better that Bulkeley had stayed in the pleasant vales of Bedfordshire, and Simon Willard and James Hosmer in rich and fertile Kent.

We are as far from the Concord to which Emerson spoke in 1835 as that was from the Concord of the Revolution. The man or woman is now departed from among the living, or is past the Psalmist's allotted term of human life, who, a youth of twenty-one, listened in the venerable church to the sweet, rich tones of our beloved sage, as he spoke to the congregation, adorned by those crowns of glory, the hoary heads of the survivors

of the Revolution. We can look, as with the eyes of posterity, upon more than half a century of the peaceful and quiet life of this community. The labor of the founders, the struggle with England, the crowning sacrifice and conflict of the Revolution, were but to win the right to be and to remain what Concord was in 1835, and has been since. It was as absolute a democracy, in the best sense of that word, as ever existed on the face of this earth. Mr. Emerson thought that "the town records should be printed and presented to the governments of Europe; to the English nation as a thank-offering, and as a certificate of the progress of the Saxon race; to the continental nations as a lesson of humanity and love." "Tell them," he said, "the Union has twenty-four states, and Massachusetts is one. Tell them Massachusetts has three hundred towns, and Concord is one; that, in Concord are five hundred ratable polls, and every one has an equal vote." But it was something far more than a political democracy. The most extreme and oppressive social distinctions often prevail under constitutions securing the most absolute political equality. The relation of the neighbor, at its very best, existed here in that sense which Dr. Johnston gives as its signification in divinity;—"One partaking of the same nature, and therefore entitled to good offices." There was little wealth and little poverty. There were no palaces and no hovels. I do not think it occurred to the richest man in town that he was thereby entitled to any superiority, or to the poorest that he must for that reason doff hat to any man. When the people formed their procession for their centennial, if the little black girl were left alone, the beautiful favorite of the school-room took her place by her side. The townspeople who were well-to-do took an interest as friends in the inmates of the poor-house, who, under the old settlement laws, must have had by themselves or through their ancestors some close relation to the town. This sense of social and personal equality was by no means inconsistent with a just regard for authority or personal character. Intellect and excellence were held at their proper rate, and received their due respect. The town was as early as any to insist on a high standard of public school education for both sexes. It is often said that the town meeting educated the people to self-government; that town meetings are to liberty what primary schools are to science; they bring it within the people's reach, they teach men how to use and how to enjoy it, and this is true. But the value of the New England town, the

value of this town in a most eminent degree, consists in something more than that. This value is in its *personality*. It is a being calculated to excite the warmest human affection. In those nations of Europe where the national feeling is the strongest the wisest philosophers have observed and deplored the absence of a local public spirit. But here the town has always been the object of love and pride. The people of Concord cared for its honor and dignity as for that of their own household. In the days which some of us can remember, the advent of a stranger put the town on its hospitality. If Kossuth or Lafayette were coming here, or our famous anniversary were to bring throngs of strangers, every individual felt a personal responsibility. In the great public charities for Greece, or for Ireland, or Hungary, or Kansas, Concord must not be suffered to be behind any other town, in proportion to her ability. The morals and manners of the people were pure and clean. I do not remember that there has ever been a murder or a social scandal, and scarcely one of the greater crimes. There was little of austerity in the life of the people. The farmers led happy and honest lives. The ever old ever new romance of life went on. Lovers wooed and maidens were won. Children were born, and old age passed to the tomb. Our clergymen taught a rational and cheerful faith. Our fathers and mothers took into their own nature the peace of this beautiful landscape of river and meadow, and put of their own nature into the landscape.

Above, all, while, like their fellow-men the round world over, they belonged to this world into which they were born, were no ascetics, took as they came the duties and the enjoyments and the trials of life, they held to a very sincere religious faith in a supreme law of Duty, and in a personal immortality. They believed in a future life, when just men were to enjoy with those they had loved here. The children laid their parents to sleep as those who were to awaken again. The wife parted from her husband, expecting to see his face after a time. The mother who lost her child believed that its tiny fingers should curl once more about her own. It was this hope's perpetual breath from which alone came to them, as to all healthy society, every gift of noblest origin.

It is often said that these democracies, with their political and social dead level may do very well for mankind in a condition of coarse and comfortable mediocrity. Men may eat and drink and die in them, with a certain gross physical content-

ment. But for letters and art, for the greater and nobler quality of chivalry and genius, for the respect due to authority, especially for the beauty and ornament of noble and gracious manners, we must look elsewhere. You need a throne, the fountain of honor, hereditary wealth, feeder of the arts which ennoble and beautify life, great old houses and family names, and old household gardens, for the rare plant of courtesy and high breeding to mature and blossom. Let us see. I think we need not altogether blush for our old Concord, when these things are spoken of. We shall perhaps find that the men who have come out from our farm-houses have been as ready for the great self-sacrifices of life, that Country, Honor, Duty, have had a meaning for them also, as for any Plantagenet or Howard. But how is it in respect of courtesy and good manners, not now using the words in their largest and best sense of manifestation of true kindness, but as denoting that beauty and grace of conduct and behavior that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman. I suppose perfect specimens of these manners are rare everywhere. Every generation speaks of them as gentlemen of the old school, each thereby confessing that it has not many of them to show for its own. How will the proportion of them here compare with that in other forms of society? I have been in my time a pretty diligent and hungry reader of the memories of Englishmen of rank and fame, illustrious in church or state, in law or letters. I confess I do not find many traces of such characters there. If English fiction, from Fielding and Smollett, down to Dickens and Thackeray and Trollope draw a true portraiture, I should be sorry to have sent our young farmers to learn the graces of life from the gentlemen they describe.

There are many persons in this audience who remember the simple and grave courtesy of Nathan Brooks. Your elders have not forgotten another Concord man—him of whom Emerson said that "if one had met him in a cabin or forest, he must still seem a public man, answering as sovereign state to sovereign state; and might easily suggest Milton's picture of John Bradshaw, that "he was a consul from whom the fasces did not depart with the year, but in private seemed ever sitting in judgment on kings;" and "that he returned from courts or congresses, to sit down, with unaltered humility in the church or in the town-house, on the plain wooden bench, where honor came and sat down beside him." To meet Emerson himself was as if you had encountered

one fresh from the council of the Greek Olympus. These men were not accidents. They were representatives, the best representatives perhaps, but still representatives, of a people from which they and their ancestors sprang, from which they derived their education, and in which they found example, guidance, and companionship. If it had been necessary for our little democracy to establish its own relations with any throne or court, it would not have lacked ambassadors; and it would have had no occasion to be ashamed of them.

For how many centuries has the world been moved to admiration and tears by the story of Sir Philip Sidney, the bright, consummate flower of English chivalry, who gave the cup of water, offered to his own dying lips, to his dying comrade. It is the one story which brings the age of chivalry home to the apprehension of mankind. Yet, certainly, we should all of us have thought the action perfectly natural to George Prescott.

Concord was among the very earliest towns to provide a liberal education in classics and mathematics, both in public and private schools. Both sexes pursued these studies together, and certainly for all the time for which I can speak, the girls were at the head of the classes. When the United States Centennial Committee, in 1876, desired that the biography of a woman from each of the old thirteen states should be written, to exhibit the highest attainment of American womanhood for the first century of our national life, Sarah Ripley, a Concord woman by marriage and adoption, was selected as the representative of Massachusetts. She was one of the best scholars in the country in classics, in mathematics, in modern literature, English and continental, and in Natural History. She conducted her pupils through the entire college curriculum. Mr. Everett said of her that she was qualified to fill any professor's chair at Harvard. Rarely was a brighter or profounder intellect; never a sweeter or more gracious presence.

"Tell me, tell me, have ye known
Household charm more sweetly rare,
Grace of woman ampler blown,
Modesty more debonaire,
Younger heart, with wit full grown."

"Native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,"

Concord is known by her contribution to literature, wherever the English language is spoken. The battle-ground itself has added glory in the eyes of the pilgrim, that it is hard by the home of Hawthorne.

Our cemetery is not more hallowed by the sacred dust it preserves, than by Mr. Channing's ode for its dedication, fit to be ranked with Sir John Davies' Poem of the Soul.

"Rather to those ascents of being turn
Where a ne'er-setting sun illumines the
year

Eternal, and the incessant watch-fires
burn

Of unspent holiness and goodness clear."

Thoreau found in our woods the material for his reports of the habits of all animate and inanimate nature, which are to those which science had given us before, as the human character of a poet to the same man as described by an anatomist. Emerson, who held the loftiest place in literature of all men of his time, to whom Concord owes so much, would have been first to acknowledge his own debt to her. The biographer who would describe the "educational and social influences which helped to mould his character," or the qualities of race he inherited has first to understand the character of Concord, and study the lives of generations of Concord men.

Eminence in the fine arts, for obvious reason, is not to be expected of a people situated as we were for our first two hundred years. But it is pleasant to hear that a young man descended from that race of Puritan clergymen who have so honored the town in every generation, is taking high rank as a painter in Paris. When we see, standing by the North Bridge, one of the very few great American statues that are alive, we are glad to remember that we had not to go abroad for the sculptor, and to think that Concord has given proof that the genius of American Democracy is not incapable of adding this ornament and beauty also to the state.

In speaking of the town as a separate municipal and social life, we do not forget that it is but a part of a larger life, in which it lives and moves and has its being. The commonwealth and the country surround us like the air. What would be left of Concord, if, inhabited by the same men, and with all physical conditions unchanged, she had been other than a Massachusetts town, is harder to answer than Sir Thomas Browne's famous question,— "What song the Sirens sang." But she has given, as well as received. Certainly she has not failed in her contribution to the glory of Massachusetts, in every generation. When it was the glory of Massachusetts to redeem the continent from the savage, and to found an empire, the men of Concord led the way into the forest.

When it was the glory of Massachusetts to lead in winning American liberty from the power of England, it was a Concord voice that gave the word. When it was the glory of Massachusetts to give to mankind the example of a model self-governing commonwealth in peace, Concord was a model town. When it was the glory of Massachusetts to adorn herself with her garland of men of genius, poets, philosophers, orators, Concord furnished the brightest flowers in that wreath.

But the test was still to come which should determine whether eighty years of peace, whether church and common school, and town meeting, could train the youth of Concord, in the comfort and luxury of modern homes, to a heroism like that which grew up of old in the forest and in the Indian war. On the 18th of April, 1861, on the old historic day, the first Concord soldiers left home for the defence of Washington. The town had already taken an influential part in inaugurating the great political revolution which achieved the freedom of the slave. When the party was formed in 1848 to prevent the extension of slavery into the territories, the call issued from Concord, a Concord man presided at its first state convention, and, by a singular coincidence, natives of Concord presided at its first great meetings in Lowell and in Worcester, and took a leading part in that in Boston.

The soldiers of Concord went to the war fully understanding its issues. They knew what they were fighting for. The spirit of Captain Charles Miles of the Revolution, who was wounded in the pursuit of the British, who told Dr. Ripley "that he went to the services of that day with the same seriousness and acknowledgment of God that he carried to church" was still the spirit of the later generation. What one of them said of their brave Colonel Prescott was true as a general description of all:—"A more moral man, or one more likely to enter the kingdom of Heaven, cannot be found in the Army of the Potomac. He did not fight for glory, honor, or money, but because he thought it his duty."

I have not the time to enter upon the detail of that honorable and pathetic history. It is not necessary. As a son of Concord, there is nothing I could desire to have added to the complete and noble eloquence which expressed her gratitude to her soldiers in the recent war, when the soldier's monument was dedicated. The citizens who then uttered the voice of the town were careful to disclaim any peculiarity or monopoly of merit. The town furnished more than her quota of men, her full proportion of all other con-

tributions, and her spirit never flinched or quailed till the war was over. There is no record of dishonor. If the people everywhere did as well, her comfort and contentment, her pride and glory, her joy and reward, must be found in the fact, that she was one of the earliest examples of that democracy which at last raised a whole people to that "democratic dead level," aye! rather, to that living level, that lofty table-land of patriotism and virtue.

The secret of the history of Concord has been the connection of her generations with each other. Each has held by the hand of that which went before it, needing no better examples, seeking no better teachers. The spirit of the Fathers has descended to the children. The youth of 1861 felt the electric thrill from the men of 1835 and the men of the Revolution.

Our own generation will soon join those whose deeds we affectionately celebrate, and this assembly sleep by the side of the congregations who listened to the Bulkeleys, to Bliss, to Emerson, or to Ripley. The hospitable soil which has received the dust of our Fathers, is ready to open for us also. We shall account it one of the chief blessings and privileges of existence, better than wealth, better than noble or royal blood, to have had such men for our ancestors, our kindred, our neighbors and townsmen—to have been part of this pure and beautiful life, sprung from the marriage, in these forest glades, of the spirit of religion and the spirit of liberty.

It is in no temper of vain-glory that we would remember our Fathers. It is rather as feeling, and as handing down to our children, a great burden, demanding, when occasions come, great and strenuous exertions of sacrifice and duty. Farthest possible from vanity and false pride is that temper which the Greek ascribed to his people "who thought themselves worthy of great things, being in truth worthy." If our children are to sustain the great burdens of freedom and self-government in their turn, without dishonor, they will be helped and strengthened as they remember that they are of the blood of the invincible men of old.

It may be that the separate municipal and social life which has given this town her character and history is about to come to an end; that this little river is about to lose itself in the sea; that the neighboring city will overflow her borders, or that railroad and telegraph and telephone will mingle her elements inextricably with the great mass of American life. I do not believe it. I think the town will preserve

for a long and indefinite future, her ancient and distinct quality. But however this shall be, the lives of our Fathers will not be lost. The town will have made her impression upon America herself. Among the memorable figures in history shall be that of dear, wise, brave, tender, gentle old Concord; she who broke the path into the forest, she who delivered her brave blow between the eyes of England, she by whose fireside the rich and the poor sat together as equals, she whose children made her famous by eloquence, by sculpture, and by song.

ORATION

BY

Hon. GEORGE F. HOAR.

The story of Concord, the most noble, touching, and famous story that any community which now governs itself after the ancient fashion of a New England town has the right to tell, has been narrated by orators and historians with whom no successor will, for a moment, enter into competition. Some of you remember when the aged clergyman of the town, who, with his gray hairs and his mild authority, seemed the very genius of Puritan and Revolutionary Concord, at the end of a half-century's service, recounted to his congregation the wonderful dealing of God with his people who "here first planted the standard of the cross and of liberty." Three years before, Edward Everett, then in his prime and splendor, traced the causes and the results of the events of the 19th of April, 1775. By his magic art, he caused his audience to hear once more, after fifty years silence, the sound of the old New England drums, beating on all the roads, and to see again, as in visible presence, the march to the bridge, and the flashing of the unintermitted fire that lined every patch of trees, every rock, every stream of water, every building, every stonewall, from Merriam's corner to Charlestown. Her own most illustrious son, the foremost teacher in his generation of both hemispheres, on the day of her second centennial, summed up for Concord the rich lessons of her history. In 1850, Mr. Rantoul delivered the masterly discourse which was his last great public service before his untimely death. Bancroft has compressed the result of investigations begun more than sixty years ago into that

twenty-eighth chapter, which, if American liberty survive, shall outlast Thucydides. In 1875 the successor of Dr. Ripley, in a sermon inspired by the loftiest faith of the Fathers, showed that the Revolution was "the reverence for God's sovereignty and His righteous will enacted into law, and brought into martial array." After all this, what would have been impossible to almost any other living orator, in the presence of President Grant and his cabinet, the executives of many states, and a vast concourse of citizens, Mr. Curtis told again, with new and increased interest, the familiar tale which he had learned in Concord in his boyhood.

There is little left for us, to-day, but commonplaces;—and to thank the Power who hath so ordered our lot and our lineage that our commonplaces are such things as these.

It is difficult to tell the plain story of any New England town without seeming to be boastful. We will strive, in all we have to say on this occasion, to keep within the bounds of that moderation, which has always been so prominent a trait in the character of Concord. But still, we must describe her as she appears to her children. We have a right to tell our mother on her birthday that we love her, and that her venerable face is fairer in our eyes than all the roses of girlhood.

The chief marvel which impresses us when we look at the Concord of two hundred and fifty years ago is the permanence of what our ancestors founded. Children of an adventurous race, born to build states, and to furnish the material of which states are builded, with the ancestral Norseman's hunger for sea and horizon and forest, dwellers on this sandy plain, in this bleak and savage climate, with no wall to keep them in, tempted in later generations by luxurious city and fertile west, how much of the original Concord, with its institutions, its character, its faith, its blood and breed, is here. Like the rest of the old thirty New England towns, from whom one-third of the people of the United States are descended, it has given of itself to a thousand communities, all over the country. But, perhaps more than any other, it has assimilated and digested into its own likeness what has come to it from without.

We are celebrating the origin of a life which has been contemporary with a large part of what is remembered or is worth remembering in history. Fifteen years after the landing at Plymouth, five years after John Winthrop came to Salem and founded Boston, civilization turned westward from the sea coast and planted its first footstep here. The men who

came to Concord with Peter Bulkeley and Simon Willard had seen in England persons who, in their time, had looked into the faces of men who were alive when Sebastian Cabot sailed into Bristol harbor with the news that he had planted the English flag on an unknown continent, "larger than Christendom." They had

seen men who remembered when the first Bible was printed, and the first Protestant sermon preached.

Before their day, how little had happened that comes down to us among the living realities of history. We have a knowledge, which we call historical, of one great empire, and that somewhat less in extent than our own. The roots of the English constitution and common law had been growing for some centuries in the soil of the little territory called England. The great reigns of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth had dispelled the darkness of the middle ages. All else of human history which has survived, which we teach our children, to which an educated man cares to look for instruction or example, is that of a single Asiatic people less in number than Massachusetts, a Grecian commonwealth smaller than Boston, two brilliant reigns in Spain, Holland behind her dikes, Switzerland on her chainless mountains, the brief glories of poetry and art of a few Italian cities, the brief struggles for liberty of a few towns by the northern sea. Pretty much every thing else of the earlier story of our planet has perished from among living realities, and belongs to the domain of the antiquary or the archæologist, to be conjectured from ruins, or from fossil bones, or broken pottery.

Concord was settled before any American town that does not touch tide-water. Her life has been longer than that of thirty-three of our thirty-eight states, and is about coeval with the other five. She is nearly twice and one half as old as the nation, and the constitution of Massachusetts. All modern literature since the death of Shakespeare, in whose lifetime our early settlers were born, all modern science, all modern invention is since their day. The world had not heard of the law of gravitation, and had just heard, but not yet believed, that the earth moves and the blood circulates.

As I pointed out, in speaking of the history of a portion of our original town last year,—since our Fathers came here, the great Empire of Russia, and all the South American states have taken their place among civilized nations.

The mighty Germany,
She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,
has been built up from sixty petty states.

Six dynasties have held dominion in Spain. Four have sat in succession on the throne of England, while she has united with herself Ireland and Scotland, lost America, conquered Canada and subjected two hundred and fifty million Asiatics. France has been twice a republic, twice a monarchy again, and now is a republic for the third time. Italy has shaken the armed heel of Austria from off her neck, has banished the Bourbons, and overthrown the temporal power of the Pope. Belgium and Holland have been joined and severed. The star of Poland has disappeared from the sky. Japan has risen in the East, has thrown off her barbarism of ages, and come to sit docile at the feet of America, to learn civilization, laws, manners. Yet how much, in the great essentials of self-government, of character, of religious faith, of the love of liberty, is preserved of the Concord of 1635 in the Concord of to-day. The town our Fathers planted is here, as little changed, in its two and a half centuries, as any other civilized community that has a history. The town and the parish abide as our Fathers framed them. The simple and cheap mechanism, of which no man knows the contriver, has, without substantial change, here performed perfectly all the chief functions of government "in simple democratic majesty." The first church covenant, drawn up by Peter Bulkeley, would require little change, if any, to be accepted to-day, by a large majority of the people, as a rule of faith and practice.

I have now before me an original memorial, addressed to the General Court in 1664, twenty-nine years after the settlement. It bears the names of ninety-three of the inhabitants. It is the sure prophecy of the nineteenth of April, and of the Declaration of Independence. As soon as Charles Second was firmly seated on the throne, and the mitre and the crown had become omnipotent again, Lord Clarendon turned his attention to the subjugation of the little Commonwealth where all the strength left to Puritanism seemed to dwell. "It may be presumed," he declared, "that they will harden in their constitution, and grow on nearer to a Commonwealth, toward which they are already well-nigh ripened." He urged upon the King that "scarce any future accident or state of affairs can in any probability render the reduction of that doubtful people more feasible than at this point of time they may be found to be." At his suggestion, four ships of war, the first that ever dropped anchor in Massachusetts waters, and four hundred troops were despatched to Boston, conveying

the royal commissioners, who were empowered to assume and exercise the full jurisdiction, civil, criminal, and military. The General Court, on their side, prepared themselves for the defence of their charter, put in order the train-bands, and placed an able officer in command of the castle. I cannot here give the history of that memorable struggle, which the skill of the Puritan statesmen prolonged for twenty years. My purpose is to show the temper of Concord, and the stable character of her population.

"To the honoured generall Court of the Massachusetts Collonie, hold at Boston October: 19: 1664: the humble representation of the Inhabitants of the Towne of Concord both freemen and others.

"Fojasmuch as we understand, that there have been complaints made unto his Majestie, concerning divisions amongst us, and dissatisfaction about the present Government of this Colonie; we whose names are underwritten doe hereby testify our unanimous satisfaction in, and adhering to, the present Government, soe longe, and orderly established, and our earnest desire of the Continuance thereof, and of all the libertys, and privileges appertaining therunto, which are contained in the Charter granted by King James, and King Charles the first of Blessed Memorie; under the encouragement, and security of which Charter, we or our fathers ventured over the Ocean, into this wilderness, through great hazzards, charges, and difficulties; And seeing our rightfull Sovereigne hath priviledged you with power by force of armes to defend this place and people (we having encouragement from the honoured Council, cannot but acknowledge it a mercie of god, that you see minde the good and preservation of this place, and people, according to oath) we doe declare that we are readie to assist both with persons and estates, that soe by the Goodness and mercy of god we may still enjoy present privileges and remaine yours in all Humble observance."

Dr. Ripley says, truly, that "it was scarcely, if any, less adventurous, or perilous, in 1635, to come from Cambridge to Concord, than from Holland to Plymouth in 1620, or from England to Salem, seven or eight years afterwards." Yet the men who less than twenty years before had made that perilous journey by the Indian path, their little town still but an outpost, eleven years before Phillip's war, with their sons, were girding up their loins again to defend with life, and everything that belonged to life, their precious plant of "the cross and of liberty." Of the ninety-three men who signed that paper two hundred and twenty-one years ago, there are fourteen whose descendants, bearing their names, live on the same land to-day. There are twenty-three others whose descendants of the same name dwell within what were then the limits of Concord. There are four others

of whom the same is probably true. At least nine more are represented through female descendants—a few others have become extinct in Concord, quite lately. At least fifty of the ninety-three signers of that paper are represented, I presume, in this assembly. Here are the names, honored now as then, which have made up so much of the character and history of Concord, and of the towns which have been set off from her, for two hundred and fifty years. It is headed by Thomas Brooks. Here is the sturdy Kentishman, Dolor Davis, ancestor of three Massachusetts governors,—Davis, Long, and Robinson—a vine whose vintage, like the best wine, continues to improve with years. Here are Brooks, Browne, Fletcher, Flint, Hosmer, Stow, Hayward, Heywood, Wheeler, Hunt, Miles, Hoare, Tailor, Baker, Heald, Hartwell, Davis, Barrett, Rice, Wood, Merriam, Dudley, Jones, Ball, Dakin, Barker, Buttrick, Billings. Blood. I believe there are few English towns who could tell such a story.

A very few of the great mass of mankind impress you with a sense of their individuality. When you think of them it is not a vague human image, it is Napoleon, Washington, Webster, Fenelon, that rises in the imagination. Of the multitude of cities and towns whose names are preserved in history, there are a very few that seem to be anything but an aggregate or society of men, distinguished by name or locality only from all the others belonging to the same region or country, or century. As you go from state to state, or from district to district, one name, one country, one town is pretty much like another. But when Athens or Edinburgh or Boston is named you have a conception of a separate life, a life like no other, with a quality of its own, like a face of Van Dyke or a statue of Phidias, or a striking human character. The number of communities of this class is not large. But I think that by the general consent of all intelligent students of her history, Concord would be held to belong to it. The town was settled by men direct from England, chosen by Bulkeley to be his companions. The quality which he and they gave it, it retained. The name is commonly supposed to have come from the harmony of the compact with the Indians by which the title was acquired. But the record shows that this name was chosen before our ancestors came into the forest. It is doubtless due to the taste and gentle spirit of Bulkeley. You do not find in its history a trace of the fierce, cruel, haughty, intolerant temper, so often attributed to Puritanism community. No Quaker was whipped, no witch hung, no

heretic banished. The persecution which had driven them from England, had left no bitterness which we can trace. Bulkeley's Gospel Covenant, a book made up, he declares, of sermons delivered to his people, and received by them "with unanimous approbation and assent as the truth of God," exhibits in style and thought the best scholarship of the generation which translated the Bible in King James version. Some of its passages in their tenderness and loftiness remind us of the most affectionate parts of the epistles of Paul. It breathes throughout the very spirit of Grace, Mercy and Peace. "Oh England, my deare native country" he exclaims, "whose wombe bore me, whose breasts nourished me, and in whose armes I should desire to die, Give eare to one of thy children which dearly loveth thee—Stirre up thyselfe with thankfulness and joy of heart to embrace the things of thy peace. Esteem the gospel as thy pearle, thy treasure, thy crowne, thy felicitie."

The aboriginal title to the land was honorably acquired and paid for. Major Willard and Thomas Flint, as well as their minister, were close friends of Eliot and Gookin, and exerted themselves to secure just and humane treatment for the Indian. Tahattawan, the sachem of Musketavid was one of the earliest converts, and remained steadfast until his death.

It was about a century from the death of the last of our early settlers who came from England to the breaking out of the Revolution. It is a century of New England life which has had too little regard either from local or general history. It had few great reputations. Mr. Webster's list of the great names of New England in 1720 at the end of its first century, is almost ludicrous for its poverty. But it was a wonderful century for the training of a great people. The whole hundred years was a romance, full of stirring adventure. It was a life under arms. Capt. Wheeler's expedition to Brookfield in 1675 surpasses in interest any invention of Cooper. The three things from which comes the heroic temper, from which comes a race fitted for the most strenuous contests of war and statesmanship, capable of the great moral self-restraints as needful to length of life and health in a nation as temperance to that of the body, were the constant discipline of this people. These three things were,—war, straining to the utmost every resource of courage, endurance and skill;—the century-long discussion of the natural right of the people, their rights under the charter and British constitution which lay at the foundation of the state;—and the constant consideration of the relation of

man to his Creator and to the controlling law of duty. On the one hand were the French and Indians, a constant menace to the state whose frontier was never a day's march from Concord. On the other was the mighty power of England, where Stuart, Cromwell, Orange, Hanover, alike looked with jealousy on the little self-governing Commonwealth. There was scarcely a Concord family that had not some member killed, wounded, or a prisoner, or had not its own story of perilous adventure and escape. The town furnished many brave and able officers of high rank. What West Point education was ever like this military school! Every boy was a sharp-shooter. The father told the children at the fireside the tale of Philip's war, of the burning of Lancaster and Groton, of the fight at Sudbury, of the escape of Mary Shepard, of the rescue of Mrs. Rowlandson, of Wheeler's desperate struggle, of Willard's coming to the deliverance of Brookfield at sundown, of the great French wars, of William and Mary and Queen Anne, of Lovell's Fight, of Fort Edward, of William Henry, of Crown Point, of Martinique, of the Havana, of Louisburg, which our Fathers captured with its own cannon, of Quebec, where, at last, the lilies went down before the lion, never again, but for a brief period in Louisiana, to float as an emblem of dominion over any part of North America. In all this, the town did its full share. To every one of these things belongs a Concord story. These were the experiences, not of wild and adventurous spirits, but of sober citizens, of church-members, and deacons. The old Indian fighter discoursed with his neighbor of the true boundary which separates liberty and authority in the state, of the principles of constitutional freedom, and the defence of his natural rights against King and Parliament, and Royal Governor. From the pulpit a succession of able and pious clergymen, such as for two hundred and fifty years have been the pride and crown of Concord, discoursed to an obedient congregation of their relations to their Creator, of duty, and of the things that lay hold on eternal life.

The first century and a half was but one long drill for the Revolution. So it was, that the Power which planted the coal, and whose subtle chemistry got ready the iron for the use of the new race, gets his children ready that they shall not fail in that supremest hour when America is to be born.

19TH APRIL, 1775.

There were three separate acts in that immortal drama—each unlike the other;

each unlike any other. First was the death of Parker and Murray, and Munroe and Harrington and their comrades, the first born of American liberty, who fell on the green at Lexington, in the gray dawn of that April morning. Then comes the march to the bridge at Concord, John Buttrick's word of command from which dates the separation from England and the liberty of a hemisphere; the shot heard round the world; the countenance of Isaac Davis, pleasant and unchanged in death: the irresolute march and countermarch of the British on the green; the retreat begun here, never ended till Yorktown. These things are living and real to us, as if we had seen them yesterday, and shall be living and real to our children and our children's children until time shall be no more.

Perhaps we do not rate as highly as it deserves the skill and courage shown in the third act of the drama, the long pursuit from Concord to Charlestown. One of the famous Generals of our late war, a distinguished man of a distinguished family, told me a few months ago, that he had recently made a thorough military study of the events of the 19th of April, and that he has been very greatly impressed with the military ability shown by the Americans in the pursuit of the British on that occasion. It is a most dangerous and difficult thing successfully to pursue and attack a disciplined force, well-armed, and protected by flanking guards. The events of that day are a test and a demonstration of the highest military quality in the people of a whole community, more than is found in many great battles.

I think there can be no reasonable doubt that the events of the 19th of April had been, as far as possible, expected and arranged beforehand. The notion that the breaking out of hostilities was an unpremeditated, unexpected, unprepared spontaneous outbreak of the people, that a prairie fire caught and spread over the land, has prevailed largely in the popular mind, and has found countenance from some high authorities. Nothing is farther from the truth. The American Revolution was a war as clearly foreseen and as thoroughly prepared for to the extent of their power, by the party which prevailed as any war in history. Military stores, such as their means permitted, were gathered, military forces organized and officered, and articles of war enacted and the machinery, legislative and executive, of civil government created and put in order. When on the 1st of September, 1774, Gen. Gage seized the powder belonging to the provinces on Mystic River, and two field-pieces at Cambridge, the

militia of Worcester and Hampden counties began their march to Boston. Putnam heard of it in Connecticut and summoned the militia there to take up arms. At least twenty thousand men were on the way. They were stopped by couriers from the Committee of Safety, who determined that the time for force had not yet come. Putnam wrote to them;—"But for counter intelligence, we should have had forty thousand men well equipped and ready to march this morning. Send a written express to the foreman of this committee, when you have occasion for our martial assistance; we shall attend your summons, and shall glory in having a share in the honor of ridding our country of the yoke of tyranny, which our forefathers have not borne, neither will we; and we much desire you to keep a strict guard over the remainder of your powder, for there must be the great means under God, for the salvation of our country."

"How soon we may need your most effectual aid," answered the committee, "we cannot determine; but agreeably to your wise proposal, we shall give you authentic intelligence on such contingency. The hour of vengeance comes lowering on: repress your ardor, but let us adjure you not to smother it."

When the September court met in Worcester in 1774, the main street was occupied by five thousand men arranged under leaders in companies six deep.

Unquestionably, the instant march to Concord of the minute-men and militia in companies, and the care not to begin the war by firing before they were fired upon was the result of a previous order from the authority which could send back to their homes, without an instant's hesitation twenty thousand men, armed, and eager for the conflict. Col. Barrett's order not to fire unless fired upon, was in strict accordance with the declaration of Eleazer Brooks, a member of the Provincial Congress, early in the morning,—"It will not do for us to begin the war."

Orators may be ready to adopt a theory as to the course of our history which attribute a magic influence to the weapon they wield, or gives an undue proportion to the elements and passions in human nature to which they appeal. Patrick Henry utters a passionate outcry, or Wendell Phillips a burning incentive, or some stirring event sends an electric shock through the land, and lo! the people overthrow a dynasty, or strike off the fetters from a race of slaves, and liberty is born. This may be, for aught I know, human nature among Mussulman tribes, or Parisian mobs. But it is not American nature. It is not Massachusetts na-

ture. It is not Concord nature. The sturdy oak of American freedom has no such mushroom growth. The men who in their generation achieved American Independence, like their children who in their generation preserved the Union and freed the slave, governed their action and measured their duty with the deliberation and calmness that became men who were to establish constitutions and men who were to preserve them. The habit of setting forth the law of religious and moral obligation in a written creed, and of looking for the limits and restraints of civil authority to a charter or written constitution and bill of rights beget caution, exactness in reasoning, and dislike of exaggeration. Every step they took was premeditated, measured, firmly planted and without a retreat. Their leaders were grave and temperate thinkers, aged and sober clergymen, statesmen prepared for making constitutions, and the great permanent systems of law that lie at the foundation of all society. They valued the old-fashioned virtue of consistency, and they practiced the old-fashioned virtue of constancy. They detested and rebuked exaggeration. "The liberty they pursued," as Burke well said, "was a liberty from order, from virtue, from morals, from religion: and was neither hypocritically nor fantastically followed."

It has been often said that at the moment of John Buttrick's word of command, American national life began;—and that is true. The order was given to the British subjects. The order was obeyed by American citizens. But it was also the germinant moment of a principle destined not merely to control a single state or nation, but, sooner or later, to pervade all civilized nations, in both hemispheres. It is the principle, not that men are to be governed, but that they are to govern themselves, under the restraints imposed by justice and reason. The great and crowning glory and distinction of humanity, the imposing, by itself upon itself of a rule furnished by reason, tested and approved by conscience, controlling the inclination and the will, was thereafter to be the method of mankind in the conduct of states.

When we consider the grandeur and the vast consequences of the events of that day, the local controversies to which they have given rise become inexpressibly trivial. There is glory and honor enough to go round. From within a radius of six or eight miles from this spot came all the men who encountered the invaders anywhere, until they were well on their

retreat. To Joseph Robinson of Westford is due the honor, rare in military history, of declining rank, but accepting in its fullest extent both danger and responsibility. The ball from the first hostile shot passed under his arm as he walked by the side of Buttrick. With that exception, the men from before whom the British retreated were from the towns embraced in the original Concord. The number of the slain is no necessary test of the importance of a battle. The Englishmen lost at Agincourt but four gentlemen:

None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty.

Plassey, which gained India to England, cost the victors seven European and sixteen native soldiers killed, thirteen European and thirty-six natives wounded. The Americans lost but twenty-seven at New Orleans. There were more Englishmen slain on the retreat from Concord than fell of Wolfe's army who captured Quebec; more than were slain of the Greek side at Marathon. More men fell on both sides that day than at the first battle of Bull Run.

But all this is but a season of planting. The Puritan secured for his descendants the right of self-government. Whether these things were worth doing, or, at least, whether their children are not the last people who should relate their story, must be determined by a survey of later and more peaceful times. Mankind cannot always be submitted to tests like war and the founding of states. The glory of the founder is the finished building. The

reaching purpose in their minds and with more preparation than some of us would be willing to allow, yet certainly the results that flowed from that day were more momentous than anybody could have expected. What was said by one of the chiefs on that day (I believe it is disputed which), that "no man has a right to stop us from marching across our own bridge," I think is as good a declaration of independence as I ever heard; but whether the men who marched on to that bridge knew where it was leading them, I think is questionable. It was over that bridge that the town meeting, that *democracy*, in short, in its purest and most beautiful form, marched on to the field of cosmopolitan politics. It was a most eventful day.

But one other title I have, perhaps, for saying a few words to you to-day; and that is, the connection which Concord has with literature no less than it has with political history. I do not believe it ever happened to any other town so small as this to have living in it as contemporaries

three such men as Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau. It is a most remarkable fact. And if the first shot fired here at Concord was the first one of the struggle for political independence so the first of those three men, more than any other, more than *all* others put together, wrought our intellectual independence. (Applause) With him we may truly be said to have first ceased to be provincial. This was a wonderful achievement for one man. Then the second, Hawthorne. You would think me extravagant, I fear, if I said how highly I rate the genius of Hawthorne in the history of literature. But, at any rate, Hawthorne taught us one great and needful lesson; and that is, that our own past was an ample storehouse for the highest works of imagination or fancy. That, also, was a very great gain. And I think that we are indebted to Mr. Thoreau, the third of the three, for another lesson, almost as important; and that is, that Nature is as friendly, as inspiring here as in Wordsworth's country, or anywhere else. We owe, therefore, a very great debt, as it seems to me, to these three men. And if we have stars enough, which I think perhaps is doubtful, for so great a constellation as that of Orion, I cannot help fancying to myself these three as those eminent stars in his belt. (Applause) I was going to tell you when I was led off on another tack, that, in rising to-day, I could not help being reminded of one of my adventures with my excellent tutor when I was here in Concord. I was obliged to read with him "Locke on the Human Understanding." My tutor was a great admirer of Locke, and thought that he was the greatest Englishman that ever lived, and nothing pleased him more, consequently, than now and then to cross swords with Locke in argument. I was not slow, you may imagine, to encourage him in this laudable enterprise. Whenever a question arose between my tutor and Locke, I always took Locke's side. I remember, on one occasion, although I cannot now quite recall the exact passage in Locke,—it was something about continuity of ideas,—my excellent tutor told me that in that case Locke was quite mistaken in his views. My tutor said, "For instance, Locke says that the mind is never without an idea; now I am conscious frequently that my mind is entirely without any idea at all." (Laughter and applause.) And I must confess that that anecdote came vividly to my mind when I got up upon what Judge Hoar has justly characterized as the most important part of an orator's person (Laughter.)

I am glad to be here for one other rea-

son, which you will allow me to suggest before I sit down; and that is, that it is good to come back here and re-temper one's self in this pure spring of an American democracy. I found it,—I won't say a very good tonic, for I didn't need its tonic,—but I have found it exceedingly refreshing and exceedingly encouraging. I must say, for all the world, for us, that an American allows himself to cherish it. I am glad to be here to-day, also, for another reason; and that is, that I most heartily approve of every occasion which tends to keep united that thread of historic continuity, which is as important among nations as it is among families. I think what Senator Hoar said this morning, about Concord having a character and physiognomy of its own, is eminently true; and it is of the highest importance that the traditions of such a character and physiognomy should be maintained. For, if *noblesse oblige*, certain it is that a town which has done great things or a family which has done great things will be more likely to do great things or to produce men that will do them in the future. Therefore, I am very glad to be here to-day on such an occasion as this, which renews and keeps alive the memory of Concord's historic past. For, if the scientific men are right (and I think that more and more people are inclined to agree with them as the years go on), the past of a man, or of a family, or of a nation is of vastly more importance than was formerly supposed,—it is of much more importance, perhaps, than is the present, and certainly is the indicator, if not the controlling force, which will shape its future. I am much obliged to you, Mr. President, for the kind words which you were good enough to apply to me, and thank you all for having listened to me longer than I expected I should speak when I rose. (Applause.)

The President: It was stated before a committee of the last legislature that in Concord all the best people stayed away from church. This is a modern invention and would have surprised our Fathers even more than telegraphs or telephones. They kept up the union of town and parish, church and state for almost two centuries, until, about fifty years ago, a second parish was formed here, and now we have five or six churches, pretty well for a non-church-going town. Perhaps our oldest settled minister will tell us how it is in the church. The Reverend Doctor Henry Martin Grout.

Dr. Grout, who was very pleasantly received, said:
Mr. President and friends:

I am most happy, if my voice is to be heard at all on this occasion, that I am permitted to speak some words respecting the town and the *Church*. It was this, in one of its branches, that brought me to the town. Moreover, I believe in it. It has a warm place in my heart. My words concerning it could not be otherwise than sincere. But, as these other more distinguished gentlemen furnish ample wit and brilliancy for the hour, you would naturally expect that I should fill in the solemn discourse.

Permit me, then, Mr. Chairman, at the start to claim for the Church a considerable share of credit for this celebration itself. For, you have no doubt often meditated upon the fact that but for it there would have been no Concord to keep this grateful anniversary. Was it not the vision of a church, and such a church as they came to plant which brought our fathers to these shores at all? New England history has made this very plain: so plain that I need only allude to it. And so, but for the church, we should not be here. This goodly town and the rejoicings of this occasion would never have been. I trust you will all take account of this.

Then, will it not be fair to vote that, to the church, the town is indebted for no inconsiderable share of its just fame. Concord has almost always had something to draw the world's attention this way. And the church has never been quite outside of its attractions. For two hundred years she was their centre.

The literary work of the town began with its first minister. I have no doubt, Mr. Chairman, that you have often read, and owe not a few of your distinguished virtues including your excellent church-going habits, to Rev. Peter Bulkeley's "Judicious and Savory Treatise on the Gospel Covenant;" one of the very first books written in America, and still a cherished treasure on the shelves of our Public Library. Mr. Bulkeley had also, we are told, "a competently Good Stroke at Latin Poetry;" and, only the other day, I fell upon two and a half octavo pages of English verse ascribed to his pen. It was thus that the literary fame of the town began. And nearly, if not quite all of his successors did something to sustain it. They were all men of learning and strength for their time. You know with what envious eyes Boston looked upon Mr. Estabrook, thinking him "too bright a star to be muffled up in the woods amongst the Indians." And Mr. Whitefield's extravagant praise of Mr. Bliss was as much as a modest parson ought to be asked to bear: "If I had studied my whole life-time I could not have produced such a sermon."

Of Mr. William Emerson, grandfather of the sage and the seer, and Dr. Ripley, I need not speak. They were connecting links between the old times and the new. Their names are household words. You know what they were and what they did. Nor need I more than hint at what the famous men among us, of these last fifty years, may have felt to be their indebtedness to the church. We all know through what a line of noble ministers, the blood which fed the brain of Mr. Emerson had coursed. Mr. Hawthorne was certainly not unfamiliar with the thought of the church. And it was after his genius was well developed and properly shaped that Mr. Thoreau left the old First Church for that of the "Sunday Walkers."

As for our schools, the ministers always had a hand in their management. And the lecturers of the Lyceum, we are told, always addressed themselves in the early days to Dr. Ripley, as they have since to most of his successors. It has even been said that the Transcendental movement received one of its impulses from the high Calvinism of the church which went before it.

Then, look around at the good things, means both of enjoyment and of improvement, which are now ours. It is a matter of just pride with us that, besides our cultivated fields, we have convenient houses, good roads, some stone bridges, with school houses and a town hall and public library, and studio of art, and school of philosophy,—not to claim the State Reformatory as our own. Good things, one and all! And none of us ought to forget, on this high day, that the church has had much to do with making them ours. It was Epictetus who said, "You will confer the greatest benefit on your community, not by raising the roofs, but by exalting the *souls* of your fellow-citizens." The fathers came to do just that. They thought neither of money nor of possessions. They did not come to build a state. They did not dream of the good things that now surround us. And yet, had they gone about to secure these as their chief aim, they could not have made them so sure. It was with the moral quality of the people that they concerned themselves. In their plan, the spelling-book went before mainly to prepare the way for the Bible and the catechism. They sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. If there is any surer way to wealth for all the people, and of wealth that comes to stay, it has not yet been found out.

How much the church has had to do with the moral worth of the people everybody knows; and most persons readily

confess. Let me leave this and pass to another point; one by no means to be overlooked on this occasion; It was with great self denial and sacrifice that all this church planting and building was done by the fathers. Not to recall this would be injustice to their memories. But it would be more unjust still to suppose that they bore their hardships either with complaint, or the sour and elongated faces some have ascribed to them. They did no such thing. On the other hand, we have good reason to believe that, after the first dark days were over, they were quite as joyous as we; quite as light-hearted in joke and story and laughter; possibly with consciences less burdened than some of ours. Nor were their Sundays the gloomy days sometimes imagined. They were serious days, no doubt; with Bible study, and sober kneeling about the domestic altar; with quietness in the house, and stillness without. Nor was their church-going any trifling business. We should account the distance some of them had to come no slight obstacle to constancy of attendance. For, what is now Lincoln and Bedford and Acton, were once all one with us. And we do not forget that in winter the people found their way to the rude meeting-house doors through snow which no side-walk plow had furrowed, or thoughtful selectmen carefully sanded; mostly too on foot or bareback,—for even saddles were luxuries then. Indeed, once in the Sanctuary, and becomingly seated according to dignity or state—the deacons close up under the pulpit that they might be “fed on the perpendicular droppings of the wood,”—even then the hardships were not all over. On colder days, the minister preached in great coat and mittens: the women meanwhile deriving some small comfort from embers, brought from the fireplace of a neighboring house or tavern, safely enclosed in foot-stoves, still to be found in ancient garrets;

“While the male sex, held from napping,
Spent their weary time in rapping,
Rapping their stiff boots together.”

And it may be doubted whether even all these would always have kept them from freezing, but for supplemental heat which came of vigorous exercise in hard wrestlings with great doctrines, as of fate and free-will, of covenants of grace and covenants of works; questions of religion hardly less tough than those philosophic categories which our friends so easily handle and elucidate through summer heat at our Concord School.

After all, we have no reason to suppose that these heroic spirits ever thought themselves hardly used. Who knows that,

were they now able to look in upon our manner of life, they would not still choose their own; at least preferring their own robustness to languor which now reclines on velvet couches, and even the after thoughts of an ancient Sunday to the memories of a modern midnight masquerade.

But I keep you from better things. We all agree. I am sure that the town and church are closely related, can never in the life we live be wholly separated. And, if we now have to say churches, instead of church, our needs are all the better served for that. Our four or five, or—in what was once our township—our dozen or fifteen, are none too many for the good people who are likely still to love to come. Moreover, this multiplication of modes and creeds is only the logical outcome of that great principle the fathers put foremost; namely, the right and duty of every man to read the word and listen to the Spirit of God for himself, and then worship as his own conscience bids. It is now enough to hope, and expect that, as in the past and present, we may always dwell together, and do our part in the world's great work, in neighborly friendship, in happy Concord.

THE PRESIDENT: Speaking of the second centennial of this town, “there were giants on the earth in those days,” and one of them, whose slight figure and bright, keen look was often seen in our streets, was pointed out to us boys, as having been the little giant of Yale College. He has changed but slightly with time, for both years and honors have sat lightly on him; and if he has grown plethoric of positions, his annual visits to this scene of his youthful fame have kept him young. With all his honors at the bar, in the cabinet, on the forum, from his loftiest place, the senator of the giant state of the Union, he brings to our local celebration his proud triumphs so well won with years of toil in every patriotic purpose. We trust that both in the senate and here, he will kindly bear in mind Shakespeare's

“Oh it is excellent to have a giant's strength.
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

and, not to cap the quotation with anything about “man, dressed in a little brief authority, playing fantastic tricks before high heaven,” that he will kindly and mercifully tell us some of the many things which he knows about Concord and which we ought to be told, in sentences not so long but what we can remember what he says, William Maxwell Evarts.

Mr. Evarts was received with the most enthusiastic applause and spoke in a peculiarly witty vein that kept the audience

in a roar of laughter the most of the time. He said: Mr. President. Ladies and Gentlemen:—I should have felt it not only a right, but in some sense a duty, to attend upon this celebration, where your distinguished orator was to have so much of interest to me from our friendship and our kinship. But it was a great gratification to me, Mr. President, to receive from you an invitation as the guest of the town on account of my early associations with your people and my constant pleasure in the visits that I once in a while make to them. Concord, to me, is more familiar in what makes up the delights of boyhood than to most of you that have

been born or that have lived here, and I go further back in my memory than a great part of even you mature men and women that I see about me. When boys are born in the country and when they have ever before them the delights, the pleasures, the enjoyments from nature and from play, they become somewhat confused in their appreciation, and their warmth and affection, for they remember a great many labors, a good many gloomy skies, a great many bleak storms, and some of the misfortunes, if not even of the calamities, of life. But to me, as a Boston boy, Concord was all the world in contrast to a city. And as I never was here except in August, and perhaps the twelfth day of September [laughter,] I thought the sun always shone in Concord, though I knew that it did not always on the seaboard of Boston. The place, then, to me, year after year, before I began to share the acquaintance of distinguished men here and to learn wisdom which I have never forgotten—if I have not been able to practice it—was the delight of my life. And so, in the future, though I have seen pleasant lands abroad and at home, though I cultivate my own acres that are broad and, as I think, beautiful, yet to me Concord will always be the picture of a boy's paradise.

“*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes: ngulus rili.*”

Concord was settled less than 150 years after the discovery of America by Columbus. What the world was waiting for after that great discovery, during the first century and a half nobody knew. But when Concord was settled, it was known that that would have been impossible if America had not been discovered [laughter and applause,] and, Concord produced, justified Columbus. [Renewed laughter and applause.]

An orator after dinner is awkwardly situated in Concord. Where he would please, he fails; for, whatever he may say that might seem to partake even of

flattery is quietly swallowed, as though his hearers had often thought of it themselves. [Laughter and applause.] I have done nothing of that kind. I have simply stated the historical fact that America was discovered before Concord. [Laughter and applause.] The Indians were a brief and sententious people, and in a single word in their language you will find a great length, and breadth, and depth and meaning. Musketaquid is a pretty long word to begin with; and I am enabled now to find in what I see before me a justification of my own interpretation, justified by my researches, that Musketaquid is the Indian name for a town of brave men, and fair women, and heroes, and statesmen, and orators, and a people that never tires of talking about itself or hearing itself talked about for 250 years. [Roars of laughter and applause.] The governor, who, on several occasions in which I have had the pleasure of meeting him at dinner, has had the sagacity, if not the politeness, to leave the building whenever he knew I was going to rise [laughter,] said some sensible things, and, among others, that the town and the permanence of the town and persistency in it was really the fortune, and should be the pride and the power of a community like this. I had the fortune to be born in a neighboring town. I mean the town of Boston. [Laughter.] These were two great towns, Boston and Concord. [Renewed laughter.] It was a long race. It had lasted for 200 years, and Concord was a little ahead. [Laughter and applause.] Boston saw that. If in a still breeze, Concord couldn't beat, what could it do when the air was full of blasts? It surrendered, gave up the township and tried to make a fortune in a different direction, as a city. [Applause.] I left Boston myself [renewed applause and laughter] because it had not continued a town. [Applause.] I was determined that if I were to live in a city, which was a misfortune and a disaster, I would live in one that was big enough—New York—to make some compensation for it. [Laughter and applause.]

My excellent friend and teacher, Judge Hoar, [laughter and applause,] has ventured upon some misgivings as to what has taken place already in Concord, and what might still further carry it away from its proper moorings and swerve it from its true destiny. I see nothing in these facts or circumstances which he has enumerated. My opinion is that every one of you men and women are wiser and better than the people that preceded us, and that these that come after you will be wiser and better than

you. [Applause.] This innovation of Boston,—What is that? Concord is isolated still; isolated by its ideas, by its genius, by its courage, by its virtue, by its self-esteem [laughter] which we are told is at the bottom of all manhood, and has been especially so here for 250 years. [Laughter and applause.] What has Concord needed of this access to the rest of the world? It was not Concord people that built the railroad to Boston; it was Boston people that built the railroad to Concord. [Applause.] And so the telegraph and the telephone are not to bring to Concord what the rest of the world is doing, but to carry to the rest of the world what Concord is thinking of. [Roars of laughter and applause.] I see no occasion for levity, Mr. President. [Renewed laughter and applause.] I speak as near to the truth as it is possible for a New Yorker that once lived in or frequented Concord to do. [Great laughter and applause.] Now, I have divided my time with my predecessors, and I am going to give to those who follow me all the time that they want. [Laughter.] Mr. President, you cautioned me, you implored me, when you were surrendering a certain measure of strength into my hands, that I would not use it as a giant. That is the only power that I had; and as for this notion of yours about the possible or the probable length of my sentences, I have had occasion before an enlightened assembly before, to meet a sneer of that kind by saying that the only people in this country that were opposed to long sentences were the criminal classes. [Shrieks of laughter and applause.] I should have expected a suggestion and a sneer of that kind had I spoken within the ample rooms of the neighboring state prison. [Applause.]

Well, gentlemen and ladies, after all, there is one great, cardinal trait in every community that has had persistency and history and success. The one word that describes Concord is, that it was public spirited; public spirited from the beginning, public spirited whenever that great power was necessary and useful. It ever gave, without asking whether it would receive in return. It knew that the men and women of Concord were but a part of the men and women of the community, the neighborhood, the State and the nation. And everywhere and in every widening sphere of its service, and its duty, public spirit was large enough to be diffused and strong enough not to be weakened by the diffusion. There was no less in the great struggle that called together this great nation in armies, of whose members I see here, as in similar gather-

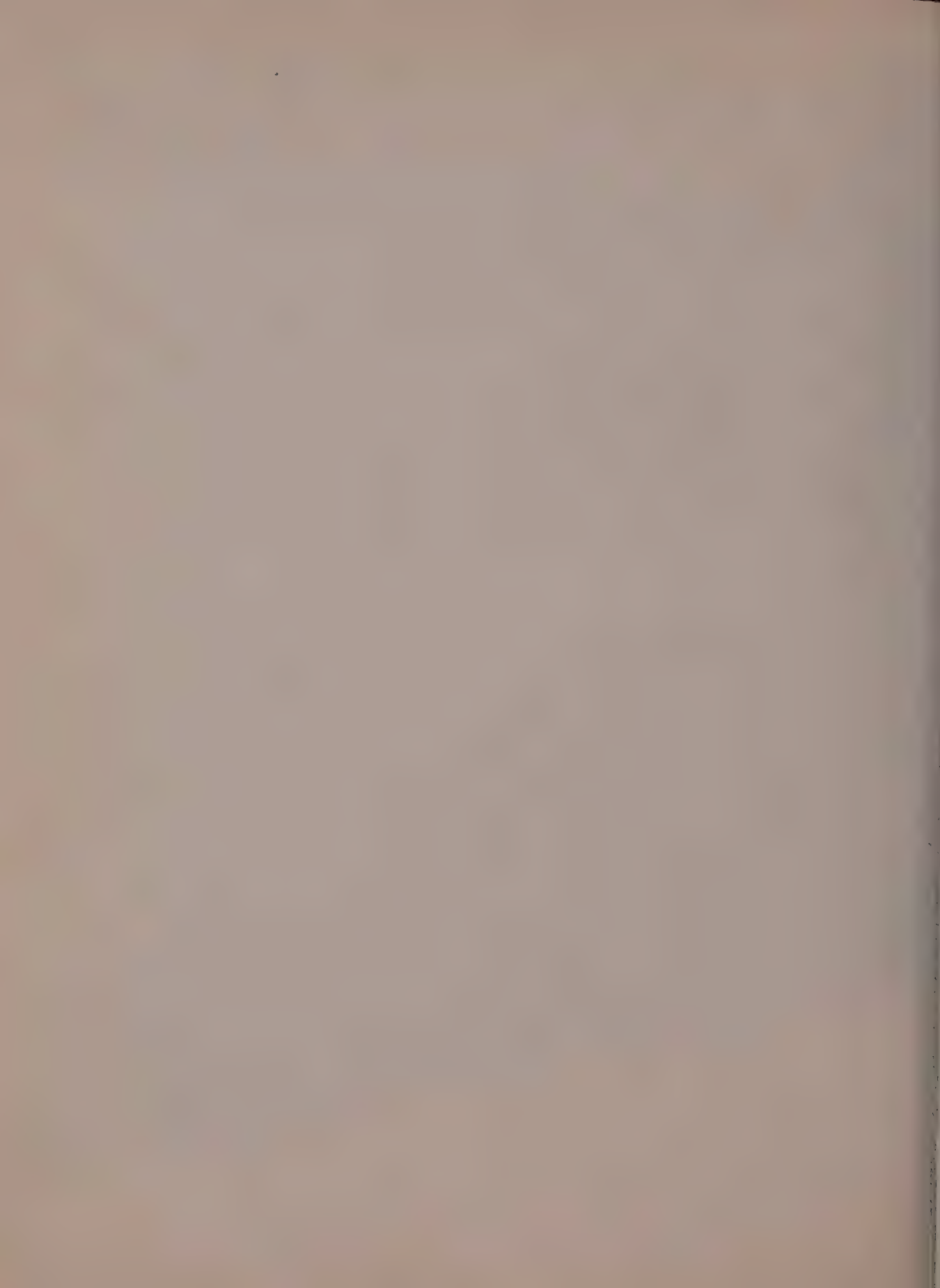
ings, so many that we honor and applaud. In that great struggle, Concord did not extend its patriotism, nor contribute its men or its treasures for Concord,—for it needed neither—nor for Massachusetts, nor for New England, nor for wealth and prosperity that might have been enjoyed with dishonor, nor for vengeance in the future. But, as it was the centre of energy, of benevolence when, 250 years ago, it had nothing west of it and nothing east of it but the small towns, it was their country, bounded by the two oceans and the line of English power and Mexican civilization. There is the history of Concord. There is the history of its enterprise. There is the history that transplanted communities that have grown up all over this great land. The step that you took from Boston to go West brought you only to Concord. But the principle that "it is the first step that costs," has not ceased to be trod by the men of Concord and their wives out to the Pacific Ocean. That is the boundary, because it is the end of our country.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, scarcely anticipating the pleasure of joining in another celebration 250 years hence [laughter] I wish to leave this lesson—what has been done has been done as well to this time in Concord as was done at the beginning; and it is a long history and a great fame and a great duty for the future that will secure to that future that it shall comport with the past. [Tremendous applause.]

The President: Another of those Members of Congress spoken of this morning has yet to be heard from. He has given up politics for the care of the helpless widows, orphans and insolvents, and throws away on them his wit and talents that used to delight listening courts and legislatures. Perhaps he will recall some of his reminiscences of Concord courts for our benefit. There used to be good stories of them, and we shall be glad to hear from George Merrick Brooks.

Judge Brooks, who was received with hearty applause said:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen;—Concord in the latter part of the last century and in the beginning of this, was a leading town in the county, on account of its population, its wealth and its central position, but principally because it was one of the shire towns of the county. People seem to have forgotten that fact, and I have not heard it alluded to by anyone to-day. Formerly shire towns amounted to something: look at an old map of Massachusetts of a hundred years ago. There you will find, Boston, Salem,



Worcester, Springfield, Cambridge, Concord and other towns designated by a large star, and they derived their importance from the fact that they were shire towns of their respective counties; children were taught to give the names of the shire towns as a part of their geographical studies. Now ask a school boy what Cambridge and Lowell are noted for, he would answer, Cambridge for its Harvard College, Dane Law School and Mount Auburn,—Lowell for its Cotton and Woolen Mills, its Carpet-factory and Machine shops, its telephone stock and perhaps Cherry Pectoral; (laughter) the fact that they were the shire towns of Middlesex county would never be thought of by them. I may be presuming on their ignorance but I doubt if half of the children know the names of the shire towns of their counties, or the other half know what a shire town is. Formerly shire towns were of great importance. My friend, the Orator of the Day, told us this morning about those sober, steady, God-fearing, church going and fighting men of former days. We have heard that they had few holidays and no amusements; but the old September term of Court in Concord was an oasis for them. We learn from men of the last generation, that at this term of Court people assembled from all parts of the county to talk over the affairs of the day, to trade swap horses and test their speed by racing up and down the streets; booths were plentiful on the common, in front of the church and on the sides of the streets, where eatables and drinkables were provided for the hungry and thirsty, the drinkables of such a kind and character as would gladden the heart and make the fortune of a state constable of the present day if he had a chance to make a raid upon them; (laughter) in

fact, the whole week was given up to such hilarity and joviality as our ancestors were capable.

But to come down to times within my own recollection, when the Courts were held in the old White Court House and still later in the present one,—true horse racing had been abolished, the general air of festivity around the town had disappeared, and the delectable beverages that made the booths attractive prohibition had banished to the northwest corner of the casement of the now solitary and deserted Middlesex Hotel. Yet even then there was a good deal of the old time pomp and dignity that was a remnant of the past. Now you will see a justice of the Supreme Court jump off a horse car, and go solitary and alone to the Court

house, then when the bell tolled for the opening of the Court, you would see the Judge come out of the front door of the Middlesex, and the High Sheriff with blue coat, brass buttons, buff vest, cockade in his hat, dress sword at his side and a long pole in his hands would accompany the Judge to the Court House, followed by the lawyers, jurymen and litigants. Then the Concord people had a sort of proprietary interest in the Courts, solid farmers and substantial citizens would attend the session from day to day not from an idle curiosity, but to hear the able lawyers of the Middlesex bar measure swords in debate; in short it was an old-fashioned Summer School. (laughter) The Court gave a tone and character and was one of the institutions that gave the town its importance in the county.

There was another institution in Concord closely connected with the courts that I must call your attention to. Most of you (except the younger portion of my hearers) remember the old white-washed jail, with Jimmie everlastingly drumming on the steps, and Johnson keeping watch and ward at the gate. Its plan and management were such as would delight the philanthropist or prisoner's friend of the present day. The jail was not like those of the present day, where the person unjustly accused of a crime is confined in cell seven by five to await his trial, and has nothing but his own reflections for company. The old jail had large, roomy apartments, with windows on two sides, a bed in each of the four corners, a table in the middle where the quartette could spend their time in the seductive games of Whist, Hilo Jack, or Old Sledge. The management of the jail was patriarchal and free and easy. The jailer (whom many of you know) had a good insight of human nature and knew whom to trust, and he allowed his prisoners certain privileges that would shock a prison disciplinarian of the present day. As an instance of this, I was once retained to defend a man confined in this jail for some offence. I called to see him to make preparations for his defence, and was told that he had gone huckleberrying with the children. [Laughter.]

A story is told, for the accuracy of which I cannot vouch. Near the end of one of the June criminal terms the Judge found that there were three persons remaining to be tried, and requested the Sheriff to bring them in. He sent a deputy who soon returned with the message, that it looked like a shower and the jailer had them all in the meadow cocking up hay. [Laughter.]

The Judge then turned to the officer and said, "Mr. Crier, adjourn the court till Sam has finished his haying." [Renewed laughter.]

But we did not have perfect peace in our courts. Lowell had grown out of all manner of proportion, the population of the lower part of the county had greatly increased and they were constantly hectoring us to have the courts removed. True it was we showed to ever legislature that we did more business than was done in the other towns, that the lawyers worked all day in the court-house, and spent their evenings in the old Middlesex preparing their cases for the next day. These arguments were convincing, but at the June terms 1849, a man indicted for some offence and out on bail, came to the illogical conclusions that if there was no court-house he could not be tried, so he touched a match and the old court-house was soon in ashes.

This was considered by our opponents to be an interposition of Providence in their favor, and they commenced an assault along the whole line. They flooded the General Court with petitions for the removal of the courts from Concord, and used all the arts known to lobbyists to ensure such removal. But Concord was equal to the emergency. They chose the honored father of the orator of the day to represent them in the General Court, who, although advanced in years, yet was in full possession of his faculties and managed the matter with great ability in the House. And then that spring we had the three-quarter centennial of the Concord fight,—I suppose the technical term would be semi-sesqui. And, Mr. President, I may say in passing, that for its size Concord is pretty good on centennials. Since my boyhood (counting fractions) we had four centennials, and if I live as long as temperance and a good conscience will allow me, I expect to witness at least two more. [Laughter.] We invited the legislature to this semi-sesqui, we gave them a good dinner, oration, poem, speeches, brass band, and all the accompaniments of a first-class celebration. They went back much pleased and voted to print the proceedings of the celebration, and gave the petitioners for removing the courts leave to withdraw. We built the present new court house, but in 1867 it was thought best for us not to contest longer, and for the consideration of one dollar all the county property in Concord was turned over to the town, and good use of it was made, I have no doubt.

And now my friend, the President of

the Day, a presiding justice of the District Court, keeps the scales on the court house in due equipoise—the stones of the old jail peacefully slumber in the cellars of some of our new houses, and in place of the jail we have a large pile of bricks in the west part of the town costing over \$1,000,000—called a Reformatory, containing two or three hundred reformers, without the privilege of going out haying or huckleberrying. [Laughter.]

And instead of hearing able lawyers discuss the business actualities of life, those who desire cool intellectual food in a sweltering July day, will find a modest temple in a quiet, sequestered nook in the east part of the town, where they can hear elaborate essays upon the life, times, character, writings, and philosophy of Plato, Kant, Fichte, Hegel and Goethe, and especially Goethe, and where they can listen to fine-spun metaphysical disquisitions upon the whiciness of the why and the whyness of the what. [Laughter and applause.]

The President then read the following letter:—

LOWELL, Aug. 25, 1885.

To the Selectmen of the town of Concord, Mass.:—

Gentlemen,—Born in the town of Concord and living there 17 years, from 1811 to 1828, and thanking Almighty God for long life and his great goodness to me, I wish in this form to give unto others of my fellowmen of Concord, for their benefit and improvement in the future, the sum of \$1000, if the town of Concord will accept the same upon the following conditions, to wit: The money to be put on interest for fifty years, till the third centennial year of the incorporation of the town of Concord, and the interest added to the principal, either annually or semi-annually until that time, when all but the original sum of \$1000 shall be expended for the benefit and improvement of the town or the citizens of Concord, as the voters of the town may determine by a two thirds vote of its legal voters in town meeting assembled, and if they should not be able to command a two thirds vote upon the manner of disposing of the same when it becomes due, it may be brought forward and acted upon at future town meetings until disposed of by a two thirds vote of the legal voters of the town. The original \$1000 shall again be put at interest as before described, and at the end of every 50 years thereafter all but the original principal shall be disposed of in the same manner as before mentioned.

Respectfully yours,

HAPGOOD WRIGHT.

N. B. I should like to have it called "the Hapgood Wright Semi-Centennial Fund."

The President then called upon his son, Mr. Prescott Keyes, to read the following letters:—

BROOKLINE, MASS., 21 August, 1885.

Gentlemen:—I am honored by your communication of the 1st instant, inviting me to attend the celebration of the

two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Concord, as a guest of the town, on the 12th of September next. It would afford me peculiar pleasure to be with you on that occasion. It was my good fortune to be one of the invited guests on the two hundredth anniversary celebration on the 12th of September, 1836. I was then one of the representatives of Boston in the legislature of Massachusetts, but I came to Concord as an aide de camp of Lieutenant Governor Armstrong, who had become the acting governor of the State by the election of Governor Davis to the senate of the United States. It was a most agreeable and notable occasion, and one which I recall at the end of 50 years, and as, perhaps, the only survivor of the guests of that celebration, with no little interest.

The admirable oration, by one who afterwards obtained such signal celebrity as the late lamented Ralph Waldo Emerson, would alone have made the occasion memorable to every one who was present. The prayer of the aged and venerated Dr. Ezra Ripley—whose hospitality I had enjoyed at his own home some years before, in company with my endeared classmate and chum, Charles Chauncey Emerson—was not less impressive.

I would gladly renew my association with the scenes and memories of that day, but I am constrained to resist the temptation, and I must reluctantly decline your invitation.

Concord has a world-wide fame. Her earliest annals abound in charming incidents, of at least one of which, in 1638, my own ancestor was a prominent figure. Her maturer history includes, with that of Lexington, the first blood of the Revolution. Her later years have been illustrated by the Roman integrity of Samuel Hoar and the eminent abilities and services of his sons, as well as by the brilliant genius of Hawthorne and Emerson.

No town in our Commonwealth, or on our whole continent, has stronger claims to a distinguished and grateful remembrance.

Believe me, gentlemen, with sincere thanks for your invitation and best wishes for the occasion, Respectfully and truly your obedient servant,

ROBERT C. WINTEROP.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 8, 1885.

My dear Emerson:—I could not receive a more tempting invitation than you gave me in your letter that reached me yesterday. You move every fibre of my heart by touching on the display of the grandest and most effective creative power of public spirit by rural patriots in private life and on the dearest affections of personal friendship. I longed so much to comply with your invitation that it has taken a few hours of reflection to make me feel that I cannot avail myself of it.

I shall within a few days finish the first quarter of my fifth score of years, and, in the uncertainty of my ability to bear the fatigue, feel unwilling to give you the trouble of taking care of me.

But though I cannot come to you on Saturday, pray assure yourself that I am, and ever shall be

Your faithful friend, GEO. BANCROFT.

PLYMOUTH, Aug. 4, 1885.

Gentlemen:—I have received with

pleasure your cordial invitation to attend as a guest of the town the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Concord on the 12th of September. I have delayed my reply in the hope that I might find it possible to be in Concord on that day, and it is with the greatest regret that I come to the decision that my duties will compel me to remain here at the time of the festival. I need not trouble with the particulars, but I wish to assure you that nothing but im-

perative reasons would make me forego the pleasure of attending the anniversary or the honor of being one of its public guests. I have always prided myself on the privilege of being a native of Concord, and cling tenaciously to everything that gives me a new hold upon my birthright. I am, therefore, very grateful to you for doing me the honor of including me among the sons of Concord on this occasion, and much disappointed that I cannot be present as your guest. I remain gentlemen, most truly yours,

WILLIAM W. GOODWIN.

The following telegram from Governor Long president of the Hingham celebration, was read by Judge Keyes:—

Hingham congratulates Concord on the celebration of their common birthday. Hope you will have a good time, sister.

This was received with applause and it was voted to send a suitable reply.

The President: In June, 1834, a private school was opened in this town by William Whiting who died Member of Congress from Boston. There were 22 scholars attending. Fifty years afterwards, 16 of those 22 were living and ten of them present at a wedding in Concord in June 1884. That school attended in a body the Centennial of the Town the next year, 1835, and listened to the orator of that day. Whether their continuance in Concord and their longevity was owing to the inspiration of that occasion or the doctors of the town, may be questioned. The son of that orator, and himself a doctor, will gratify us by speaking of his predecessor and of the name he bears, Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson.

Dr. Emerson was given a hearty greeting. He said:—

MR. PRESIDENT. Perhaps the perennial vigor of those who were the young people here 50 years ago, which you, Sir, for our good fortune, happily demonstrate, was due to the fact that Concord's old-fashioned doctors seldom prescribe change of air.

At your bidding, Sir, I have for the moment put off the uniform of a very independent company, which parades with two old brass guns—you set me the example years ago—guns which we hope are not thorns in the side of our honored guests the Commander-in-Chief and Adjt-General, and come here to answer for the old doctors of Concord. Having myself

half turned my back on the healing art, I wish to show that these doctors set in this respect a most pernicious example.

The first, Dr. Philip Read, dabbled in free-thought, criticized the parading of the ancestors of our Chaplain, for which Concord promptly made it desirable for him to change his residence.

But what followed? Dr. James Minott did not stick to his pills and herb-drinks yet escaped the doom of his forerunner. This gentleman was as versatile a genius as Anonymous in a book of extracts. Hear his epitaph!

Here is interred the remains of James Minott, Esq., A. M., an Excelling Grammarian, enriched with the Gift of Prayer and Reading, a Commanding Officer, a Physician of Great Value, a Great Lover of Peace, as well as of Justice, and which was his Greatest Glory, a Gentleman of distinguished Virtue and Goodness. Happy in a Virtuous Posterity and living Religiously, died comfortably, Sept. 20, 1725. Aet. 83.

Could man do more? Was not this the high-water-neck of our race?

In the very next generation the physician is styled Major Jonathan Prescott, dying in accomplishments with his predecessor.

His son, Dr. John, a good physician, presently appears a commander of an expedition against Cuba, then as diplomatic agent for the colonies in London, where he died.

A generation passes, and then we find Dr. Samuel Prescott riding home from courting Miss Mulliken of Lexington at the strange hour of one in the morning on the 19th of April, joining Paul Revere on the road and by his good horsemanship escaping over a wall when Revere was taken and bringing the stirring news to Concord; but we hear no more of him as a practitioner.

Time fails me to tell of John Cuming, Harvard graduate, Indian fighter, Indian captive, then Lieut. Col. in service against them, wide-riding country doctor, Royal Justice of the Peace, Patriot, member of the committees of Correspondence and Safety then sitting in the Provincial Congress and County Courts, and last, benefactor to the town and to his Alma Mater: of the varying but hard fortunes of Dr. Ezekiel Brown; of Abiel Heywood practicing medicine for years, then Town Clerk, Chief Selectman, and Assessor for 30 years, latterly abandoning at once celibacy and small clothes, and taking office of high trust in the State; of Edward Jarvis general practitioner and a specialist, writer on general history and statistics and loyal benefactor of this town!

But in late years the town was blessed as to doctors who did not scorn to abide in their toilsome calling, and died in har-

ness faithful and brave, loved and honored like him whose venerable face all of us remember.

From the honored names of the healers of this town, in the days that are gone by, thus lightly touched on, but whom we all revere I turn to answer as you have bid me, Sir, for my name and race, thankful that the double tie which binds it to the Past of this town gives me the right.

He who fifty years ago spoke near where to-day you have listened to a representative of an honorable family always dear to him, loved Concord.

The room where he wrote we call his study, but his study was the pine wood or the oak-girt ledge of rock looking on blue Walden and bluer river, beautiful to him in even the harshest aspect and full of voices as the sacred groves of the East.

Not less the aspects of the men and women of the village. He watched the former pass his window and remembered him as one who placed the Primal Forces and wielded them to raise his corn.

He sat in the Town Meeting, speaking seldom, hearing every word, and came home praising the sense and courage shown. Secure that in the end, after this rough sifting the brave counsel would prevail.

I bring to his townspeople to-day this word which I only yesterday found in his note book.

"How do the wise differ from the unwise, was the question put to Bias. He replied 'In a good hope.' It is the true heroism and the true wisdom, Hope." That shall be his word for the next century. This other note I found, written just after a stormy scene which happened in these streets just before the war.

"Somebody said in my hearing lately that a house in Concord was worth half as much again as a house in any other town since the people had shown a good will to defend each other."

THE PRESIDENT:—It was the irony of fate that in Concord should begin the Revolutionary Fight. Concord Fight is a contradiction in terms; and it is, perhaps, the irony of history that Concord should furnish the ground where Acton men fought the battle of Lexington. Is there not some of the irony of both fate and history that the modest, transcendental youth, who came here from Brook Farm, "to till these lonely fields" should in these days have the largest audience as Orator and Editor in this broad land? That he

"By wondrous tongue and guided pen Brings the flown muses back to men." Will he kindly speak on this occasion to this small gathering of his former townsmen, George William Curtis.

Mr. Curtis, who received a perfect ovation, said:—

MR. PRESIDENT—That I once lived in Concord, is among my happiest recollections, and that I should be asked to come back again to-day is one of the most gratifying of honors. Life gives us few purer pleasures than to know that we are kindly remembered where we remember kindly, and, upon return to the familiar scenes to find old friendships and old feelings as unchanged as the hills and streams. In the tenderest of his poems, Byron, recalling the best hours of his life, describes the scene that he remembers as a "most living landscape." The life of a landscape is not in its verdure and form, in its waving woods and flowing waters. The landscape lives in its human associations, in its historic traditions. Its deepest charm is felt when we can say, with Wordsworth: "Here, in old time the hand of man hath been,"—the hand of genius, the hand of wisdom, of art, of letters, of science; so that the dead, whose works do follow them, may, after all, make the most living landscape.

I suppose, Mr. Chairman, and friends, that there is no son, native or adopted, of Concord who has not for it that peculiar, personal feeling of reverence of which our orator spoke this morning. There is no town which has a story better worth telling. That story was never more completely, more adequately, or more nobly told than you have heard it to-day. Now, Mr. Chairman, mindful of the hour, and of the tried patience of my hearers, I cannot but recall the story of an old clergyman (and this story, I think, is not told of a Concord clergyman, as most good stories are), who paused, after preaching a couple of hours, in the midst of his sermon, and said: "Ah, brethren, saving souls is such a delightful work that I could go on preaching all night, but I must consider the infirmity of human nature, I must forbear, I will restrain myself and preach only four hours longer." (laughter.) As every one of the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me has taken his seat, I have wished that he would forbear and restrain himself to preach only four hours longer. And that forbearance, my friends, would have had for you this advantage,—that you would have been spared listening to another speech; while, for me, I should have said delightedly for us all,

"Here is old Concord,
Now let expressive silence muse her praise."

I came to Concord, as the Chairman has just said, with my brother, from Brook Farm. I am not quite sure whether we belonged to that "Menagerie" of Mr. Emerson, of which the orator told us this morning, or whether we were not a pair of those "visionary youths" whom Hawthorne said overran this village about 40 years ago. Yet he was one of us. He preceded us from Brook Farm; and Concord, surely, was not the only wonder-land to which he introduced the young visionaries of his time. There was, as my older friends may remember, in the popular mind, some kind of association between Concord and Brook Farm. It was very natural that it should be so. Mr. Emerson lived in Concord. Brook Farm was supposed, in some indescribable way, to have sprung from his

teachings. To go from Concord to Brook Farm, therefore, was merely to pass from theory to practice. To come from Brook Farm to Concord was to rise from plain living to high thinking. (Applause.) If to this you add the immortal revolutionary tradition that made the long, winding road under the brow of the hill from Emerson's house at one end to Hawthorne's at the other, a *via sacra*, if you remember that at one end of that village lived Emerson, and at the other lived Hawthorne, and that conveniently between the two, but characteristically in a different direction from either, lived Henry Thoreau, and then fill the village with that population which seemed to have sprung from Cromwell's Ironsides themselves, if you plant it all in that tranquil, gentle, pastoral landscape, so familiar to you, and which the best genius of America has made familiar to all the world,—if you do this, you have the Concord that I knew, the Concord of forty years ago, the Concord that was then and still is the friend and ally of every good cause involving the rights of man or the rights of woman, that Concord which then was and now is the fullest and fairest representative of the old New England which marched from beyond the Merrimac to beyond the Mississippi, planting New England men and New England principles wherever its foot fell.

I am surprised, Mr. Chairman, that none of the eloquent and accomplished gentlemen who have preceded me, have not superceded me in repeating to you those words of Dr. Johnson, which seem to me more applicable to Concord than to any other place that I know of in the world. "That man," he says, "is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Patriotism

and piety,—these make the legend, these tell the story of this town. Marathon and Iona blend in this town. Not the Greek hero, not Leonidas, not Melitades was of purer heroic mould than Isaac Davis, and John Buttrick, and James Barrett, and their comrades,—the heroes who have made these meadows ground as dear and sacred to the liberty loving heart of mankind as the plain of Marathon or the pass of Thermopylae. (Applause.)

These were the heroes of the field. But in that tranquil sphere of thought which moves the world, the serene wisdom of the scholar at the other end of the village, fired the shot heard round the moral world of his generation, and make the tranquil fields as precious a bourne of pilgrimage as the fane of Iona. (Applause.) I cannot allow myself, Mr. Chairman, to give way to the feelings and consequently to the words which are in my heart and which are trembling upon my tongue. This only let me say—that it seems to me that we are to remember that the men who stood at the Bridge, who, at the Bridge forced the beginning of the departure of foreign authority upon this soil, were the armed pioneers of American independence politically; that while that scholar at the other end of the town boldly challenged the most venerable ecclesiastical traditions and in his day declared for us all that independence of soul-liberty, upon which Roger Williams

planted Rhode Island,—these were the men who have bound the lesson of Concord close together in spiritual and political independence. If there is any one principle which, in every political and every religious emergency, is the sure stay of every American citizen, undoubtedly you will agree with me that it is what, in the old colonial phrase, was called "independence;" and if there be one fraternity which in this country should never be permitted to die out, it is that, surely, of the sons of liberty.

No truer word was spoken to us this morning by our orator than this,—that the great events which culminated at the Bridge showed the constancy of our fathers in their patriotism. Constant were they above all. Faithful were they to the last. And when he truly said, in that phrase which will become memorable, that Major Buttrick gave the order to subjects of King George and that the men who fired were citizens of America, I felt at once how striking an illustration it was of their constancy to principle,—that almost, as it seemed, in a single moment, they passed from being subjects of a king into the fullness of a prospective republic. (Great applause.)

Mr. Chairman and friends, there is one story which I am very sure, though it be of clergyman, is a story of Concord. And I do not know, Mr. Chairman, why all of the good stories are fathered upon the clergy if it be not that, as the devil is said to have all the good times, it be only fair that the clergy should have all the good stories; and this particular story is that of a clergyman who went into the pulpit, took up the hymn book to open the exercises and found that the leaves were torn out, so that the book was very thoroughly dilapidated. He said, "Brethren, let us begin these exercises by singing to the praise and glory of God the 412th hymn." He proceeded a few stanzas. "No, no, I can let us sing to the praise and glory of God the 212th hymn." He proceeded a little further, but the consuming tooth of time had been before him. He stopped again. "Brethren,"—he tried it once more, but the result was the same. He closed the book in a kind of despair. "The congregation will sing to the same praise and glory any hymn that is not torn out of the book." [Great laughter and applause.]

So, Mr. Chairman, I am about to leave this congregation to sing the praise and glory of Concord any conceivable form of praise that has not already been spoken. (Laughter and applause.) As for myself, I speak to you as friends. As for myself, as I recall Annursnack, and Lee's Hill, and the Cliffs and Ponkawtasset Walden, and Fairhaven, and the North Bridge, as I fill these familiar streets and fields with that troop of the shining ones, men and women,

"I feel the gales that o'er me blow
A momentary bliss bestow."

And I say, in the words most familiar, I am sure, to old Peter Bulkeley and to Dr. Ripley, so long the pastor, blending verses in which the sentiment so naturally blends, "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, if my tongue forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." (Great applause.)

The President: In 1792, 17 years after the fight, the old North Bridge was

moved down the river 100 rods. One bent of that bridge was used for the timber foundation of the abutment at the new spot. A stepping-stone on the old causeway, over which Captain Isaac Davis fell when he was pierced by a British musket ball, was used in building this new abutment. Seven years ago, in rebuilding this abutment, that stone was found with the stains upon it that tradition says were Captain Davis's blood. It was carefully saved, and will at some suitable opportunity, be presented to the town of Acton, to be placed beside their monument to the hero of that fight. From the oak post of the old North bridge, preserved for a century under water, several canes have been made, which I desire now, in behalf of this town, to place where they will do the most good, in the keeping of those of our guests to-day who have in prose and song, made this bridge ever memorable. If they serve as staffs to the declining years, of which we trust that our guests will enjoy many, may they also remind them of the events that these canes witnessed and of this town and celebration. [Applause.]

Judge Keyes then handed a cane to Senators Hoar and Everts, to Mr. Curtis, to Judge Hoar and to the Hon. Hapgood Wright. The canes are of oak, gold tipped and are inscribed "Old North Bridge Oak, Concord, Mass., September 2 '85."

THE PRESIDENT: Tradition says that there were Hosmers in Kent, England, before the conquest, and from there the companion of Bulkeley and Willard came to Concord in 1835. The name has been prominent here ever since, and has been carried by his descendants over nearly all the Union. It was borne by the adjutant at the Bridge, and by one of the Acton men slain there. It has many wearers here to-day, and as the chairman of the committee declines to respond for it except in acts, I will call upon his cousin the George Herbert Hosmer.

Mr. Hosmer, on rising, was received with applause. He said: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—In rising to respond to the sentiment, while feeling a great honor is conferred upon me, I wish there stood in my place one, who I may

say was saturated with the spirit of his ancestors, and whose heart beat more quickly at the very name of Concord. But his voice is still and he lies peacefully reposing with the dust of his kindred in yonder cemetery. How may I best briefly respond to this honored name? From that first farmer pioneer who came with others 250 years ago to found this town—down through the eight generations succeeding him—is a line of ancestry illustrating the latter part of the felicitous phrase of Tacitus, quoted by Mr. Sanborn, in his life of Thoreau, as applicable to Concord.

"A place of Grecian culture and provincial frugality, mingled and well blended."

"Provincial frugality"—The Hosmers were the representatives of the strong Saxon character which combined "plain living and high thinking" and courageous performance—and so made good in America what Wordsworth declared was lost to England.

A sturdy purpose must have impelled the first James to come over with his family at the age of twenty-eight to make a home on these broad meadows, which for two hundred and fifty years have been held in the family name.

And as we look carefully at the record we perceive the conspicuous traits of the stock are "steadiness and permanence, indicative of character and worth." Till a very recent period a descendant of the eighth generation has driven his ploughshare into the ancestral acres.

Our family have been good representatives of sturdy Saxon yeomanry—who have not shrunk from the burdens—or avoided the dangers—or shirked the responsibilities of private, or public life, not generally conspicuous in leadership—yet sometimes holding honorable positions in church and State and school,—they have for the most part followed humble callings, and have done good service in the rank and file.

They have never been wanting in courage, and every foe that has threatened New England has been confronted by soldiers of our name.

In the early conflicts with the Indians, in the Revolutionary struggle—in the War of 1812, in Shay's Rebellion, and in the late Civil War, generation has succeeded generation in prompt, vigorous, patriotic response,—the horrors of im-

prisonment have been endured, and lives have been cheerfully sacrificed; while there have been marked individuals like Edmund Hosmer, the friend of Emerson, Thoreau, and Curtis, and celebrated in prose and verse by other Concord authors; and Rufus, of genial running temperament, the able advocate and wise councillor, settled at Stow,—the classmate of Washington Allston, Chief Justice Shaw and Dr. Charles Lowell,—and Cyrus, of the seventh generation, the wise teacher and guardian of 'youth; and Harriet, of artistic fame.

Joseph, of the fifth generation, is probably the most distinguished of the Massachusetts Hosmers.

Mr. Samuel Hoar said of him: "He was the most free from prejudice and the best reader of men of any one I ever knew."

A leader of men also, as was proved a few months before the Fight at the Bridge, when, plainly dressed in butter-nut brown, he rose to reply to an eloquent Tory, Daniel Bliss, and upon inquiry being made who he was, the answer came—"That is Hosmer, the mechanic, the most dangerous man in Concord, for he has all the young men at his back, and where he leads they will surely follow."

The part he took at the Bridge in forming the minute men into line and "goad-ing them on" to the fight, is part of memorable history.

At that supreme moment, the two cousins Joseph and Abner were not found wanting—for Abner's drum-beat measured the steps of the heroes, while Joseph's voice rallied the wavering column.

The drummer's blood mingled with that of his brave Captain Davis of Acton, (our joint kinsman, Honored Governor) and the bronze statute "by the rude bridge that arched the flood, gives a life-like presentment of the heroic struggle. As Legislator, Sheriff and Justice, Major Hosmer did well his part in "those days which tried men's souls; and he stands a fitting representative of that sturdy yeomanry upon whom rested the fate of this nation.

The women as well as the men of the stock, of whom, were there time, good deeds might be told, possessed high qualities of strength, courage and steadiness, and one of our number bears witness that he never heard of a Hosmer being convicted of a crime.

Well, said the clerk of the Herald's office, London, when applied to for a coat of arms of the Hosmer's—"There is no coat of arms for you, and if you were an Englishman you would not want one, for there were Hosmers in Kent long before the Conquest, and at the battle of Hastings, the men of Kent were the vanguard of King Harold."

"If," says Mr. Sanborn, "Major Hosmer's ancestors failed to drive back the invaders there, their descendants made good the failure in Concord seven centuries later."

This closed the exercises, and shortly before six o'clock the company dispersed. The Celebration was brought to an end at sunset with the ringing of bells and the firing of a national salute by the Battery.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1902

THE LATE RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

America, whilst still mourning for the loss of Longfellow, whose songs had obtained a greater acceptance than those of any other great poet, is called upon to lament the death of a philosopher and moralist who in the front rank of the age—if not, indeed, of the ages—represented the influence of the New World in the domain of ethical speculation.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who died at nine o'clock on Thursday night in the village of Concord, was born in Boston on May 25, 1803, and came of a good New England Puritan ancestry. Before he was eight years old he lost his father, and was with his one elder and three younger brothers brought up by his mother, a woman at once amiable and severely pious. She was aided in her task by

her sister-in-law, Miss Emerson, who exerted a great influence upon the mind of her young nephew, and imparted to him her own habits of wide but miscellaneous reading. He became a student of the Public Grammar School and of the Latin School; but Nature has her own methods of rearing genius, and we have his own authority for the statement that "the regular course of studies, the years of academical and professional education, have not yielded me better facts than some idle books under the bench at the Latin School. What we do not call education is more precious than that which we do call so." Amongst his schoolboy remembrances was an invitation of the dominie to his boys to spend a day in throwing up earthen defences against the English foe in the war of 1812. He went to Harvard College at the age of 14, where his chief interest was in Greek classical studies. For mathematics he had no taste, nor did he care for the formal metaphysics then in vogue. But, if

he did not get much from the professors, his range of study outside the University curriculum was exceedingly wide. He learned to love Shakspeare and to appreciate Montaigne. He gained several college prizes, one of them for an essay on the "character of Socrates." This was in his junior year, whilst at a senior he delivered an essay on the "present state of ethical philosophy." John Quincy, who won the first prize, found this dissertation "long and dry." However this may have been, there was a certain prophetic instinct in the choice of the subjects. In 1826, having been greatly influenced by the preaching of Everett and Channing, he was "approved" as a preacher, and spent the following winter in Florida and South Carolina; and in 1829 became the colleague of Henry Ware, jun., as the minister of the Second Church in Boston. Dr. Channing was struck "with the youth of the preacher, the beauty of his elocution, and the direct and sincere manner in which he addressed his hearers." In this year he married Miss Tucker, to whom the well-known verses "To Ellen at the South" were addressed during their courtship. She died of consumption in February, 1832. Emerson now separated from his congregation owing to his increasing difficulties as to the proper interpretation of the Communion Service, and notwithstanding anxious efforts to retain him as their minister. His health, not over strong to begin with, had broken down, and to recruit it he sailed for Europe in the spring of 1833. He visited Italy and France, and had some weeks in England. In this

journey he met Landor, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Carlyle, for whom he had a friendship and regard which, warmly returned, was broken only by death. On his return home he began to lecture, and very occasionally to preach. In 1835 he married again. His second wife was Miss Lydia Jackson, and the couple began to "keep house" in the home which he has ever since occupied. His attention was more and more directed to the twin lights of Greek and German philosophy. The publication of his powerful essay on "Nature" in 1836 assured him a place amongst the directing minds of the century, although its sale was singularly slow. It took a dozen years to exhaust the first edition of 600 copies. He introduced to the American public "Sartor Resartus," which was first reprinted in book form by our Transatlantic cousins; and he did the same kindly office for the "Miscellaneous Essays." Meanwhile Emerson's fame as a lecturer and thinker was on the increase. There were plenty to denounce him as a madman, but there were also earnest disciples who found in his words the true philosophy of life. Amongst those who felt his spell were Margaret Fuller and the knot of intellectual men and women who were afterwards known by the name or nickname of Transcendentalists. Out of the Club of these friends sprang the *Dial*, which was edited by Margaret Fuller, and after an obscure existence of four years peacefully passed away. It is now so rare as to excite the cupidity of the bibliomaniac. Its first number contained three contributions from the pen of Emerson. Emerson was sympathetic to all projects of reform that were honestly intended, and the very air was then full of projects. Parker, Thoreau, Graham, Alcott, and Margaret Fuller were alike sure of his sympathies, though he did not always endorse their too hasty hopes. He was an Abolitionist when the anti-slavery movement was a thing of scorn. He signed the invitation for the first convention in favour of women's suffrage. He sympathised with the aims of the temperance reformers. He saw the nobility of the objects of

the communalistic attempt at Brook Farm, but his sense of humour enabled him to see aspects unsuspected by honest fanaticism, and his criticism was not the less keen because it was kindly. His "Essays" appeared in 1841, and were introduced to the English public by Carlyle in a strain of almost fervid appreciation. The death of his son Waldo, a bright boy of great promise, in 1842, was a heavy blow, and he was mourned by the father as one who was "born for the future, to the future lost." A second series of "Essays" came out in 1844, and were followed by the first issue of his "Poems" in 1846.

In 1847 Emerson visited England. The immediate occasion of his visit was an invitation from the Mechanics' Institutions and similar literary organisations of Lancashire and Yorkshire to deliver a course of lectures. This gave him the opportunity of seeing the "old country" and forming his own impression of the mother land of his own energetic race. "I was invited," he says, "on liberal terms to read a series of lectures in them all. The request was urged with every kind suggestion and every assurance of aid and comfort by friendliest parties in Manchester, who in the sequel amply redeemed their word. The remuneration was equivalent to the fees at that time paid in this country for like services. At all events it

was sufficient to cover any travelling expenses, and the proposal offered an excellent opportunity of seeing the interior of England and Scotland, by means of a home and a committee of intelligent friends awaiting me in every town." These lectures had important results. They were wonderfully stimulative to the young and fresh intellects to whom they were perhaps mainly addressed, and in a secondary manner they were the occasion of "English Traits" being added to our literature. No more appreciative estimate has ever been made of the nation. Emerson recognised the good qualities of the English people with a sincerity that removed his highest praise from the faintest suspicion of exaggeration. In Manchester he was the guest of Mr. Alexander Ireland: whose portrait he has drawn with a friendly hand. "At the landing in Liverpool I found my Manchester correspondent awaiting me, a gentleman whose kind reception was followed by a train of friendly and effective attentions which never rested whilst I remained in the country. A man of sense and of letters, the editor of a powerful local journal, he added to solid virtues an infinite sweetness and bonhomie. There seemed a pool of honey about his heart which lubricated all his speech and action with fine jets of mead. An equal good fortune attended many later accidents of my journey, until the sincerity of English kindness ceased to 'surprise.' It would be superfluous to say that Mr. Emerson's lectures in this city were well attended. Whether he discoursed at the Athenæum or at the Mechanics' Institution, he had alike an enthusiastic and an appreciative audience. Amongst his listeners were some who, like Miss Jewsbury, the Rev. John Kenrick, the Rev. John James Tayler, and Dr. Hodgson, have since passed away; but there are still in our midst those to whom the memory of these evenings will ever be a source of unmixed pleasure. In addition to six lectures on "Representative Men" at the Athenæum, he lectured on "Eloquence," "Domestic Life," "Reading," and "the Superlative in Manners and Literature" at the Mechanics' Institution. He took part in the annual soiree of the Manchester Athenæum, 18th November, 1847. This was a really

remarkable gathering under the presidency of Sir Archibald Alison, around whom were gathered Richard Cobden, John Bright, John Bowring, Harrison Ainsworth, George Cruikshank, James Crossley, Charles Swain, and a host of local notabilities. It is needless to say that none of the speakers was listened to with greater attention than the American guest, who followed Cobden's charming statement of his continental impressions. Emerson thought his own speech on that occasion was the most fitting expression of his feelings toward England. We have, however, taken the liberty to reproduce his *ipsissima verba* from our own pages. These the curious may compare with the amended version given by the philosopher of Concord when he made this brief but weighty oration the concluding words of his "English Traits."

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I feel myself a little in the position of some countrymen of mine who I remember, when a deputation of the Sauks and Foxes came to the capital of Massachusetts, and were received there at the Senate House by Governor Everett. Impressed a little with the greatness of the population about them, and certainly with the new splendour and wealth of such cities as they had passed through and

entered, the red men said, after hearing the congratulations of the Governor, "We have no land to put words on, sir, and yet our words are true." I have no land to put my words on, and yet I hope they are true. It gives me great pleasure to see this anniversary of the Athenæum; it gives me great pleasure to sit near the distinguished gentlemen who have addressed you; and yet it has seemed to me whilst they spoke that for many years I have been near to them. Sir, the arguments of the league and its leaders are known and repeated in every quarter of the globe, and certainly by all the friends of Free Trade in America. And, sir, when I came to sea, in the ship which brought me here, on the table in the cabin lay your History of Europe, the property, I suppose, of the ship or the captain, as a sort of programme or play bill to instruct the sea-faring New Englander who was coming to Europe in the events and institutions that awaited him here. I have seen other gentlemen here this evening whose gaiety and genius is certainly almost as familiarly known to my own friends and countrymen as it is here. Why, sir, the drawings, caricatures, and the wit of Punch go duly every fortnight, to every book shop and every book club, and to every boy and girl in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. So I find it with all the names with which your institution and your present meeting presents me. But, sir, these compliments, though true, would come better from those who better understood and felt these matters than I can hope to do; and I pass from that to what I know will interest those gentlemen very much more than their own praises—namely, that which really draws me to the shores of England, that which is good on holidays and working days, that which is good in one century and in another century, that which draws the solitary American to wish to see England, sir, is the moral peculiarity of the Saxon race. It is that commanding sense of right and wrong, it is that honesty of performance, it is that which is the imperial trait which has given to this race the sceptre of the globe. I see it equally as the foundation of the aristocratic character of the people which, though it may perhaps sometimes lose sight of its origin and wander into strange vagaries, if it lose that moral quality, will be paralysed, and cease to be; and I see it no less in the honesty of performance in trade and manufactures, and in the mechanic's shops, in that solidity and thoroughness of work which is the national badge. This conscience is one element, and the other, sir, is that habit of friendship, if I may so call it, that fidelity of fellowship, which I see here running through all classes, that elects all worthy individuals to a fraternity of kind offices, filling them with a warm, staunch fellowship and support from year to year, from youth to age; and which stands in very strong contrast with the short-lived connection, with the excess of courtesy and the very superficial attachments which exist in other races—an

affection, an attachment, a permanence of regard which is alike lovely and honourable to those who render and those who receive it. Mr. Chairman, in looking at these traits in the English character, it has given me great pleasure to observe that in this time of commercial disaster, in this time of gloom, of bankruptcy, of affliction, and of beggary in the neighbouring districts, the Athenæum has chosen to hold, with its usual spirit, this its anniversary. It seemed to me, because of these peculiarities which belong to the English character, a certain duty well becoming the managers of the institution; they seemed to me to say, "For all that has come and gone, yet we shall not abate the spirit or the splendour of our annual feast; no, not by an oak leaf; no, not by a chaplet." And I wish, sir, to say that I was brought up from my childhood in the belief that this British island, from which my forefathers came, was not a lotus garden, was not a paradise of serene skies and robes, a masque and merriment all the year round; no! but a cold, foggy, mournful country, bearing no fruit in the open air, but robust men and virtuous women, and these, too, of a certain wonderful fibre and endurance—a certain people whose very good qualities were not very swift to show themselves—whose virtues, as I was told, never came out until they quarrelled. I was told, to use a country phrase of ours, that they did not strike twelve the first time; good lovers they were, and good haters they were; that you could not know much of them till you had seen their long, and could not know anything good of them till you had seen them in action; in their prosperity, it was said, they were apt to be a little moody, a little nervous and dumplish, but that in adversity they were grand. And I ask you, sir, if the wise ancient did not hold in less esteem that bark which was parting from its native port with all colours flying, than that ship which was a proved sailer, which was coming back with battered sides and torn canvas and stripped of all her banners, yet having ridden out the storm? And so, sir, I felt towards this aged England. When I see her now that the possessions, the tropics, the honours, and also the infirmities of a thousand years are gathered around her, connected irrevocably as she is to so many ancient customs not suddenly to be changed, oppressed as she is by the transitions of trade, by the new and all-incalculable modes, and fabrics, and arts, and machines, and competing populations, yet, with all this pressing upon her, that she is not dispirited, not weak, but strong, very well remembering that she has seen many dark days before, knowing with a kind of instinct that she can see, with her old eyes, a little better in a cloudy day, and in the battle, in the storm, and in calamity feeling a stout vigour and a pulse like a cannon,—when I see this, sir,—when I see that in her old age she is not decrepit, but is still daring to believe in her power of endurance, of expansion, then I say, "Hail, mother of nations, mother of heroes, all hail! still equal to the time, with a strength still equal to the hour, with a spirit wise to entertain and swift to execute a policy that the heart and mind of mankind at this moment requires, and thereby hospitable to the foreigner, and a true home to her own generous and thoughtful children!" So be it, sir; long, long be it so from age to age. If it is not so, sir, if her

courage is to go down with the monarchical calamities of her commerce and her trade, I will go back to the capes of Massachusetts and to my little Indian stream, and say to my countrymen, "The old race is all gone, and if the hope and elasticity of mankind exist, they must be found on the ranges of the Alleghanies or nowhere."

At this time he was a tall, pale, and thoughtful-looking man, so entirely destitute of any apparent self-assertion that he might easily have passed unremarked in the crowd. But the moment his voice was raised to speak there was a magic in it that would have compelled attention if that had not been rather the spontaneous result of his powerful charm. It was not the ordinary grace of oratory, for he had no declamatory action, and, so far from essaying to sway the "ferce democracy" by extemporaneous passion or wisdom, he read from his manuscript with no much coolness as though the audience were a thousand miles away. The compelling force was in the

matter itself.

The Emerson of 1848 was not inaptly characterized by James Russell Lowell in the "Fable for Critics."

But to come to Emerson (whom by the way,
I believe we left waiting). He is, we may say
A Greek head on right Indian shoulders, whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Exchange;
He seems, to my thinking (although, I'm afraid,
The comparison must long ere this have been made),
A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyptian's gold mist
And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-by-jowl co-exist;
All admire, and yet scarcely he converts he's got
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what;
For though he builds glorious temples, 'tis odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.
'Tis refreshing to old-fashioned people like me
To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly respected
As parts of himself—just a little projected;
And who's willing to worship the stars and the sun,
A convert to—nothing but Emerson.

During his English visit he saw all the best that English society could offer him, and had the acquaintance of Tennyson, Lyell, Leigh Hunt, Clough, and a host of other notabilities. In 1850 his lectures on "Representative Men" appeared in book form. When Kossuth visited Concord in 1852, it was Emerson who publicly welcomed him. In this year he had the sad task of preparing a memorial to the ill-fated Margaret Fuller, whose untimely death cut short a life of the rarest culture and the amplest promise. In 1858 appeared his "English Traits," of which we have already spoken in detailing the circumstances that gave it birth. These books were not popular in the worst sense of the word, but they grew upon the public. The slow sale of his essay on "Nature" must always rank as one of the curiosities of literature, but those which succeeded it did not become a rage. He had to wait his time, and in 1860, when the "Conduct of Life" appeared 2,500 copies were sold in two days.

He showed the courage of his opinions in the matter of slavery, and Miss Martineau has told how bravely he and his brothers stood by her when in 1835 she was "outraging" the sensibility of the superfine people in Boston whose only idea as to the evil of slaveholding was that it was wrong to denounce it. In 1844 he definitely threw in his lot with the despised Abolitionists, and later did not hesitate to express his sympathy with John Brown, who was to the many of the American people the very type of a revolutionary madman. To Emerson he was one "who will make the gallows glorious like the cross." Naturally he followed the war of the secession with the painful earnestness of a true patriot, and his voice was raised from time to time to strengthen the hands of those who were seeking to save the life of the nation. On the death of Theodore Parker he was invited to succeed him, and though he did not do so in any formal sense, he spoke frequently from his platform. He also showed his strong sympathy with the Free Religious Association formed in 1867, the year in which his "May Day" appeared. "Society and Solitude," which came out in 1870, included some things which he had delivered from the platform many years earlier. In 1872 he visited England for the third time, where he again met Carlyle and many other friends and admirers, old and new. He visited France and Egypt, and returning to Concord found that his house, which had been destroyed by fire just before his departure had been built after the old plan by his kind-hearted and admiring fellow-citizens. In 1874 the enthusiastic "independent" students of Glasgow University nominated him as a candidate for the office of Lord Rector, the others

being Diaraeli and Forster. Emerson received 500 votes, and Diaraeli was elected by 700.

During all these years Emerson continued what he had felt to be his vocation from the time when his scruples excluded him from the Unitarian pulpits of Boston. His lectures were intellectual levers which raised many of the young men of his own and this country from the lower levels of conventionalism or carelessness. Only last year he paid a tribute of affection and esteem to the memory of his friend Carlyle in a paper read before the Massachusetts Historical Society. His home life was of the

simplest and, in the best sense of the word, homeliest character. He was hospitable, and had a capacity for noble friendships. He was the tried friend of Carlyle, of Alcott, of Theodore Parker, of Margaret Fuller, of Channing, and of Thoreau. The man whose sympathies could attract and retain individualities so varied and so vigorous must have had in him the true core of humanity. Distinctions he neither sought nor rejected, yet it is a satisfaction to know that his own *alma mater* of Harvard College gave him the degree of LL.D. in 1866, and the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences elected him as a member. In 1870-1 appeared the third and fourth volumes of his "Essays," and in 1871 he edited a volume of poetical selections. This was entitled "Parnassus," and included some brief but highly characteristic estimates of Byron, Chaucer, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and others.

His greatness was rather as a moralist than as a systematic thinker. Whatever the future historian of philosophy may have to say respecting him, this generation will recognise him as one whose influence has been wholly for good. He has taught the value of truth, of tolerance, of conduct. He has ever been ready to speak for the right, when its fair-weather friends passed it by. He has never stopped to ask whether popular favour could be gained by pandering to base passions. He never hesitated to plead for the poor and the oppressed, and for their sake he has left from time to time the serene heights of his philosophic retirement to mingle in the conflict and the strife of popular "movements." The age owes him much for the beauty and nobility of his teaching and much for the beauty and nobility of his life. Prolonged beyond the usual span, this long career has come to a peaceful and honoured close. The beautiful village which he had made his home has lost in him one who knew that "every man should decorate his own Sparta." America has lost her greatest thinker, and the world at large one who with a singular completeness suited the action to the word, and the word to the action of a lofty intellect and a pure and noble life.

EVENING TRANSCRIPT

MONDAY, JULY 24, 1882.

THE EMERSON DAY AT CONCORD.

(Correspondence of the Transcript.)

CONCORD, July 22.

The great event of the week has been the Emerson commemoration, which took place in the town hall today. But we have also had a second lecture by Professor Harris, this time on Aristotle's philosophy, a lecture by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe on "Idols and Icons," and on Friday morning a clear and interesting exposition of the Scottish philosophy by Dr. McCosh, president of Princeton College. The last was of a different nature from those we have been hearing; but the impression which has somehow become current that the venerable divine antagonized the ideas of the school is an entirely erroneous one and must have resulted from a superficial view. Neither Dr. McCosh nor the regular professors of the school expressed any antagonism to one another's views, and, as is usual, whatever may be the differences in the methods of the teachers here, they "agree to disagree," knowing that in the main issue they are united. The chief point insisted on is the recognition of the spiritual element in the constitution of things, and the recognition of self-evident truth of the spirit through consciousness was the chief point in Dr. McCosh's exposition of Scottish philosophy—a very close parallel. The Scotch philosophers have taken what may be called a middle course. They deal with neither matter nor mind exclusively. They begin with facts and end with facts, but not the facts of the material world alone. They take the truths that are self-evident, whether material truths or mental truths, and then, by observing and experimenting, build their system. Trees, houses and men, for instance, are self-evident truths, but none the less are good and evil, fear, hope, remorse, benevolence, love and hate. Through the faculty of self-consciousness they perceive the world of mind; through the physical senses they perceive the world of matter. They do not speculate from truths erected by human ingenuity, but from self-evident truths which at the same time are no more surely the truths of matter than those of mind and soul. Their test is the "principle of common sense which is common to all men."

A parallel was drawn between the Scottish and the German schools of thought, and it was shown that the Kantian "pure reason" and the Scotch "reason in the first degree" are much alike, both being but different names for intuition. The object of the Scotch was to reconcile observation with self-evident truth, the latter existing in the mind prior to the exercise of the former. By observation, we discover truths which already exist,—as Newton discovered (not invented) the law of gravitation. The principle is in the mind, and experience and inductive reasoning applied to it make the system.

The speaker advocated the study of the physiology of the brain, which will help to find the construction and relations of the human frame, although he had not discovered that any one had yet been able to explain or classify mind as well as brain. Judgment, reason, imagination, hope, ideas of the true

and beautiful, the good and the infinite, could not be found out by physiology; these could be studied only in the light of consciousness.

A review of the German philosophies followed, and the lecturer said that he always advised his pupils to go to Germany to study, but to retain their independence. The cry of all German students now is, "Back to Kant," those philosophies which have come after his being unsatisfactory. He would say, "Yes, back to Kant; but don't stay there. Back also to Reed (the great Scotch thinker), back to Descartes, back to Bacon, back to St. Augustine, to Marcus Aurelius, to Cicero, to Aristotle, to Plato! Choose the good in each and reject the evil in all." This is the method of the Scotch philosophy—a method which the speaker commended highly, while not accepting all of its conclusions. Of Sir William Hamilton, who probably is the best known of all, it was said that he tried to reconcile the German with the Scotch through comparing Reed and Kant; and that his agnosticism came from the German infusion rather than from the native Scotch. America ought to have a philosophy of her own; and this should be, not a conglomeration of the German and the Scotch thought, but one independent and characteristic, one with many heads instead of one, each head teaching its own beliefs, and all united in one similar purpose. The hope that the Concord school may possibly be the humble beginning of such a national philosophy entered the mind of more than one listener to these cheering words.

Today has been the great day of the year at Concord, for today the friends and lovers of Ralph Waldo Emerson met together to celebrate the memory of Concord's greatest man. The town hall was decorated in a peculiarly artistic way. Instead of the customary vase or basket of flowers at each end of the platform, with their miniatures on the desk in the shape of two small vases or baskets of flowers, and in the centre, below and in front a cross or a star or a large bouquet—a symmetry of which one gets very tired as the hours pass by—these offerings were arranged in such a way that they showed variety and

unity at once, and gave a sense of rest and delight. A bust of Emerson stood on a table at the right of the platform near the front, and the table was entirely concealed by spruce boughs, although its shape was preserved perfectly. It had the effect of one of those marble slabs which one sees sometimes in graveyards, and seemed to me peculiarly fitting. A large bouquet of pink roses stood within and beneath it.

Spruce boughs were laid around the edge of the platform, and encircled the speaker's desk, on which, at the right and in a little niche left for it by the twining boughs, nestled a bunch of nasturtiums. Below, on the same side, stood a tall vase containing golden coreopsis and common grass. On the left of the platform, in the rear, was another table, on which stood flowers in profusion. A round column about three feet high, and of just the right width for beauty, made entirely of sweet peas, rose from the spruce on the edge of the platform at the left, and near this was a large

bouquet of blue and white flowers. Spruce and ferns entirely covered the old piano which stood by the windows on the left, one corner adorned with a tall and artistic bouquet. Spruce also hung from the gas fixtures and surrounded the two portraits of Emerson, one a painting hanging high against the wall, and the other a crayon drawing suspended in front of the desk. The whole effect spoke of an artistic and a loving hand.

The crayon portrait is a perfect likeness of Mr. Emerson as he used to look last summer when, on some fair day, he would quietly enter the Hillside Chapel, slip into the armchair set apart for him, and sit silently observant of what went on around him. The artist, a young Concord man, Stacy Tolman, has caught the expression which we so well remember as the one with which he used to suddenly look up and scrutinize, as it were, the face of the person speaking. The look would only last a moment, then he would sink back again and the customary sweet smile of content would return to his features. It seemed then as if he said to us, "It is a beautiful day, and I have walked down here under the elms in the morning shade to visit you all. All this that you are saying is good. I like to see you here. Go on in this pleasant place seeking the truth. But I think I will go back again along the shady road, back to myself. His look was not, as some have said, one of imbecility or of sorrow that he could not understand. It was an expression of content, of rest, an expression that seemed to tell us that he had found what we were seeking, and that while we went on he was satisfied with his own past and his own future, satisfied in what he found within himself.

To the exercises of the day, Mr. Sanborn's opening remarks were a fitting prelude. In prose and verse combined, he placed the first token of love on the shrine at which all must worship.

"Thy sure meridian taken by the sun,
Thy compass pointing true as waters run."

Dr. Bartol, whom, when he shall have passed away, Boston will not be able to forgive herself for not more fully appreciating, gave as his token an essay which carried his hearers up "on the heights." We miss Emerson, said he, as a camping party misses him who has gone forth for exploration. His position was between that of the two contending armies now in battle array. He was the offspring of the wedding of matter and mind. He was impressed, influenced, sent, an artist, hewing from the living rock from which he himself was hewed. He identified freedom with law. He stands for spiritual truth. Is the sun but a slowly-dying body, finally to become a slag? and is the soul a part of this? The lowest line in Emerson says No. It was unity that he was after. With him philosophy and religion were more than science. He sees all beauty in Nature, but also sees the danger that she may be a sorceress. It was his last utterance that any removal of deity is taking the sun out of the sky. Emerson beholds both sides. He is an acrobat. He covers his footing. He resembles a watch, which, now gaining and now losing, still keeps good time. He is like a soloist at a concert. He is an island rather than a star.

His style is crisp, a rope woven without a seam, a selection of beads all belonging together and to be strung. Yet his best lines are like rockets; they are escapes from his mind. But yet every one has been tested by him, like challenges for a jury. It is melody, not harmony, that he gives; songs, not symphonies; odes, not dramas.

The top of Emerson is character. His genius is but an accident. We cannot go forth and convert the world with his words alone, but those churches or sects that undervalue them will "throw a pearl away worth all their tribe." The unit is the largest and only number to him. He is a text for the nature of knowledge or the realizing by any faculty of the real object. He believed that if we let Nature stare us out of countenance we shall lose our faculty of prayer; that we know persons, rather than things, because we are persons. His words are "God," "duty," "immortality," "personality," "identity beyond." He is "not our lamented, but our rejoiced-in" friend, and to his school of character who would not belong? He saw "the mind aspiring in the lily to the sky." He saw the upper air from which he had come and from which only the physical detained him.

With flashes of beautiful thought irradiating the quiet flow of his words, Dr. Bartol, in his portrayal of Emerson, lifted the minds of his hearers into the atmosphere of his divine philosophy. Spirit, divinity, soul, God, permeate and make alive all things. Not the physical alone we know, but also the mind, the soul. He brought us into communion with living things, with that which shall abide forever. His essay was justly called a "symphony." It was unique, as is the man himself.

Mr. Alcott's monody came next. It is to be hoped that some time this good old man's poetry will become known, as it certainly ought to be. I quote one stanza, though aside from the voice and manner of the author it loses its chief charm. This leads me to say that those persons who expect to get "all the philosophy they need" from the newspaper reports are reckoning without their host. Besides the fact that no report can possibly approach the reality, there is the added fact that the hearing of an essay or poem delivered by its author is as far ahead of the reading of it "in cold blood" in the columns of a newspaper, as well—as one of Professor Harris's lectures is ahead of a thesis at Harvard!

The following is the last stanza of Mr. Alcott's "Ion":

"Now pillowed near loved Hylas' lowly bed,
Beneath our aged oaks and sighing pines
Pale Ion rests awhile his laurelled head
(How sweet his slumber as he there reclines!)
Why weep for Ion, then? he is not dead,
Naught of him personal that mound confines.
The hues ethereal of the morning red
This clod embraces never, nor enshrines.
Away the mourning multitude hath sped,
And round us closer falls the gathering night,
As from the drowsy dell the sun declines.
Ion hath vanished from our clouded sight,
But on the morrow, with the budding May,
Afield goes Ion, at first flush of day,
Across the pastures on his dewey way."

The one line—

"Ion hath vanished from our clouded sight,"

expresses at once the view held of Emerson's death by the mourners here; and also the view of death and the beyond held by the

philosophy here taught. He has not vanished never to be seen again; he is not put out the light of the candle, but he "hath vanished from our clouded sight." We cannot see him because our spiritual vision is veiled by the senses. It is our "clouded sight" that keeps us from seeing him and from seeing that spiritual life to which he has returned. The stanza is a living picture of Emerson's grave

and of him whose body rests therein. There on the hillside, surrounded by the bright trees pointing heavenward, with a vista among them towards the western sky, whence hastens the dying sunlight to rest there a moment lovingly, "tall Ion rests awhile." But—"Naught of him personal that mound confines," for already, while we yet mourn for him, the real Ion, the spirit has gone—

"Across the pastures on his dewey way."

It would be impossible in one communication to give even the gist of all that was said at Concord today. Professor Harris, drawing his inspiration from Emerson's essay on "Experience," proved that there is a unity of purpose in all the great thinker has written. His essays are not arrays of isolated and brilliant ideas, "as easily read backward as forward," as some avow, but they form a concerted whole, each and every one being the exponent of some phase in his life experience. [Professor Harris's essay is given in full on page two.]

Mr. Albee gave a charming paper, of which his reminiscences of Emerson and Thoreau were the most interesting features. The speaker became acquainted with Emerson through "Representative Men," when he and Professor Harris were companions at Phillips Academy, Andover, a place from which his companion had the good fortune to escape sooner than himself. So impressed was he by the book that he ventured to write to the author, who in turn invited him to come and see him. With much trepidation the young man went. He was kindly received, and, in answer to his eager question as to whether he should go to college, and if so, to what college, he heard an amusing and animated discussion between Emerson and Thoreau (who was also calling there), on that important question. Emerson believed in a college education. Thoreau did not; and ridiculed the idea, though college-bred himself. When Emerson said that all the branches were taught there, Thoreau replied "Yes, all of the branches, but none of the roots." Later in the day, when poetry became the theme, Mr. Emerson expressed the hope that some time our country would produce a great poet, and he asked his young friend if there were not some one among his companions at school who gave promise of becoming a poet. At this Thoreau remarked that he had found one poet in the woods, but that he "had feathers, and had not been to Harvard college;" adding that he had a voice, however, and an aerial inclination which seemed to be all that was necessary. Mr. Emerson said, "Why don't you cage him?" to which Thoreau replied, "Ah, that is the way the world always spoils its poets!" Mr. Emerson told Mr. Albee that "to a brave soul it is really indifferent whether he goes to college or not." Yet he was on the whole in favor of a college education, since that seemed

the best that the world now offers. Living with some great man would be better, but as all cannot do this, going to college is the best he can do as a substitute.

The reminiscences of Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Cheney were equally interesting. Mrs. Howe's first recollection of Emerson being of her introduction to him, previous to which she thought, "Oh, have I got to know that wicked man?"

Mrs. Cheney spoke feelingly of the obligation which all who had known Mr. Emerson owe to the younger generation. They who knew him have a precious legacy to transmit to those who have not had that great good for tune.

A short paper on "Emerson as Poet," the contribution of Mr. Joel Benton of New York, was read by Rev. George W. Cooke, and brief remarks were made by Professor Alexander Wilder, who said that if life is in us, then Emerson is gone; but that if we are in life, he is still here among us.

Today will never be forgotten by those who were at the Concord school and who entered into its spirit; for both are equally necessary. The reading of newspaper reports alone would be hardly more inadequate to a realization of these services than would have been the actual presence here, without the possession of the spirit which breathed through all. As we are fond of quoting here, "the spirit of truth leadeth to truth," and without the spirit no one could have caught the true meaning of the Emerson commemoration.

HARRIETTE R. SHATTUCK.

THE SUNDAY HERALD --

JULY 23, 1882

EMERSON HONORED.

The School of Philosophy Mag-
nifies Its Founder.

His Claims as Poet and
Philosopher.

Essays, Speeches and
Poems at Concord.

The central event around which the summer school of philosophy at Concord revolves this year has come and gone, and the "Emerson day," to which all interested eyes in and out of Concord have been turned, has proved all that could have been hoped for by the admirers of this great man. The morning

dawned a little cloudy, but the sun could not refuse to glorify this day of days, and soon the lovely village of Concord was seen at its best, bathed in radiant sunshine. There is a charm about the village that can be only felt, not analyzed, and never did it appeal to the imagination more vividly than today. Those who saw its summer promise in early spring, when Mr. Emerson was laid in Sleepy Hollow, can imagine the perfection of the midsummer days when the streets, lined with artistic homes, become shade-embowered, and the buds, seen everywhere on that mournful day, have sprung into rich blossom, loading the air with fragrance, and seeming to carry to the hearts that sorrowed then the fulfilled promise that just so should the budding appreciation of the Great Teacher's words find a hereafter of perfect bloom and fruition in the larger knowledge and fuller enjoyment of them. It has seemed most fitting for the school of philosophy in its first annual session, since its teacher's death, to pause on the threshold of new investigations, and set apart one day in glad tribute to his memory. The meeting place for daily sessions was exchanged for the town hall, and the public gathering was in the heart of the village, where friends and neighbors could feel it was their privilege to join in the general tribute. At 9 o'clock an assembly was gathered together, in many respects unusual. No idle curiosity was apparent, and every face

TOLD ITS OWN STORY

of personal interest and heart sympathy. Among them were noticed President McCoach of Princeton, Robert S. Rantoul of Salem, Miss Harriet B. Rogers of Northampton, Prof. Channing Whitaker, T. W. Bicknell of Boston, Mrs. Harriet Robinson, Mrs. Elizabeth P. Peabody, Mrs. Minott Pratt of "Little Women" memory, Mrs. M. P. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Lathrop, Rev. W. J. Potter, Miss Louise Alcott, Prof. G. H. Howison, Mr. Parker Pillsbury, Dr. E. W. Emerson and many others equally well known. The decorations upon the platform and walls had been beautifully arranged by the Concord young people, the stars and stripes, the spruce branches and ferns, with the unique disposal of garden flowers, contrasting with the conventional hot house excursions. All of nature that could be brought about Mr. Emerson's memory assisted just so much in deepening the recollections of him who loved and talked with the woods as been companions. On one corner edge was a pyramid of sweet pea blossoms, set in drooping ferns, and in the background old-fashioned country honeysuckles loaded the air with a fragrance that chemists can never attain. Bouquets of other house flowers were placed here and there on the platform bordered with aromatic spruce, and holding the bust of Mr. Emerson. Two full-sized portraits of the Concord philosopher, the work of a young Concord artist, Mr. Stacey Talman, and of Mr. Ives of Troy, represented him at different ages in life, and made a common centre for the eyes of the audience that sought it with every fresh incident of memory. The belief that the spirits of the departed revisit the earth stole over one like a necessity, when one could almost hear the spirit rustle of the absent friend, who has already found more revelations in the hereafter than were ever dreamed of in the philosophy of this world. The following is very nearly a complete report of what was said and done. The exercises were of varied interest, and thoroughly interested the large company in attendance during both the morning and the afternoon.

The opening exercises of the day began with a prayer by Rev. Dr. R. A. Holland of Chicago, after which Mr. F. B. Sanborn, who presided, gave the following address:

MR. SANBORN'S ADDRESS.

Friends and neighbors, it is three months today since we began to dwell with earnest fear on the thoughts that our Concord poet and philosopher, whose name and fame had become, as it were, a part of our own, and for the greater part was passing from this haunt of life to another. Even then we imagined, contrary to

what we had known of the high singularity of his career among us, that his departure would be like that of other men, a period of illness more or less extended, in which we might become familiar with the thought of death, and habituate ourselves to what the town and the nation must be without his gracious presence. But he, with the speed of genius, made haste to be gone, and, when the moment came, we felt in his death that surprise which the achievements of his life had so often given us. Emerson existed, indeed, to surprise, as the poet does, and to console and strengthen, as does the philosopher. He was the poet and philosopher in one, and as such we wish to celebrate his memory today. It is peculiarly fitting that the school of philosophy should thus commemorate him who was and must always remain its most illustrious teacher. He did not hold, or else, holding, he did not value greatly some of the opinions announced in our yearly conferences; his method was his own, and we shall hear it so well described this morning by Dr. Bartol and this afternoon by Dr. Harris that I need not delay you even to hint what that method was. But, in the chief purpose of our schools to cultivate in the men and women of our time a serious contemplation of the most serious and lofty questions which confront us in the morning or the evening of our day—and to approach these problems, not doubtfully and with timid or malevolent apprehensions, but with a loving and brave confidence—in this purpose he was not only united with us, but he had been for half a century our leader.

In vain for us to say what thou hast been

To our occasion—
This flickering nation,
This stock of people from an English kin,
And he who led the van,
The frozen Puritan.

We thank thee for thy patience with his faith,
When thou must teach him what God's spirit saith.

So moderate in thy lessons, and so wise,
To foes so courteous,
To friends so cautious,

And hospitable to the neighbor's eyes;
Thy course was better kept
From where the dreamer slept.

Thy sure meridian taken by the sun,
Thy compass pointing true as waters run.

The smart and pathos of our suffering race,
Bore thee no harm;
Thy muscular arm

The daily ills of living did efface:

The source of thy spring,
From whence thy thought took wing,
Unsoundered were by lines of sound day,
Enclosed with inland wall thy virtue's way.

The circles of thy thought shone vast as stars;
No class small round them,
No planet circled them.

They hem the observer like bright steel wrought bars;
Yet—luminous as the sun,
Or as bright waters run

From the cold fountain of an Alpine spring,
Or obvious richly as the King's spring.

Out of deep mysteries thy goblet fill,
The winds to murmur,
That nature warned her

When she was pressing out from midst the hills,
The pines that near us bind,
The foliages of the sky.

Whate'er within the horizon's bound their is—
From Hades' cavern to the blue God's bliss."

It is not given to us, and to few men can it be given to measure the height and depth of Emerson's genius, either as poet or as philosopher. But there is an aspect of his philosophical character which we cannot too often dwell upon—his flowing, unfeeling courtesy to all men, his hospitality to everything that bore the upright face of thought, his deep sympathy and fellowship, beneath an exterior sometimes cold, with all that is human and aspiring. His friend Jones Very once said, in an essay on poetry too early forgotten: "The fact is, our manner, or the manners and actions of any intellectual nation, can never become the representatives of greatness. They have fallen from the high sphere which they occupied in a less advanced stage of the human mind, never to regain it." But this remark, like almost everything in daily American experience, found its constant contradiction in Emerson, whose manners represented nothing else than greatness, and that not in a dazzling, overpowering way, but with the sweetness of sunlight. Let me not detain you longer with these words of mine, but present to you those who will carry forward your thoughts toward the poetry and the philosophy of our town-man.

Mr. Sanborn then introduced Rev. C. A. Bartol, D. D., of this city.

DR. BARTOL'S ADDRESS.

Dr. Bartol's paper was on "The Nature of Knowledge, Emerson's Way." In it he said: An old apology makes a bishop say to a sceptic, "How can we guard our unbelief?" I had thought to speak of the nature of knowledge, but Emerson's death and your appointment of this memorial day make impossible any theme that his spirit does not postpone into an illustration. I feel the magnetism from the name of one never accounted unbelieving, save by such as he had soared out of sight of into the heaven of faith. If I can bring back for a moment that light of our day which Emerson was, it will be a sober joy; for, to have lived in the same time with him, to have been his friend and shared his love, not demonstrative because loth to ask any return, is a memorable privilege. He is not dead nor in the past tense. Is it for being old and forgetful that we sometimes ask after the health of those we

know are gone? No particular favor from an acquaintance with Emerson would it become any of us to dwell on. The fire of Emerson's genius was love for all. But we are not over his coffin. I think the genius of Emerson, the fresh mint of his imagery as of gold, the power that made his words like coins used for the first time, every syllable's edge bright and un worn, was an offspring of the wedding of matter and mind. He had a foregleam of the unity of these two in all organized things. But we did not find the secret in the shape, nor were the outward and inward to him of equal worth; the unapparent, invisible, eternal power and godhead were prior in his view as much as in the Apostle Paul's, and as though he were writing the Epistle to the Romans. He was inspired, influenced, sent, in the execution of his orders he was not an artisan, but an artist, always seeing the One which makes the unity and the universe. He was offended at the hint that spirit might be the result of matter made very "thin." He gazed at or after the unapparent as a sailor or fugitive slave for the north star. He liked Bonaparte's word, "History is a table agreed upon," and wrote, "Time distributes into shining ether the solid angularity of facts." He saw, like a spiritual homoeopath, the highest potency in the largest dilution and tremendous force in the least space. This is nature's law; the large is made of the little. It is not the quantity, but

AN ACTION UNDER THE SKIN

that affects us. The agnostic, that most refined specimen of materialism, gives birth to the "know nothing" in the intellect world, considers impertinent all crudely beyond phenomena and their laws. But suppose the circle of appearances and reconciliation complete, yet every question important still remains. Whence, how, what, wherefore, whether? Is igneous vapor the source? Tell me the source of that. Are we blown from the nebula? Who blew that huge bubble, and how did you step from or to it? It is wicked to brand us useless a curiosity of which nature is and out of us is the promotor. On this evanescent ground rest philosophy and religion, which are more than science. This supersensible, supersolar, supernatural, not in the sense of miracle or violated laws, how steadily Emerson taught: "Let who will wrangle, I will wonder." If this is to be an idealist and not a materialist, such he was. He may have made strong statements which, unqualified, look the other way, as when he says: "A man is a part of the landscape." But he modifies his own extravagance. Our objections to him are mostly scored on his own pages; his critics are like dogs that bark at a man on his own premises. Formed for the admiring of beauty in nature, he yet perceived the peril that nature herself with her ideas and forms may seduce; she is a sorceress with which the soul commits adultery in withdrawing its worship from God. Emerson beheld both sides, and from the heart of God he derived the sacred drops of life.

Emerson had no code or system of creed; no comprehensive, practical view of principles, but only keen, single perceptions, fatally certain within whatever field he surveyed and brought his perfect instrument or brain theodolite to bear. He was an insulated sun as was Milton, Dante, Wordsworth—an island rather than a star; and as Homer, Shakespeare and Goethe were not, and the mighty Browning is not. His style is crisp and insular; he himself is a robe without

seam, all of one piece; his leaf is a carcanet. His thoughts are a selection of beads to be strung, all belonging together, by their perfect shape and hue. But the best lines are like a succession of rockets, with their fierce sallies, shining trains and handsome curves opening wide glimpses of the sky. His poems and essays are songs, not symphonies, odes and not dramas. But there was a tune in his mind so constant and sweet that he cared not for chords and pipes. Emerson delighted in a good voice, and no man had a better; this sage was a bard, too, supreme on this side the sea, and destined to survive all the rest. His strains are gifts, chimings of nature, sounds of the mind "blowing where'th'itself," tidings from some far-off celestial shore.

ARTICULATED, BUT NOT CREATED

with any cunning ventriloquism. He rides and converses with the Lord; he pitches his key as he listens to repeat some seraphic strain; and so to receive and communicate is the highest race of the human soul. It is possible that the scientific statements of our time will pass away before new lights or be made trivial by a deeper discernment; but so long as our language lasts those real entrances of God which we call poetic will display that "house of many mansions," into which they are practised and to whose spacious felicities they lead.

There is but one edge of battle in modern thought; all other controversies are trifles to this—whether we come of the uncertain, unalive and unaware, as a Living One. Is self-made substance and essence all? Is what we call soul an expression, accident, incident only of that? I resent, repudiate the quacks. But if it be so let me go accidentally as I came. I care not how soon. I am not grateful that I exist, and there is no blasphemy in so saying, as, by supposition, there is none for me to blaspheme. Nobody's feelings are hurt; nobody is there. But we are not at the end. In a score of years the whole new popular form of knowledge may change. God may show his face again, but he will not do it through a development theory. My friends, he has not withdrawn from us the light of his countenance. But that religion may be a power there must be some common confession, church. Emerson feared the excesses of radicalism and went to meeting regularly in his last days. I count it a spiritual assent in him, not an intellectual assent in him. To Emerson's school of character who would not belong? Did any one know him and not take a lesson in nobility? What rebuke did envy need but from his look? No courtesy to others but he owed to himself! Could manners finer than his bloom on the genealogic tree of earls and kings. His tongue turned every other; his presence ranked all comers. "Where mankind sits is the head of the table." It was not to boast, but to bow. Emerson was one of those with the power of drawing from the upper atmosphere, occupied by the unseen, from which he drew but by flesh defamed. Only this fellowship, surmised, hoped for and enjoyed, make it worth while to live at all. "If there be gods it is good to live; if there be none it is pleasant to die."

A. BRONSON ALCOTT

Was then introduced, and read a monody on Emerson, entitled "Ion":

I.

Why, O ye willows, and ye pastures bare,
Why will ye thus your blooms so late delay?
Wren in dull weeds the serene and sudden day,
And cheerless greet me wandering in despair?
Tell me, ah, tell me, ye of old could tell,
Whither my vanished Ion now doth fare.
Say, have ye seen him lately pass this way,
Ye, who his wonted haunts did know full well,
Heard ye his voice forth from the thicket sweep,
Where must the drooping ferns be loved to stray?
Caught ye no glimpses of my transient tear?
Tell me, O tell me, whither he hath flown,
Beloved Ion, down and left ye, sad and lone,
Whilst I, through woods and fields, his loss bemoan.

II.

Early, through field and wood, each spring we sped,
Young Ion, leading o'er the reedy pass
Now fleet his footsteps, and how sure his tread,
His converse deep and weighty; where, alas!
Like force of thought, with subtle beauty wed
The bee and life and flower, the pile of grass,
The lore of stars, the azure sky o'erhead.
The eyes' warm glance, the fates of love and dread,
All mirrored were in his prismatic glass.
For endless betwixt, my had-mind race
Lied in his thought, the registry and place,
Bright with intelligence, or druzed with sleep,
Hid in dark cave, aloft on mountain steep
In seas immersed, ensouled in starry keep.

III.

Now echo answers lone from cliff and brake,
Where we, in springtime, sauntering loved to go,
Or to the mossy bank beyond the lake
On its green sward oft ourselves did throw;
There, from the sparkling wave, our thirst to slake,
Dipped in the spring that out-bied up below
Our hands for cups, and did with glee partake.
Next, to the hermit's cell our way we make,
Where eyelids laid doth hold the morning late.
Departed now! ah, Hylas, too, is gone!
Hylas, dear Ion's friend and mine—I all alone,
Alone am left by unrelenting fate.
Vanished my loved ones all, the good, the great.
Why am I spared, why left to console?

IV.

Now winds our Indian stream through meadows green,
By bending willows, tangled fen and brake,
Smooth field and farmstead doth its flow forsake.
'Twas in far wood-paths Ion, too, was seen,
But oftener found at Walden's emerald lake,
The murmuring pines lovered in his sheen,
Thereto his staff the rippling rhyme did make,
His answering shores echoing the verse between,
Full-voiced, the meaning of the wizard song,
For wood and wave and shore, with kindred will,
Strophe, anti-strophe, in turn prolong.
Now wave and shore and wood are mute and still,
Ion, melodious bard, hath dropt his quill;
His harp is silent and his voice is still.

V.

Blameless was Ion, beautiful to see,
With native sad and rich gifts endowed,
He might of his descent be nobly proud;
Yet meekly tempe ed, was spake modestly,
Nor sought the plaudits of the noisy crowd.
When duly called him in the thick to be,
It is life flowed calmly, clear, not hoarse nor loud.
He wearied not of immortality,
Nor like Hylas, begged a time-spun shroud;
But life-long drank at fountains of pure truth,
The secret, unsealed of earth and air and hell,
'Tis not for Ion's sake these tears I shed,
'Tis for the age he nursed, his genius fed;
Ion immortal is, he is not dead.

VI.

Did e'en the Ionian bard Menelides,
Blind minstrel wandering out of Asia's night,
The Iliad of Troy's loves and rivalries
In strains forced to recite to Ion's delight?
His raptured listeners the more delight?
Or dropt learned Plato, beneath his olive trees
More star-bright wisdom, in the world's full light,
Well garnered in familiar colloquies?
Then did our harvester in fields of light
Nor spoke more charmingly young Charmides
Than our glad rhapsodist in his fair flight
Across the continents, both new and old;
His tale to students thousands thus he told
In summer's solstice, and midwinter's cold.

VII.

Shall from the shades another Orpheus rise?
Sweeping with venturous hand the vocal string?
Kindle glad raptures, visions of surprise,
And wake to ecstasy each slumberous thing?
Rush life and thought anew in wondering eyes,
As when our seer, transcendent sweet and wise,
World wide his native melodies did sing.
Flushed with fair hopes and ancient memories?
Ah, not his matchless lyre must silent be.
None hath the vanished minstrel's wondrous skill
To touch that hushed and hallowed string and will.
With him winged Poesy doth droop and die,
While our dull age left voiceless, with sad eyes
Follows his flight to groves of song on high.

VIII.

Come then, Mnemosyne, and on me wait,
As if for Ion's harp thou gavest thine own.
Relive the memories of man's ancient state
Ere to this low orb had his form dropt down,
Clothed in the ceremonies of his chosen fate,
Oblivious here of heavenly glories flown;
Apsed from the high, the fair, the blest estate,
Unknowing these, and by himself unknown,
Lo! Ion, unfallen from his lordly prime,
Panned in his passing flight, and giving ear
To heedless sojourners in weary time,
Sang his full song of hope and lofty cheer,
Aroused them from dull sleep, from grizzled,
And toward the stars their faces did uprear.

IX.

Why didst thou haste away ere yet the green
Emmeled meadow, the sequestered dell,
The blossoming orchard, leafy grove, were seen
In the sweet season thou hadst sung so well?
Why cast this shadow o'er the vernal scene?
No more its rustic charms of thee may tell,
And so content us with their simple mien.
Was it that memory's unrelinquished spell
Ere man had stumbled here amid the tombs?
Revived for thee that spring's perennial bloom—
Those cloud-capped peaks we once did dwell?
Translated wast thou in some rapturous dream?
Our once familiar faces strange must seem
Whilst from thine own celestial smiles did stream?

X.

I read the marble, leading to his door,
(Allowed the freedom of a chosen friend)
He greets me now, as he was wont, ere before,
The Fates within frown on me as of yore.
Could ye not once your offices suspend?
Had Atropos her severing shears forbore,
Or Clotho stooped the sun-dropt thread to mend?
Yet why dear Ion's destiny deplore?

What more had envious time himself to give?
His fame had reached the ocean's farthest shore,
Why prisoned here should Ion longer live?
The questioning phyx, decayed him void of flame,
For wiser answer none could ever frame;
Beyond all time survives his mighty name.

XI.

Now pillowed near loved Hylas' lowly bed,
Beneath our aged aches and sighing pines
Pale Ion rests awhile his troubled head,
(How sweet his slumber as he there reclines!)
Why weep for Ion, then he is not dead,
Nought of him personal that mound confines.
The hues ethereal of the morning red,
This cloud embraces never, nor shades
Away the mourning multitude hath sped,
And round us closer falls the gathering night,
As from the drowsy dell the sun declines,
Ion hath vanished from our clouded sight;
But, on the morrow, with the budding May,
Afield goes Ion at first flush of day,
Across the pastures on his dewy way.

EMERSON AS A POET.

Rev. George W. Cooke then read a short essay on "Emerson as a Poet," by Mr. Joel Benton of America, N. Y. He said in substance: Our delight in Emerson springs from his altitude of vision. No writer I know of is so high. Proverb-like fulness, magnetic force, perpetual surprise, characterize his writing. The Zeffian harp and the pine tree fitly express his genius. Emerson's poetry is alive with moral purport and motive. He never revels in art for art's sake. His poetry is the masterpiece of the moral sentiment, the breadth of the "oversoul." Prof. Reed said: "It is the office of the great poets to enlarge the moral sensibility." Again he says: "Each original poet dwells in an atmosphere of his own." Emerson reports the correspondence between the soul and material things. He reminds one of Swedenborg, or, again, of Wordsworth. The sea and the mountains spoke to him. He constantly surprises us by crowding unexpected meaning into his words.

The full text of Mr. Benton's excellent paper was reserved for publication apart from the day's exercises.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

Was then introduced. She began by expressing her sense of gratitude to Emerson's memory. "I first remember him," she said, "as the author of 'Nature.' When I first saw the little book, which had no external attractions, I thought nothing of it; I said to myself, here is some American publication. Have we not great thinkers in England and do we need them in America! I next heard of Emerson apart from his book. I heard him spoken of as a heretic, a man nobody could understand. I thought him to be a bad man. Later I was introduced to him by a Boston friend, but shrank from the acquaintance. The charm of his voice and of countenance struck me as not the best. Next I saw him in a waiting-place where all of us were shivering with the cold. In the company was a child two years old, whom he put on his shoulders and presented to me, saying in his original way, 'This is a young traveller.' The steamer we were to take was belated and we had our ride by day. Mr. Emerson sought me out. I was charmed by his manner, but still I thought that he was only a more charming personation of Satan in the world than I had before seen. He asked me if I knew Margaret Fuller. I told him I thought her an ugly person. He then dwelt upon her mind and conversation. I was still more charmed by what he said and the sweetness of his manner of saying it. When I next heard him he was delivering a lecture, and the voice and words brought their own explanation. I then understood how a man's previous reputation may fail to explain him to the public. He was universally laughed at then in high society, and it is not pleasant to remember that ridicule now. I was pleased to hear him called Christ-like by Dr. Bartoli. He had a look of power that did not show itself in the garb of power. Who can give us that look of inward meaning again? Even in his serenity, what a charm! He had genuine honesty of speech. He told me once I was dull. I liked his honesty and frankness. Had he been St. Peter, so just was he that he would have administered exact justice at the gate of heaven, and if he had not liked the company he had admitted there, he would have escaped to a heaven of his own. Mr. Emerson has

given us sunshine. Once very weary, after a long western journey, and going to a cheerless hotel at an early morning hour, the only refuge from weariness I could find was a stray volume of his that happened to be at hand, and then I was truly warmed and fed by him. He had power to take people into realms of thought and life. It is a pleasant thing that most of us have seen and known him, but to others the legacy of his thought will be permanent. The lessons he taught will be kept and understood and appreciated more and more.

The guests of the day and the Concord people again assembled at 3 o'clock yesterday, in even larger numbers than in the morning, to renew the commemorative services. They were begun by Prof. W. T. Harris, who read a valuable paper on "The Unity in Emerson's Prose Writings," of which the following abstract is very nearly a complete copy:

PROF. W. T. HARRIS ADDRESS.

It has often been stated that there is no unity in Emerson's prose essays, and that they consist of a vast number of brilliant statements loosely connected and bound into paragraphs, with only such unity as is given by the lids of the volume. We hear it said that the experiment has been tried of reading an entire essay, sentence by sentence, backward from the end, without injury to the sense. This lack of order and connection has even been praised as giving variety of form and freshness of style. While it is true that there is no parading of syllogistic reasoning in Emerson's essays and no ratiocination, there is quite sufficient unity of a higher kind if one will but once comprehend the thoughts with any degree of clearness. In a work of literary art, such as a drama or a novel, we expect organic unity as well as logical unity. There must be a beginning in which we form our acquaintances with the persons, their surroundings and the peculiarities of character and situation, then a middle in which character and situation develop into collisions as a natural result, then a solution of the collision by one mode or another, restoring the equilibrium in the social whole. In the prose essay we cannot expect organic unity, but we may expect rhetorical unity and logical unity. There need be no formal syllogisms; the closest unity of the logical kind is the dialectic unity that begins with the simplest and most obvious phase of the subject, and discovers by investigation the next phase that naturally follows. It is an unfolding of the subject according to its natural growth in experience. Starting with this view, we shall discover this and that defect, this and that necessary correction, and in the end we shall reach a better insight, which, of course, will be the second step in our tracing, and may be followed out in the same way as before. Such development of a theme exhibits and expounds the

GENESIS OF CONVICTION,

and is the farthest removed from mere dogmatism. We pass through all shades of opinion, adopting and rejecting them in succession on our way to the final conclusion. There is no logical method equal to this one that expounds the genesis of the subject. When we have reached the conclusion we have exhausted the subject, and seen the necessity of our result. Such is the method that Plato describes and indorses in the seventh book of his "Republic." To be sure, the untrained intellect will often get confused amid the labyrinth of conflicting opinions, just as the school young men did when Socrates applied his method to their theories. The reader is apt to expect a consistency of opinion from the beginning to the end. Difference of views bewilders him. Emerson has furnished us many very wonderful examples of dialectic treatment of his subject. But he has been very careful to avoid the show of ratiocination and the parade of proof-making. The object of his writing was to present truth, and to produce insight, and not to make proselytes. The student of literature who wishes to learn the dialectic art, and, at the same time, to become acquainted with the genesis of Emerson's view of the world, should study the essay on "Experience" in the second series of essays. In this wonderful piece of writing we have a compend of his insights into life and nature arranged in dialectic order. Master his treatment of the topics and you will discover what constitute real steps

of progress in experience, and at the same time you will learn how the first grows into the second and that into the next, and so on to the highest view of the world that he has attained or to the final view reached by men of deepest insight, called seers. He names these steps or stadia in experience, illusion, temperament, succession, surface, surprise, reality and subjectiveness. The first phase of experience, according to him, brings us to the consciousness of illusion. This is a great step. The naive man without culture of any sort has not reflected enough to reach this point. He rests in the conviction that all about him is really

JUST WHAT HE SEES IT.

He does not perceive the relativity of things. But at the first start in culture, long since begun even among the lowest savages, there appears the conviction that there is more in things than appears at first sight. Things are fragments of larger things; facts are fragments of larger facts. Change of the totality of conditions changes the thing or fact that is before us. Things escape us, and thus "dream delivers us to dream, and there is no end to illusion. Life is a train of moods like a string of beads, and, as we pass through them, they prove to be many-colored lozenges which paint the world their own hue, and each shows only what lies in its focus." What experience comes next after this one of illusion? Evidently the perception of conditioning circumstance, the perception of fate or external influence, which may be called temperament.

Structure or temperament "prevails over everything of time, place and condition, and is inconsumable in the flames of religion." When experience has exhausted the view of temperament it finds that it has learned the necessity of succession in objects. For there is a process underlying things, and we see that what made us explain illusion by temperament was the discovery that things changed through external influences. Now we see a little better, and understand that there is succession—one phase giving way to another, and thus exhibiting a series of influences instead of one final result. Temperament, therefore, is no finality, for it produces no ultimate state or condition, but succeeds only in making a transitory impression. We pass out of this stadium of experience and enter on the theory of the world that sees change and succession according to some law or other. We look now for that law. When we see the law we shall understand the order of sequence, and can map out the orbit of life and of things. We shall see the

TRUE ORDER OF GENESIS.

This view of the necessary order of sequence is no longer a view of mere change, but a view of the whole, and hence a view of the fixed and stable. The orbit remains though the planet wanders perpetually. Emerson calls the view of the law of change "surface," as if the seeing of a line as a whole were the seeing of a surface. Various stadia of opinion there might be on this plane of experience. A very narrow orbit or a very wide one might be computed for the cycle of succession. The progress of experience will correct the narrow view. We think today that we have taken in all the metamorphoses of the object of investigation, but tomorrow we discover new ones and have to enlarge our description. "Surface" expands and we make new theories of the law. We are, however, dealing with the law of cause and effect, and cannot formulate the whole under any such law, for the whole cannot be cause of something else or the effect of some other being. Emerson calls the next form of experience "surprise," because it begins with the insight made in some high moment of life, when for the first time one gets a glimpse of the form of the whole. What must be the form of the whole, you ask? The whole does not admit of such predicates as we apply to the part or fragment. The dependent has one law, and the independent has another. The dependent presupposes something, it is a relative existence and its being is in another. The independent is self-contained, self-active, self-determined, cause *sui*. The first insight is a "surprise," and so is the second insight; all of the high moments of experience admit us to "surprises," for we see the fountain of pure energy and self-determination, in place of the limitations of things, and the derivative quality of objects which receive only their allotted measures of being. The soul opens into the sea of creative energy,

INEXHAUSTIBLE AND EVER IMPARTING.

By these moments of "surprise," therefore, we ascend to a new place of experience, no longer haunted by those dismal species of illusion, temperament, change, and surface or mechanic, fixed laws. Things are not fragments of a vast machine, nor are men links in a cosmic process that first develops and then crushes them. Things do not exist in succession, as it before seemed to us, but the true, real existence that we have found is always the same. We enter through the moments of surprise into the realm of insight, into reality, hence reality is Emerson's sixth category of experience. "By persisting to read or to think, this region gives further sign of itself, as it were, in flashes of light, in sudden discoveries of its profound beauty and repose, as if the clouds that covered it parted at intervals and showed the approaching traveler the inland mountains, with their tranquil eternal meadows spread at their base, whereon flocks graze and shepherdia pipe and dance." One more step experience takes—it identifies the deepest reality as of one nature with itself. The absolute is mind. Emerson names this step of insight subjectiveness, because in it we arrive at the conviction that the absolute is subject and not merely unconscious law or power. At this highest point of experience we reach the station of the seer, the culmination of human experience. The seer as philosopher sees the highest principle to be reason; the seer as he would be the exponent of reason; the prophet and law-giver sees reason as the authoritative, regulative principle of life; the hero sees reason as a

CONCRETE GUIDING FORCE

in society. In a certain sense all of Emerson's writings are expansions and confirmations of one of these phases of experience. The essay on the "Over-Soul" treats of succession, surface, and reality, under other names; that on spiritual laws on reality and subjectiveness; that on fate treats of temperament and succession; those on worship, history, gifts, heroism, love and such titles, treat of subjectiveness. His treatises on concrete themes use these insights perpetually as solvent principles—but always with fresh statement and new resources of poetic expression. There is nowhere in all literature such sustained flight toward the sun—"a flight," as Plotinus calls it, "of the alone to the alone"—as that in the over-soul wherein Emerson, throughout a long essay, unfolds the insights, briefly and adequately explained under the topic of "surprise" in the essay on experience. It would seem as if each paragraph stated the ideas of the whole and then again that each sentence in each paragraph reflected entire the same idea. Where there is no genesis there can be no dialectic unity. The absolute is not a becoming but a self-identical activity. In those essays in which Emerson has celebrated this doctrine of the highest reality and its subjectivity or rational nature, its revelation to us, he writes in a style elevated above dialectic unity and uses a higher form of unity—that of absolute identity. Each is in all and all is in each. To give one specimen of this I offer a very short analysis of the contents of the essay on "The Over-Soul." He says in substance that man has some moments in his life when he

SEES DEEPLY INTO REALITY;

what he sees then has authority over the other parts of his life. He sees principles of justice, love, freedom and power—attributes of God. This seeing is the common element in all minds, and transcendent of the limitations of particular individuals. Just as events flow down from a hidden source, so these ideas and insights ascend into the mind. He calls this the "over-soul," "a unity within which every man's being is contained and made one with every other. Although we live in division and succession, and see the world pieced by piece, yet the soul is the whole, and this is the highest law." These glimpses of the eternal verity come on occasions of conversation, reverie, remorse, dreams and times of passion. We learn that the soul is not an organ, but that which animates all organs, not a faculty, but a light, and the master of the intellect and will. Individual man is only the organ of the soul. These depths of the spiritual nature are accessible to all men at some time. The sovereignty of the over-soul is shown by its independence of all limitation. Time, space and circumstance do not change its attributes. Its pres-

ence does not make a process measurable by time, but it produces metamorphoses causing us to ascend from one plane of experience to the next—as great a change as from egg to worm, or from worm to fly. Society and institutions reveal this common nature or the higher person or impersonal one—for, in order to prevent the confusion of attributing to the over-soul the passions and imperfections of human personality, Emerson sometimes speaks of him as impersonal (using Cousin's expression). This revelation of the divine is a disclosure of what is universal, and

NOT THE TELLING OF FORTUNES.

There is no concealment when in the presence of its light; the reality appears through all its disguises. The growth of the intellect as well as of the character obeys the same law. The emotion of the sublime accompanies the influx of its light. Its presence distinguishes genius from talent. Faith worthy of the name is faith in these transcendent affirmations of the soul. Thus revering the soul, man "will tearfully from the morrow in the negligency of that truth which carries God with it, and so hath already the whole future in the bottom of the heart." In his book on "Nature," his first published work, Emerson developed substantially the same views, with a system of classification much like that in the essay on experience, and showing a genesis in the same dialectic form. Nature for use or "commodity," as he calls it, is the first aspect recognized. After food, clothing and shelter comes next nature's service to man in satisfying the spiritual want of the beautiful. Then through this comes the symbolic expression of human nature through its correspondence with material nature, and thus arises language. For rightly nature is a discipline, educating understanding and the reason, and also the will and conscience. Then the transition to idealism is easy. Nature is for the education of man, and this lesson is taught us in five distinct ways. Sixthly, we arrive at the knowledge of the one spirit that originates both nature and man, and reveals its nature in the ethical and intellectual constitution of the mind and its correspondence in nature. Thus from nature we come to the over-soul, or what was called

REALITY AND SUBJECTIVITY

in the essay on experience. The eighth and final chapter of nature draws practical conclusions, making application of the doctrine to life: "The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty is solved by the redemption of the soul. The ruin or blank that we see when we look at nature is in our own eye. The axis of vision is not coincident with the axis of things, and so they appear not transparent but opaque. Build then your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, the world will unfold its great proportions." Emerson looks on the world of nature and man as the revelation that the over-soul makes to him and accordingly looks reverently toward it and through it to the great soul of souls, and always sees, under whatever guise, some good. He finds help in everything. He helps every one, too, most by teaching the significance of the world as he has found it. This thought of the revelation of the soul in man and nature is the idea that forms the unity of all that he has written, whether it be in essays like the "Over-Soul," or in historical and critical studies like "English Traits and Representative Men," or in poems of nature like "Monadnock." One will find everywhere, though under slightly differing names, the elements of experience in this sublime poem prefixed to the essay on experience:

"The lords of life, the lords of life,
I saw the pass
In their own guise,
Like and unlike,
Portly and grim,
Use and surprise,
Surface and dream,
Succession swift and spectral wrong,
Temperament without a tongue,
And the inventor of the game,
Omnipresent without name,
Some to see, some to be guessed,
They marched from east to west

Little men, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall,
Walked about with puzzled look,
Him by the hand dark nature took,
Dearest nature, strong and kind,
Whispered: "Darling, never mind!
Tomorrow they will wear another face,
The founder thou; these are thy race!"

At the conclusion of Prof. Harris' paper, which received the careful attention of the large audience, Mr. Sanborn introduced Mr. John Albee of Newcastle, N. H., who read a sketch of an interesting interview with "Emerson and Thoreau" in 1852.

EMERSON AND THOREAU.

Mr. John Albee of Newcastle, N. H., then read a paper, held back from the press for special publication, in which he gave an extended account of an interview with Emerson in 1852, which was arranged in response to a letter from Mr. Albee, then a student at Phillips Academy, Andover, who had read the "Representative Men," and had been set to thinking by it. It was to him a rare occasion. He found Thoreau already Emerson's guest, and had the two men all to himself for an afternoon and evening. The conversation was both fresh and lively. His note book was put to use when he reached his house, and had been laid away till Emerson's death. It contained almost a complete account of Emerson's sayings on education, books, the things worth doing in life, his hopes of the rising generation of young men and the open talk of an intellectual leader with a student who had begun to understand his thought. Thoreau's opinions were blended with Emerson's in the note book, and the contrast gave spice and force to the sayings of the two. Mr. Albee closed his paper with an analysis of Emerson's social and intellectual traits, and with a statement of the influence he had upon bright young men who read his books 50 years ago, and were set to thinking by him in new directions.

He was followed by Mrs. Martha P. Lowe of Somerville, who read the following original poem with fine effect:

THE CONSOLATION.

R. W. E.

The world is very lonely now,
That our dear sage is gone away,
We cannot in our grief see how
It is worth while for us to stay;
Yet this, our post-preacher would not say.

But every true and loyal soul,
Is setting sail for happier zone,
And we have left us here the whole
Wide empty earth, to call our own;
With God, he says, we cannot be alone.

His spirit, delicate and fine,
Was blended with the heart of things
In rhythmic harmony divine,
Wind from the fount of nature springs,
And so again to those who hear he sings.

For he was with the heavenly powers,
While he abode with us below,
And, though we fondly called him ours,
We knew not whether he would go,
Or half the mysteries he learned to know.

He seemed a shiping part of all,
The starry realms of space above,
And yet in homage he did fall
Before this lower sphere of love;
He soared afar, but came back like the dove.

So he will find this dwelling place,
Even now that they have claimed him there,
And wear the morning on his face,
A presence from the upper air,
As soft as sunbeams and as light as prayer.

MRS. EDNA D. CHENEY

was then introduced, and spoke as follows: It seems to me that those of us who heard what Mrs. Howe said must agree that the age owes a sacred debt to the coming generation to preserve for it, as far as possible, the influence and the memory of the wonderful life that has been lived among us. As we look back over the 40 years to the time when I can remember Mr. Emerson as the strongest, most spiritual, and most intellectual influence of my life, and know what he was to me, and that he was near to every hungry, earnest and true heart which came near him, I feel a sense of pity and responsibility to all young people who are growing up, who cannot know him as he was, who cannot hear that voice which penetrated so to the very portals of the soul, who cannot look

into those eyes, which always seemed to look into infinity and eternity. Though that life has been lived here among us, in the midst of us all, yet there has never been breathed upon it a spot of blame. There is no tarnish on it. I regret so much that you cannot have heard today the eloquent words of Mr. James, who used to come here while Mr. Emerson was living. I wish you could have heard what he would have spoken, for, although he did not agree with Mr. Emerson in many points of doctrine, yet he recognized him as a representative New England man. He let him know that he recognized him as such a man inspired with earnestness and purity tempered with wisdom, sanity, strength and manhood. One of his most remarkable qualities, that quality of temperance, of moderation combined with such enthusiasm and such power, was

ONE SECRET OF HIS POWER

which he secrets to me to have preserved always the same. He was always the same to us. Those who sat at his feet really sat there all their lives. As the prophet when he came down from the mountains, having been fed by the birds of God, lived in the strength of that meat 40 days, so could those who have really eaten of that feast which he furnished us live in its strength for all their lives. That temperance, that common sense which never allowed him to be extravagant, never allowed him to pass beyond the bounds of moderation, reason and sanity, was one cause why one can never fail to find wisdom in his words and health and strength from his acts. It was there, it was in this life that, like Michael Angelo, he found immortality. So with our acquaintance with his religious thought and life, if we could cherish these words and read them in their depth, we should find that we could not be beyond the faith and trust which his life so richly presents to us all. It is astonishing, in all these many years, to see how Emerson always had the same audience around him. The last time I heard him speak in public was in the Old South Church in Boston, when entertainments were given there for the sake of increasing the fund for its preservation. Old, gray-headed men and women were there who used to listen to him in middle age, whom I had not seen in public for years. But they must come out to hear Emerson. Some of them felt that they must hear him every time they had an opportunity. When we were young girls, nothing in our list of entertainments was to be compared with Emerson, no poetry, no singing, no theatre. To hear him was

PURE AND PERFECT DELIGHT.

His pleasure in young men has been spoken of. His delight in persons was one of his great joys. He noticed young men and women who listened to his lectures, and came to know them before he ever spoke to them. After Mr. Alcott's started the town and country club, I remember the eagerness with which he would turn and look at each speaker. Nothing was found uninteresting by him. He found something good in every one who spoke. It was this which made him so near to all and to each one. And so to every one who has lived with him, and to those who have known him so intimately, it is that which made him so infinitely dear and so infinitely precious. When Mr. Alcott's poem was read I thought of Goethe's tribute to Schiller. But of Emerson we say "is," not "was," as Goethe does. It seems as if he were always in the present and future. He is with us now, and it is for us who had the blessing of his presence and influence to preserve them for those who come after us. His bearing in the anti-slavery cause has been spoken of here today. In that cause he published years ago a lecture on slavery in the darkest hours of the struggle. He spoke then from the highest point of view—that of the right of every man to freedom. Yet he said also: "I must not disdain to say to the slaveholder that his cotton and his sugar will be safe, even when the slave is free." It seems to me that truth has not been suitably recognized—that he did not despise the common things of life. He did not refrain from using all those arguments which would be worthy of his cause. He came down from his high plane of poetry and philosophy to use statistics, to use any lawful argument by which he might win in the great cause of anti-slavery. And, although many thought that his life was one of more thought and mere poetry and philosophy, yet there never has been a single good cause or a single battle through which we have struggled in three years in

which his voice has not

SOUNDED LIKE A TRUMPET

and he has not been in the van, the bravest and purest of leaders, working in his own way, but working earnestly. One of his most remarkable addresses was at the time when Sumner was stricken down by the southern Brooks. At that time Mr. Emerson came to a meeting held in Boston, and he spoke of the outrage in such words as changed the whole aspect of the case. The man who struck him down, he said, was only, as it were, an accident of mere brute force. The man Sumner, the patriot, will rise above it all, and he showed how even that brutal assault was an accident, and that nothing could touch the immense influence of Sumner's name or destroy his power. Mr. Emerson had even forgotten those brave words when Sumner came to die. But in South Carolina a colored man had remembered them as they were reported in the newspapers of the time, and he told how they had been an inspiration and a strength to him ever afterward.

One thing that has made him have such a constant and persistent influence is that he did not rest in dogmas. It has been questioned whether he believed in immortality. He did not talk about it. He lived in it. We do not talk about our homes, the shelter of the mother's arms and the father's love which has surrounded us all our lives. We live in them and grow strong in that love and protection. So he believed in immortality in his heart. Every line and every thought of his writings presupposes it, if they do not state it. Mr. Sanborn has handed me a short letter he wishes me to read at this point, and it indorses what I have said. Miss Sarah E. Chase of Worcester writes:

The last time I saw Emerson was in Rome, and our last conversation was on immortality. And though I have listened to the arguments of many eminent men in the old world and the new on the subject, beside reading all I could find in ancient and modern literature, I found him more convincing than all others. How his countenance glowed, as he triumphantly concluded: I am so sure that the hereafter will be so much better than the possibility of imagining that the manner

does not occupy my thought, so wonderful is the goodness and wisdom of the ordering of the hour.

Mr. Sanborn then introduced

DR. ALEXANDER WILDER,

professor of psychological science in the United States Medical College in New York city, who said: I am introduced, as in contrast with the other speakers, that I did not know Emerson. I am not prepared to say much of him in elegy or in eulogy. I did not enjoy his personal acquaintance, never took him by the hand, never saw a word traced by his pen, never received any word of commendation, encouragement or benediction from him. When I knew him it was in the fore-world, where we alike participate in the knowledge (there common) of the infinite. Never wholly did he leave that region; but little of him was ever fixed to that body, even to that countenance so familiar to you, so beloved by all now present. The great transcendent spirit reached out, extended, was even back beyond Genesis among the fire-breathing, eternal stars—it had not lapsed or proslapsed away from its God. We dismiss him not thither; he merely ceases to tenant a house of earth; but, meanwhile, he is present and abiding—a spirit mingled and adjoined with us all, in each of our bodies. If he who invokes Brahma in sacred chant has the Brahma at that instant responding in him; thus those here who commemorate Emerson are speaking with Emerson's voice and inspiration. So we all are Emersons.

In my boyhood I had learned to cherish a faith which no credo could utter—a faith in the unity beyond diversity, and in the divine sonship which overleaped the measures of religious bond service. So, in an eager moment, I was once listening to a conversation between two persons, older, who had read more and enjoyed the culture which New England affords opportunity. They spoke of Carlisle. I had read a little of his story of Robespierre and his part in the French revolution. One of the speakers, a lady, suggested that Mr. Emerson was imitating him. I have read more since that. While heroes and hero worship seem somewhat initiated in the representative men, I am still at a loss how to track the rugged Norse utterances of the Scotchman in the careful

Grecian sentences and

THEIR GLORIOUS CADENCES,

of the New England philosopher. I admire both, as we admire the rugged pioneer who hews down the forests and subdues the soil, and also the refined horticulturist who comes after and converts that soil into a garden abounding with every beauty; of fruit in its season and gorgeous flowers. If I am to praise Emerson, I can do it no better than by comparisons which he has princely supplied. In his inimitable description of Plato, he has represented the great philosopher as having collected, as having included in himself, all the old world's wisdom—the lore of Eleatic and Italian, the cunning knowledges of the priestly hierophants of Egypt, the Cyclopean Rephaïtes of Idumea and Palestine, the thaumaturgic skill of ancient Babel and Shebel Minor—aye, and the diviner inspirations of the farthest East. That Plato embodied all these and rendered them again in a language and form of speech, that all Europe could understand it and receive it as a wisdom and science of its own. All, since that day, who think, are more or less the followers of the great sage of the academy. This is a description that well fits Emerson himself. Of those who read Plato, few understand him. The diluted translation of Prof. Jarrett is well enough for the schoolist. The true Platonist reads between the lines. This did Emerson. Then, like the great master, he laid aside the rubbish which had been accumulated, and gave us our Platonic lessons in our own language and with our own surroundings of the 19th century. Thus he made practicable to know the diviner wisdom; aye, and to establish here in Concord, where hearts are together, a school or philosophy as a reminder of

THE OLD CLOISTER,

where Socrates is represented as talking to the young men of Athens. I hope my comparison is not too obscure for easy comprehension, for I wish to extend it a little further. One of Plato's interlocutors compares his discussions to a diaphanous to one of the sacred chants employed by the worshippers at the Mysteries. Does not Emerson deserve like testimonial, in that he has embodied the old wisdom, or philosophy, if we must so call it, in a diction which will cause his works to be procured for private and public libraries, as belonging to the imperishable classics of the English tongue? We need not stumble over Thomas Taylor when we have the eloquent periods of Emerson, so easily procurable and so fascinating. This work has made his name immortal. I care not whether he was "original." I have noticed that the most original writers were the best reporters of other persons' inspired utterances—not imitations, but reincarnations. This Plato of America was the most original of our authors, and among the very wisest; and, because he uttered his lessons so well, we uttered them by living them, we are here today at Concord, with our hearts all merry together, to commemorate him, I trust to embody in ourselves what he so eloquently said, and to do honor to his name.

MAY, JULY 30, 1903

EMERSON AND THE WAR

Moorfield Storey Before Concord School

Boston Lawyer Delivers an Interesting Address

How Poet's Anti-Slavery Feeling Grew

Tomorrow the Sessions of the School Will End

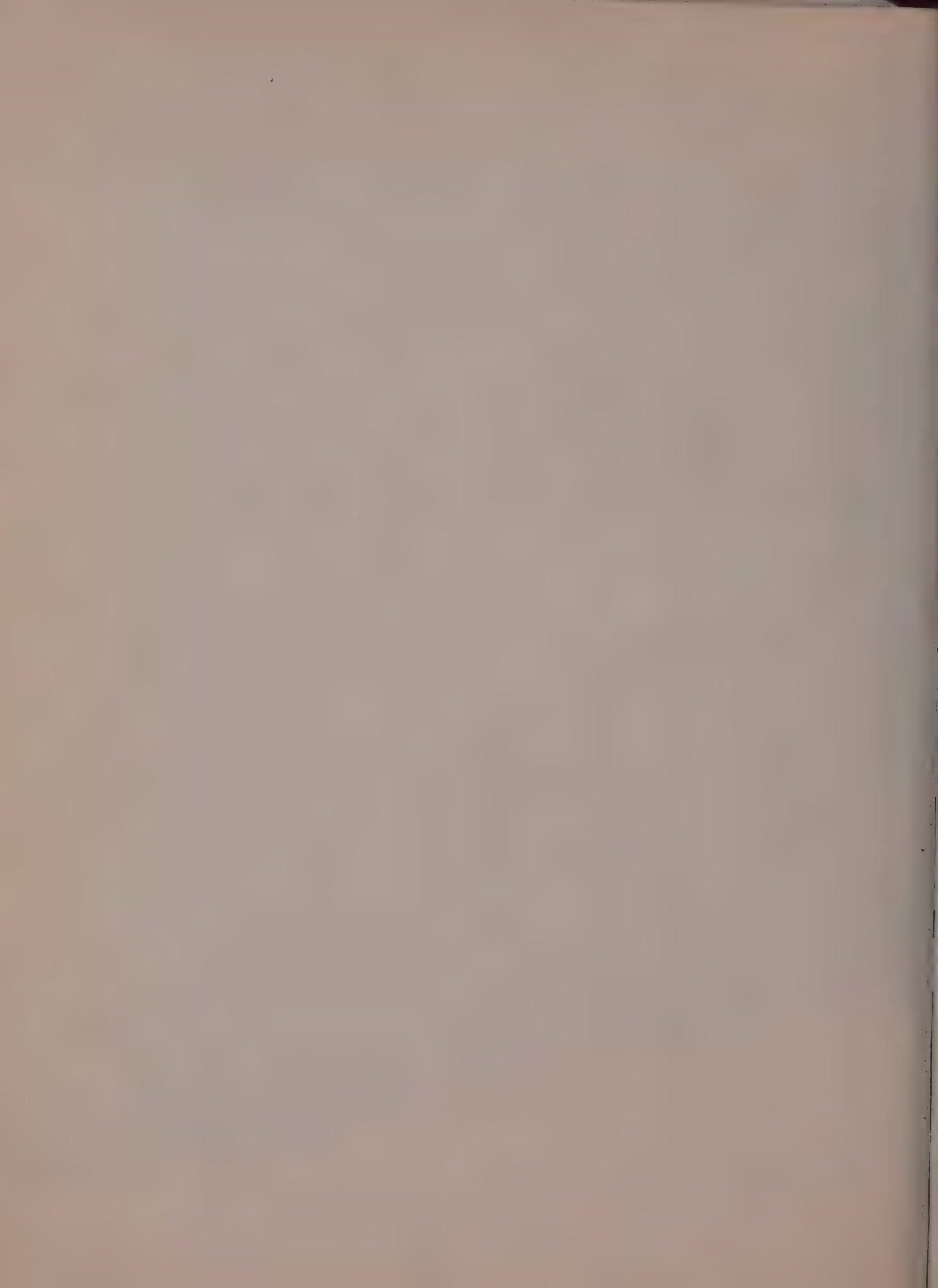
Special to the Transcript:

Concord, July 30—"Emerson and the Civil War" was the topic of this morning's very interesting and stirring paper before the Emerson Memorial School by Moorfield Storey. The lecturer declared that the Civil War was the culmination of a long struggle against a gigantic wrong—slavery. It was not a sudden explosion like the Spanish War. It was, therefore, impossible to present adequately Emerson's attitude toward that war without considering his attitude toward the anti-slavery agitation that preceded it. For many years now slavery had found no defender, but it was a very different world into which Mr. Emerson was born. Even then, however, there were men who looked beneath the surface and realized the true nature of slavery. Between the great mass of the people who, as Emerson had declared, "permitted themselves to be ranged with the enemies of the human race," and the militant agitators who devoted their lives to attacking slavery—Garrison, Phillips, Sumner and others—there was a middle ground. Mr. Emerson adopted this course, and in 1852 stated in his journal, as his reason, that he had "quite other slaves to free than these Negroes—to wit, imprisoned spirits, imprisoned thoughts, far back in the brain of man, far retired in the heaven of invention, and which, important to the republic of man, have no watchman or lover or defender but I." There were anti-slavery orators enough, but there was only one Emerson, and we know that he chose wisely. He was like Sumner, in that he did not take an early interest in the slavery question. His mind was occupied with questions of philosophy and religion, but he does not seem then to have been stirred deeply by anything in the condition of the Negro. He kept close to his own work, and used slavery and the struggle against it, as he used other evils, to illustrate and point his argument. The methods of the anti-slavery leaders seem at times to have irritated him, and his sense of humor was not blind to their foibles.

Yet, when the Abolitionists were most despised, in the winter of 1838, Emerson said, in his lecture on "Heroism": "Human virtue demands her champions and martyrs, and the trial of persecution always proceeds. It is but the other day that the brave Lovejoy gave his breast to the bullets of the mob for the rights of free speech and opinion, and died when it was better not to live." In 1844, in his address on "The Young American," he stated his true position thus: "We cannot give our life to the cause of the debtor, the slave, the pauper, as another is doing, but to one thing we are bound—not to blaspheme the sentiment and work of that man, nor to throw stumbling blocks in the way of the Abolitionist, the philanthropist, as the organs of influence and opinion are swift to do."

Yet no man foretold the inevitable punishment of our national sin more clearly than he. It would seem impossible that he should not have applied to slavery the doctrine which he taught in "Compensation."

As the combat grew fiercer, Emerson was gradually drawn into more and more active sympathy with the opponents of slavery. In 1831 he invited Samuel May, the well-known Abolitionist, to preach from his pulpit. In 1837 he made his first speech on the subject of slavery, which was, however, rather a plea for free and charitable discussion than an expression of strong anti-slavery feeling.



After this deliverance the position of Mr. Emerson was clear to all the world; but he was content to be silent, until the compromise measure of 1851, including the fugitive slave law, intended and expected to end forever the agitation against slavery, brought the Civil War nearer by exhibiting the brutality of the slave hunter in the very heart of the free States. This measure and Webster's support of it aroused him to fierce indignation, which he was not slow to express.

The lecturer quoted from Emerson's Concord address in 1851 to show this. He de-
than this. He declared that the policy which Emerson proposed was that of the Republican party, which was founded when the fugitive slave law was passed. From that time on, Emerson, while he was not an organizer of the movement or a leader in anti-slavery councils, he was ready to speak when occasion required. It was because slavery was no longer mendicant, but aggressive and dangerous, that Emerson became aroused. It was the acts of the slave power which roused Emerson to realize that his post was on the firing line of the anti-slavery army. From Emerson's recognition of the Anti-Slavery Society, the Cassandras of today, whom men call pessimists, may like some comfort, and their countrymen may wisely remember that Cassandra prophesied truly and that the Trojans might have saved their city had they heeded her warnings. Emerson subscribed \$100 in aid of the Free State Letters in Kansas. He entertained John Brown at his house and after his attempted invasion of Virginia had failed spoke of his as "that new Saint awaiting his martyrdom, and who if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the cross." After Harper's Ferry no man in the North was more thoroughly aroused against slavery than Mr. Emerson, he was satisfied it must be extirpated, and he saw in the war, which had now become inevitable, at once the result of slavery and the means of destroying it. Disunion had no terror for him, as compared with any compromise which should make a false peace and postpone the day of freedom. As the war was the knife to extirpate our national cancer, he was anxious to see it do its work quickly and thoroughly. He was anxious to have Lincoln attack slavery immediately; and when, in 1862, the preliminary emancipation proclamation was issued, he was prompt to praise. The lecturer quoted from Emerson's Boston address at that time, and from his "Boston Hymn," closing:

"Be just at home; then write your scroll
Of honor o'er the sea."

"How full of inspiration," exclaimed Mr. Storey, "are these words to every lover of freedom and justice! How ineffably sad it is to read them now and to reflect, as we listen to the cries of the mob in Wilmington and Evansville, and read of the horrors committed in Luzon that ours is a less moral age, and that punishment waits upon our sons as it did on the sins of our fathers!" (Great applause.)

Emerson was not a soldier, but he could keep up the courage of the people. Said Lowell: "To Emerson more than all other causes together did the young martyrs of our Civil War owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives." Emerson was not a campaign orator, nor a political leader, but a prophet seeing with clear vision the sin of the nation and foretelling the wrath to come. The deep indignation

that burned beneath his calm exterior, the very fact that such a man was deeply stirred gave wonderful power to his words.

Emerson's view of the war in retrospect was shown in his address at the dedication of the soldiers' monument in Concord, the closing words of which were: "A gloom gathers on this assembly, composed, as it is, of kindred men and women, for, in many houses, the dearest and

noblest is gone from their hearthstone. Yet it is tinged with light from heaven. A duty so severe has been discharged, and with such immense results of good, lifting private sacrifice to the sublime, that, though the cannon volleys have a sound of funeral echoes, they can yet hear through them the benedictions of their country and mankind." (Great applause.)

Mr. Sanborn, Señorita Carolina H. Huldobro and others spoke briefly. The attendance was one of the largest of the session.

EMERSON AND ANTI-SLAVERY

William Lloyd Garrison Tells How He Changed from Dislike of Abolitionists to Praise of John Brown

In the evening session of the Emerson Memorial School in Huntington Hall yesterday, William Lloyd Garrison spoke on "Emerson and the Anti-Slavery Movement."

"It is undeniable," said he, "that Mr. Emerson first viewed the abolitionists through the medium of his fastidious instincts and prejudices. Eccentric individuals who gravitate to every new reform were inseparable from anti-slavery meetings and gave excuse for the aloofness to the hostile and the cowardly."

"The anti-slavery leaders often winced when Emerson's utterances gave aid and comfort to the enemy. Every such phrase was seized upon and quoted fully by the newspapers, where not a line of his real wisdom would find a place. But these sentiments of Emerson's twilight disappeared, as owls and bats before the sunlight. It may be quoted to show the vital change that overtook him when, in storm and stress, he stood side by side with the 'amiable enthusiasts.' Emerson reached the point of agreeing to pay slaveholders for emancipated slaves, but when Fort Sumter had clarified his vision, as it did that of many others, he could say in his Boston hymn:

Pay ransom to the owner
And fill the bag to the brim?
Who is the owner? The slave is the owner
And ever was. Pay him.

"What the fanatics saw at the outset, the North was then slowly coming to discern, but Emerson had not awaited this tide of opinion. When the John Brown days arrived, how gloriously Emerson rose to the height of a great argument. 'That new saint,' he said, speaking of John Brown, 'than whom none purer was ever led by love of men into conflict and death; the new saint awaiting his martyrdom, who, if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the cross.'"

THE EMERSON CENTENNIAL

Celebration by Unitarian Club,
New York

Address by Poet's Son, Dr. Edward W. Emerson

He Says His Father Was Not a "Sage"

Tributes by Rev. Robert Collyer and Rev. M. J. Savage

New York, May 15.—The Unitarian Club of New York, at its annual meeting last night, celebrated the centennial of Ralph Waldo Emerson's birth. Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Slicer presided. The first speaker was Dr. Edward W. Emerson of Boston, the poet's son.

"Mr. Emerson was a believer in aristocracy," Dr. Emerson said; "he believed in the aristocracy of character. His creed was that a gentleman was a man who made his word good with his life. He was such a man himself. That was why he was more than a mere teacher. Those who came to him for instruction learned as much through the medium of their eyes as they did from his words. He wrote once in his journal: 'Instead of a book of ink, I will give them a book of flesh and blood,' and his life showed that he meant it. His whole life was a supplement to what he wrote."

"I hope I shall be able to avoid the word 'sage' in speaking about my father. He always thought that word sounded so much like 'wiseacre,' and it is not at all a happy word to apply to Mr. Emerson. He was the opposite of that. The simpler a man, the better he loved him, and he loved children best of all. He was a poet above everything."

"Mr. Emerson was not a Unitarian in a narrow sense of that word. He was a Trinitarian. He believed in the trinity of goodness, purity and truth. But he did not take his creed from books or other manuscripts. He always said: 'Why rake up old manuscripts to find a man's soul? You cannot get any conversation out of a corpse.' He believed the world to be as open to inspiration today as at any time. He went to the living universe for an expression of God. He keyed his ears to the sounds of nature. He went into the woods alone and listened, and presently the inspiration came. As he said once: 'The trouble with men is that they will not listen. Men should listen not only when in company but when alone.'"

Rev. Robert Collyer, the next speaker, told many entertaining stories about the poet. "Wendell Phillips was on a lecturing tour in the West," he said; "the manager of the tour asked him if they had any good lecturers in the East, as he should want some to fill in. Phillips told him they had a man named Emerson. 'Is he good?' the manager asked. 'We think so in the East,' Phillips replied. 'Is he eloquent?' 'Well, I don't know how he will suit you on the frontier we consider him eloquent in New England.' 'Well,' replied the manager, 'I believe in encouraging a man like that,' and Emerson was engaged."

Rev. Dr. M. J. Savage's tribute was, in part, as follows: "The greatest thing about Emerson was his personality. I count him among the greatest souls in the world. He awoke, mystified, filled with wonder, uplifted, inspired with courage, and gave life through his presence. And when I open one of Emerson's essays I feel that I come in touch with the great life-giving forces of the university."

EMERSON.

A GERMAN ESTIMATE OF HIS NATURE AND WORK.

A Translation of Herman Grimm's Tribute
—The Charm of His Presence—The Wealth
and Harmony of His Words—His Resem-
blance to Shakespeare, Schiller and Others
—His Place in History a Special One.

The Americans have the advantage of us in the use of their daily press. When upon Longfellow's death I read the New York and Boston papers, it struck me how intimate the relation was between those who have something to say and those who are willing to listen. The Tribune, like New York itself, was for some days absorbed with Longfellow. A series of articles poured forth about the man whose loss affected every home and of whom so many had something to relate. A multitude of witnesses freely testified, and the assembled public constituted, as it were, a jury to listen to all that could be said concerning Longfellow. Justice was done to every kind of opinion, and from the varied contributions each chose the one most in harmony with his own. The like experience is now repeated with Emerson. Emerson had attended Longfellow's funeral. On the twenty-seventh of April the telegraph brought over the tidings of his death; fourteen days later the newspapers followed, and again on every page his name alone held the first place.

Between Longfellow and Emerson, however, a great distinction prevailed in all that was said. To Longfellow was awarded the high position he deserved and the laurels were not stinted. The criticisms ring out perfectly clear and sure. Longfellow was a poet, and his place in the literary world had often been discussed. There could be no question as to what was his due. With Emerson the tone in which men spoke ranged at once higher and lower. It sounded as if something remained unexpressed. The effect of Emerson's writings and his personality struck deeper than Longfellow's, but was not so perceptible in its breadth. Emerson bore no official title to stamp him in the eyes of men. He began as a preacher,—resigned the pulpit,—and withdrew as a writer into a kind of solitude in which he remained. Now he is called by one an essayist, by another a philosopher, by a third a poet, and by many all these, unitedly;—while others, still dissatisfied, say "Emerson was a prophet." In this, however, all agree, that Emerson was one of the greatest men America has produced. But this being accepted, it seems unnecessary to try to emphasize it, and it may be committed to future generations to prove in detail the ground for this conviction. One of the discourses on Emerson begins with these words: "Only Shakespeare can be named with Emerson." To whom would it ever occur to say so much of Longfellow? It would be natural to suppose that after such an opening the speaker would proceed to verify the statement, instead of which the discourse flows on in so measured tone that it would seem as if no proof were required, for every one had known it and needed only to be reminded of it. In all that I have read of Emerson it is taken for granted that each American knows him and knows what the country had in him and has lost in him.

Of the events of Emerson's life there is little to be said. His life was not romantic—no extraordinary light rendered him conspicuous. Even a chronological setting of his works is unnecessary, for they are almost without exception of

the same kind, and no one of them had instantaneous success. "Nature," although the book (if we can so call the extended essay) produced a great sensation, required twelve years for the sale of five hundred copies. It is considered by many Emerson's greatest essay. It certainly shows his peculiar way of grasping his subject in full perfection, and is best calculated to introduce us to his views. Emerson starts with a leading idea which agitates America before it stirred us. But with us also today the question arises how is it going to be possible for coming generations to deal with the enormous mass of intellectual production—theirloom of centuries, and which increases each day in more gigantic proportions without injury to their legitimate work? Our best powers barely suffice to enable us to glance over what has been already accomplished. It would be hailed as a blessing if some one could convince us that the heritage of our ancestors is to be set aside, that untrammelled we may press on to the great future.

When intellectual resources of their own began to accumulate in America, this question caused more solicitude than with us from the fact that their backs had not been trained to bend under the burden. Emerson's essay on "Nature" sprung from the feelings of a man who had entered deeply enough into European literature to be able to measure what might be lost in the acquisition of these riches. Emerson wished his people should preserve the advantage they had of exercising unforced criticism on past events, and not allow themselves to be dwarfed under the weight of history and traditions sent over to them from the Old World. "Our age," "Nature" begins, "is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us by the powers they supply to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines today also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship." And now Emerson develops what he calls his "theory of nature," or life, or creation, not in the sense of exact science, but bringing all the visible into a simple category, and placing the man of our age in the midst of it as the controlling power. How truly Emerson anticipated what is now the predominant idea in America, or how far his teachings have passed into the flesh and blood of the American, is shown by the nature of scientific activity there at present. We start with the single aim of pursuing science for its own sake, certainly the highest standpoint; in America it is studied chiefly with a view to what will be most serviceable to the learner, in many cases the better way of attaining practical results. First, shall the living have justice done then.

I received today the last annual register of Cornell University, which was founded by the private citizen whose name it bears. On the title-page of the register, Cornell's portrait is given, with the inscription around it, "I wish to found an institution in which every one can be instructed in every way." Under the general title, "Departments and Special Courses of Study," I find in the book a section which offers a choice of prescribed plans of study adapted to prepare the scholars for their different positions in life. With the exception of theology and jurisprudence, everything requiring scientific training, from agriculture up to science and letters, is included. With profound understanding of the national character, a number of careers are marked out before the eyes of the student and the steps given by which he may advance. I take this example because it happens to offer itself; but whoever has had opportunity to become acquainted with American professors and students will have remarked their simple method of beginning directly with the essentials and the unconstrained freshness and courage with which they explore new paths, always finding the way to their aim. The American endeavors to comprehend everything, and without loss of time to adapt all to his own use. Emerson's theory is that of the "sovereignty of the individual." To discover what a young man is good for and to equip him for the path he is to strike out in his regard of any other consideration, is the great duty to which he calls attention. Emerson's essays are written with reference to this

aim. He will make men self-reliant. He reveals to the eyes of the idealist the magnificent results of practical activity, and unfolds before the realist the grandeur of the ideal world of thought. No man is to allow himself, through prejudice, to make a mistake in choosing the task to which he will devote his life. Emerson's essays are, as it were, printed sermons,—all having this same text. The transition from preacher to independent lecturer was not in itself considered an unnatural one in America; they are behind us in the production of thought, but the interchange of ideas is much more eager and rapid. Emerson had had a great predecessor, whom I name here because it will help us to understand what limited him in his ministry. Channing, the apostle of Unitarianism, had been at first only a preacher. But Channing knew how to control and awe a vast congregation, while Emerson loved best to speak or lecture to a few chosen disciples. His words did not sound above the discords of a crowd, but exacted reverential silence. There was nothing in his words any more than in his appearance that could kindle any definite thought. He only indicated the direction in which one must move.

To the charm of his presence many now testify. Carlyle said a supernal vision dawned on him when he first saw Waldo Emerson. Some one relates that, when as a boy in the midst of his companions, he once casually bowed to Emerson, who was about to pass them in the street. He returned the simple greeting in a way he could never forget. "Say to Emerson that I love and honor him," were Sumner's words on his death-bed. The earliest notice of Emerson I find in the letters of Frederika Bremer, who visited him in Concord somewhere about 1830. She grants that he remained to her a problem. At first she regarded his cool, incisive way of criticizing everything as arrogant, but says at the

same time that his nature made an utterly different impression on her from that of other arrogant natures she had met with. "There dwells in this man a loftier spirit," she concludes. This was before the times, we recall to-day, when Emerson's writings caused the young people sleepless nights. As Emerson himself said of Carlyle, his sentences indeed enchain us; they do not seem to be written, but graven on links of steel, as if Emerson had had a presentiment they were destined to last for centuries. It is not usual to speak of the immortality of men while they still live, but Whittier years ago expressed his belief in these words: "No verses written in the English language by any of the living poets bear so clearly imprinted upon them the stamp of immortality as Emerson's." The tribute to Emerson by the renowned physicist is echoed by hundreds this side of the water as well as in America, whose youthful souls were stimulated to their highest and best efforts by the peculiar inspiration of his words. Nobler homage cannot be offered from man to his fellow-man. Therefore was it nowise astounding to read in the papers the simple statement as if it were a fixed historical fact that it was Emerson who had shaped the intellectual life of this century in America.

I became acquainted with Emerson's writings long years since, when I was young, and scarcely knew enough of English to force my way to an understanding of them. Never have I studied a language with such zeal as at that time. It often seemed to me impossible to fathom the meaning of his sentences, I do not know what impression these writings would make upon me now, thirty years later, if they were put in my hands for the first time. Time hardens us, and we are less hospitable to new ideas. But I had the feeling then that, far as my knowledge went, no one had said such things, or said them in such a way, as Emerson. A sunny view of life radiated from him,—a simile I have often since heard repeated. He seemed to me to give utterance to the noblest contemplations of the past and the present. I attempted to study Emerson critically but did not succeed. There dwelt within him a hidden power, which seemed his alone. A picture of Giotto in Assisi exhibits St. Francis restoring to life a woman who had died unconfessed, but only long enough for him to receive her confession. The woman lifts herself from the bier while he bends down to her. And in like manner Emerson animates whatever he touches, giving to nature a voice that she may communicate her secrets, and we believe that he knows much more of them than he tells. Emerson has an incomprehensible way of inspiring the reader with the feeling of the matter without giving it a name or describing it, and without the art by which this is accomplished being anywhere perceptible. Allow me another comparison: As the night-wind passing through the

woods and over the meadows comes to us laden with the sweet breath of trees and grasses and flowers which we have not seen, Emerson surrounds us with the atmosphere of things as if they were in reality near us. What was then my inmost conviction regarding Emerson's writings? I have lived to hear expressed by many, and as if from the outset no one had held a different opinion. Göthe says "it is impossible to show the day to the day." He means that the secret of the present is never laid bare to the present, viz., the continuity and relation of the ever-varying experiences, through whose mazes the human race, like a vast herd, is perpetually urged forward by a watchful Providence. We recognize this unseen force, and obey, timidly asking whither and whence? Everywhere is heard the cry; we recognize it; but no one believes in help from any of the voices. Emerson never asserted that he knew more than others, but his writings inspire the feeling that it must be so, and excite a hope that we may possibly draw from them answers to questions with which we had not consciously dealt. His words seem to us at different times to be capable of different interpretations. Many times have his thoughts presented themselves to my mind like single verses of an infinite poem whose design had still to be fully revealed, even to himself.

I had not glanced at Emerson's writings for many a year; when the telegram came with the tidings of his death, I took down the two-volume edition of his works, given me by George Bancroft, opened them, and read. The wealth and harmony of his language surprised me, and entranced me anew. But even now I cannot say wherein the secret of his influence lies. It is of a wholly individual nature. What he has written is like life itself—the unbroken thread ever lengthened through the addition of the small events which make up each day's experience. His sentences often flow on monotonously and unaccented. They are series of thoughts. He begins as if continuing a discourse whose opening we had not heard, and ends as if only pausing to take breath before going on. Some one tells of calling on him the day before he was to lecture. He found him surrounded by papers, from which he was selecting and putting together whatever was appropriate to his subject. It does not detract from the value of his writings that their creation was a matter of chance. If we were to print them altogether—the introductions excepted—we should see them forming a chain in which no links were missing. It would be like a panorama of ideas, for each minute with him seems to have borne its peculiar fruit. We feel that Emerson never wished to say more than just what at the moment presented itself to his soul. He never set up a system; never defended himself. He speaks as if he had never been assailed; as if all men were his friends and held the same opinions as himself. He is never nasty and always impartial. He labors after no effects in style. He speaks with perfect composure as if translating from a language understood only by himself. He always addresses the same public—the unknown multitude of those who buy and read his works and wish to listen to him—and ever in the same tone of manly affability.

Nothing, however, is more comprehensible than that a man so conducting himself should be declared a pure idealist—a dilettante who only floats above our earthly tabernacles because he is nowhere really at home. Reproaches of this nature Emerson has not escaped, for toward no one is the world, with justice, so sharp and merciless as to the man who requires of us implicit faith in his highest thoughts. But the superfluity of knowledge of every kind which Emerson utilizes is no longer regarded as the machinery with which a vain speaker seeks to surprise or attract the public. It is now perceived that when Emerson presents an antithesis the antithesis exists in reality. Nature herself surprises us with dazzling lights and illumination.

Emerson's career is now ended. The attempt to classify him will repeatedly be made. At present the American people feel only his loss. Emerson was one of the representatives of the national conscience. The various means of intercourse today bring the inhabitants of a great country into more sympathetic relations than formerly existed between those environed by the walls of a single city. There was more reserve in the old days, when men persecuted each other more for differences of opinion. Emerson was to many the highest moral tribunal, and his existence a comfort in the land. By his death America is not only impoverished by the loss of her greatest man, but at the same time regards Emerson as almost the last of a series of men who seem to have died out with him. He and Longfellow were the participants in a great intellectual movement which finds its historic close with them. But Emerson himself prepared the

way for the transition to what now takes the place of the annals of those early days. He no longer addressed himself by preference to those who read or have read, but to those who only have ears to hear. Brer Harte describes in one of his stories the little house of an emigrant in the far West, where the sole intellectual store consisted of an edition of Shakespeare and Emerson's portrait on the wall. We have already found Emerson placed beside Shakespeare, and he indeed resembles him in so far that he can be understood without preparation. In the same sense also it is said that, though he has written comparatively little verse, he was, properly speaking, a poet rather than a philosopher. If we admit the comparison with Shakespeare we may refer to his spontaneity and wealth of thought as well as his aptitude in the use of similes drawn directly, it would seem, from his own experience, and the absence of prejudice of any and every kind. He is to be compared with Göthe in his endeavor to possess himself of everything in the realm of science and his inclination—spite of his association with scholars—to hold himself aloof from them, although never tempted to put himself in opposition to them. In the æsthetic-political import of his writings he reminds us of Schiller, as well as by the democratic sentiment which shines forth from the works of both. Emerson, like Schiller, believed in the superiority of the guileless, ideal man over the man of statecraft and intrigue. Schiller inspires us today with the prospect of a great future, and with the certainty of the final appearance of a simple heroic people, each of whom, like Wallenstein's Max, will look down with contempt on our present artifice and cunning. The coming of this people Emerson also predicted to his compatriots. In another respect Emerson resembled Schiller. He stood ready to lift his voice whenever, wherever it was needed, and unhesitatingly came to the front in emergencies of all kinds, whilst Göthe only interfered in matters congenial to his nature, and postponed the rest.

Like St. Augustine, Emerson treats of the most subtle themes without lowering his voice, and in such a free, unconstrained way as to be attractive even to a child. With marvellous penetration he reduces the most involved questions to simple forms. This is especially conspicuous in "English Traits," which was written after having twice visited England. The phenomena of English life are traced back to the character and constitution of the race, together with the natural qualities of the soil. I have never heard a country and a people more clearly described, and the value of the book is recognized on both sides of the ocean. The low estimate of foreigners among the English is proverbial, but they seem to have made an exception in favor of Emerson. Emerson's love of truth rings out clearly in every opinion he gives. "He who is invited with the light of truth," begins a notice of him in Harper's Weekly, and English papers contain similar expressions. Emerson says the English is the first nation in the world, but ranks the German intellectually higher. The Englishman he says looks at everything singly, and does not know how to comprehend humanity as a whole, according to higher laws. He says "the German thinks for Europe." But what distinguishes the English, Americans and Germans—the three people before whom, in common, stand the great problems of the world—is often the subject of his demonstration. And here we must again mention Carlyle, whom Emerson has been supposed to imitate. Hero-worship was not an original idea either with Carlyle or Emerson. It is in the blood of English and Americans as one of their

noblest capabilities. It is possible that, through Carlyle, Emerson was inspired to write his book on "Representative Men"; but it is a wholly different conception from Carlyle's "Heroes." Carlyle labored and, to our view, often intentionally peculiar style, can never for a moment be compared with Emerson's. And, indeed, the comparisons I have instituted between Emerson and others apply only to outward and accidental characteristics. He stands alone, and will have a special place in history. In the introduction to "Representative Men," Emerson says in praise of great men, that each is useful to his people, in that his name enriches by a word the vocabulary of his native tongue. In the meaning of this "word," as he uses it, is contained an idea which could not be expressed by any other phraseology.

Emerson dwelt in Concord in a small, one-story house, built, it would seem, chiefly of wood. One night it took fire and burnt down. Emerson, seventy years of age, was suddenly driven out into the cold night air, fell ill for the first time in his life. His friends suggested to him that he should go abroad to reinstate his health, the intention being during his absence to rebuild his house.

Emerson went over California to Lydia, returning home by Egypt and Europe. He reached Italy in the spring of 1853, and I saw him in Florence. A tall, slender figure, with the radiant smile which is peculiar to children and men of the highest order. His daughter Ellen was his companion, and devoted to him. The noblest culture raises men above national peculiarities and makes them perfectly unaffected. Emerson had an unpretentious dignity of demeanor, and I felt as if I had always known him. At that time he was still fresh and could work. Soon after an infirmity came upon him. He wholly lost his memory. One of my former hearers wrote me an account of his last visit to him. Emerson sat there, says the letter, like an old eagle in his eyrie. He greeted me in the most kind and friendly manner, but could no longer remember men or things. "It is natural to believe in great men," begins the introduction to Emerson's "Representative Men." "Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. They who have lived with them found life glad and nutritious. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society; and actually or ideally, we manage to live with superiors. We call our children and our lands by their names. Their names are wrought into the verbs of language, their works and enigmas are in our houses, and every circumstance of the day recalls an anecdote of them. The search after the great is the dream of youth, and the most serious occupation of manhood. We travel into foreign parts to find his works, if possible, to get a glimpse of him." The words today sound like his epitaph.

HERMAN GIERM.

Boston Evening Transcript, July 24, 1882.

HAD EMERSON A PHILOSOPHY?

PROFESSOR W. T. HARRIS'S MEMORIAL ESSAY ON THE UNITY IN HIS TEACHINGS.

In the memorial exercises on Saturday at Concord (fully reported by our correspondent in another column), Professor W. T. Harris spoke as follows:

It has often been stated that there is no unity in Emerson's prose essays, and that they consist of a vast number of brilliant statements loosely connected and bound into paragraphs, with only such unity as is given by the lids of the volume. We hear it said that the experiment has been tried of reading an entire essay, sentence by sentence, backward from the end, without injury to the sense. This lack of order and connection has even been praised as giving variety of form and freshness of style. While it is true that there is no parading of syllogistic reasoning in Emerson's essays and no ratiocination, there is quite sufficient unity of a higher kind if one will but once comprehend the thoughts with any degree of clearness. In a work of literary art, such as a drama or a novel, we expect organic unity as well as logical unity. There must be a beginning in which we form our acquaintances with the persons, their surroundings and the peculiarities of character and situation, then a middle in which character and situation develop into collisions as a natural result, then a solution of the collision by one mode or another, restoring the equilibrium in the social whole. In the prose essay we cannot expect organic unity, but we may expect rhetorical unity and logical unity. There need be no formal syllogisms; the closest unity of the logical kind is the dialectic unity that begins with the simplest and most obvious phase of the subject, and discovers by investigation the next phase that

naturally follows. It is an unfolding of the subject according to its natural growth in experience. Starting with this view, we shall discover this and that defect, this and that necessary correction, and in the end we shall reach a better insight, which, of course, will be the second step in our treatise, and must be followed out in the same way as before. Such development of a theme exhibits and expounds the genesis of conviction, and is the farthest removed from mere dogmatism. We pass through all shades of opinion, adopting and rejecting them in succession on our way to the true final conclusion. There is no logical method equal to this one that expounds the genesis of the subject. When we have reached the conclusion, we have exhausted the subject and seen the necessity of our result. Such is the method that Plato describes and indorses in the seventh book of his "Republic." To be sure, the untrained intellect will often get confused amid the labyrinth of conflicting opinions, just as the callow young men did when Socrates applied his method to their theories. The reader is apt to expect a consistency of opinion from the beginning to the end. Difference of views bewilders him. Emerson has furnished us many very wonderful examples of dialectic treatment of his subject. But he has been very careful to avoid the show of ratiocination and the parade of proof-making. The object of his writing was to present truth, and to produce insight, and not to make proselytes. The student of literature who wishes to learn the dialectic art, and, at the same time, to become acquainted with the genesis of Emerson's view of the world, should study the essay on "Experience" in the second series of essays. In this wonderful piece of writing we have a compend of his insights into life and nature arranged in dialectic order. Master his treatment of the topics and you will discover what constitute real steps of progress in experience, and at the same time you will learn how the first grows into the second and that into the next, and so on to the highest view of the world that he has attained, or to the final view reached by men of deepest insight, called seers. He names these steps or stadia in experience, illusion, temperament, succession, surface, surprise, reality and subjectiveness. The first phase of experience, according to him, brings us to the consciousness of illusion. This is a great step. The naive man without culture of any sort has not reflected enough to reach this point. He rests in the conviction that all about him is really just what he sees it. He does not perceive the relativity of things. But at the first start in culture, long since begun even among the lowest savages, there appears the conviction that there is more in things than appears at first sight. Things are fragments of larger things; facts are fragments of larger facts. Change of the totality of conditions changes the thing or fact that is before us. Things escape us, and thus "dream delivers us to dream, and there is no end to illusion. Life is a train of moods like a string of beads, and, as we pass through them, they prove to be many-colored lenses which paint the world their own hue, and each shows only what lies in its focus." What experience comes next after this one of illusion? Evidently the perception of conditioning circumstance, the perception of fate or external influence which may be called temperament.

Structure or temperament "prevails over everything of time, place and condition, and is inconsumable in the flames of religion." When experience has exhausted the view of temperament it finds that it has learned the necessity of succession in objects. For there is a process underlying things, and we see that what made us explain illusion by temperament was the discovery that things changed through external influences. Now we see a little better, and understand that there is succession—one phase giving way to another, and thus exhibiting a series of influences instead of one final result. Tempera-

ment, therefore, is no finality, for it produces no ultimate state or condition, but succeeds only in making a transitory impression. We pass out of this stadium of experience and enter on the theory of the world that sees change and succession according to some law or other. We look now for that law. When we see the law we shall understand the order of sequence, and can map out the orbit of life and of things. We shall see the true order of Genesis.

This view of the necessary order of sequence is no longer a view of mere change, but a view of the whole, and hence a view of the fixed and stable. The orbit remains, though the planet wanders perpetually. Emerson calls the view of the law of change "surface," as if the seeing of a line as a whole were the seeing of a surface. Various stadia of opinion there might be on this plane of experience. A very narrow orbit or a very wide one might be computed for the cycle of succession. The progress of experience will correct the narrow view. We think today that we have taken in all the metamorphoses of the object of investigation, but tomorrow we discover new ones and have to enlarge our description. "Surface" expands and we make new theories of the law. We are, however, dealing with the law of cause and effect, and cannot formulate the whole under any such law, for the whole cannot be cause of something else or the effect of some other being. Emerson calls the next form of experience "surprise," because it begins with the insight made in some high moment of life, when for the first time one gets a glimpse of the form of the whole. What must be the form of the whole? you ask. The whole does not admit of such predicates as we apply to the part or fragment. The dependent has one law, and the independent has another. The dependent presupposes something; it is a relative existence, and its being is in another. The independent is self-contained, self-active, self-determined, *causa sui*. The first insight is a "surprise," and so is the second insight; all of the high moments of experience admit us to "surprises," for we see the fountain of pure energy and self-determination in place of the limitations of things, and the derivative quality of objects which receive only their allotted measures of being. The soul opens into the sea of creative energy, inexhaustible and ever imparting.

By these moments of "surprise," therefore, we ascend to a new place of experience, no longer haunted by those dismal spectres of delusion, temperament, change, and surface, or mechanic, fixed laws. Things are not fragments of a vast machine, nor are men links in a cosmic process that first develops and then crushes them. Things do not exist in succession, as it before seemed to us, but the true, real existence that we have found is always the same. We enter through the moments of surprise into the realm of insight, into reality, hence reality is Emerson's sixth category of experience. "By persisting to read or to think, this region gives further sign of itself, as it were, in flashes of light, in sudden discoveries of its profound beauty and repose, as if the clouds that covered it parted at intervals and showed the approaching traveller the inland mountains with the tranquil eternal meadows spread at their base, whereon flocks graze and shepherds pipe and dance." One more step experience takes—it identifies the deepest reality as of one nature with itself. The absolute is mind. Emerson names this step of insight subjectiveness, because in it we arrive at the conviction that the absolute is subject, and not merely unconscious law or

power. At this highest point of experience we reach the station of the seer, the culmination of human experience. The seer as philosopher sees the highest principle to be reason; the poet sees the world to be the expression of reason; the prophet and law-giver sees reason as the authoritative, regula-

tive principle of life; the hero sees reason as a concrete guiding force in society. In a certain sense all of Emerson's writings are expansions and confirmations of some one of these phases of experience. The essay on the "Over-Soul" treats of succession, surface and reality under other names; that on spiritual laws on reality and subjectiveness; that on fate treats of temperament and succession; those on worship, history, gifts, heroism, love and such titles, treat of subjectiveness. His treatises on concrete themes use these insights perpetually as solvent principles—but always with fresh statement and new resources of poetic expression. There is nowhere in all literature such sustained flight toward the sun—"a flight," as Plotinus calls it, "of the alone to the alone"—as that in the over-soul wherein Emerson, throughout a long essay, unfolds the insights, briefly and adequately explained under the topic of "surprise" in the essay on experience. It would seem as if each paragraph stated the ideas of the whole, and then again that each sentence in each paragraph reflected entire the same idea. Where there is no genesis there can be no dialectic unity. The absolute is not a becoming but a self-identical activity. In those essays in which Emerson has celebrated this doctrine of the highest reality and its subjectivity or rational nature, its revelation to us, he writes in a style elevated above dialectic unity, and uses a higher form of unity—that of absolute identity. Each is in all and all is in each. To give one specimen of this I offer a very short analysis of the contents of the essay on "The Over-Soul." He says in substance that man has some moments in his life when he sees deeply into reality; what he sees then has authority over the other parts of his life. He sees principles of justice, love, freedom and power—attributes of God. This seeing is the common element in all minds, and transcendent of the limitations of particular individuals. Just as events flow down from a hidden source, so these ideas and insights descend into the mind. He calls this the "over-soul," "a unity within which every man's being is contained and made one with every other. Although we live in division and succession, and see the world piece by piece, yet the soul is the whole, and this is the highest law." These glimpses of the eternal verity come on occasions of conversation, reverie, remorse, dreams and times of passion. We learn that the soul is not an organ, but that which animates all organs; not a faculty, but a light, and the master of the intellect and will. Individual man is only the organ of the soul. These depths of the spiritual nature are accessible to all men at some time. The sovereignty of the over-soul is shown by its independence of all limitation. Time, space and circumstance do not change its attributes. Its presence does not make a progress measurable by time, but it produces metamorphoses causing us to ascend from one plane of experience to the next—as great a change as from egg to worm, or from worm to fly. Society and institutions reveal this common nature or the higher person or impersonal one—for, in order to prevent the confusion of attributing to the over-soul the passions and imperfections of human personality, Emerson sometimes speaks of him as impersonal (using Cousin's expression). This revelation of the divine is a disclosure of what is universal, and not the telling of fortunes. There is no concealment when in the presence of its light; the reality appears through all its disguises. The growth of the intellect, as well as of the character, obeys the same law. The emotion of the sublime accompanies the influx of its light. Its presence distinguishes genius from talent. Faith worthy of the name is faith in these transcendent affirmations of the soul. Thus revering the soul, man "will calmly front the morrow in the negligency of that truth which carries God with it, and so hath already the whole future in the bottom of the heart." In his

EMERSON SCHOOL

Essay on Emerson and Oriental Thought

By Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of
Cornell

This Morning's Very Instruction Essay

Followed by Lively Discussion in Concord Town
Hall

Special to the Transcript:

Concord, July 27—This is the third and the closing week of the Emerson Memorial School. The lecturer this morning was Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Ithaca, N. Y., professor of Semitic languages at Cornell University, and his topic was "Emerson and Oriental Thought." It would be impossible to find anyone better fitted to treat of this topic—always somewhat obscure to the lay mind—than Professor Schmidt. His paper was listened to throughout most intently. It was enlivened with keen flashes of epigrammatic wit, which caused ripples of laughter to sweep over the company. Here is one of his epigrams that illustrate the foregoing statement. Having declared that Emerson was not a historian and had no passion for facts, the essayist said: "He knew not the delirious delights of chronology." Professor Schmidt has a resonant voice and a most fascinating extempore delivery. This was most especially noticeable when he quoted, with fine effect, from "The Problem" and other poems of Emerson.

SYNOPSIS OF PAPER

Lecturer's Salient Points Noted and
Summarized Below

"It is not easy to define Oriental thought. One is apt to fence out as much as one fences in. What constitutes the Orient? No meridian can be safely followed and no line of latitude. If we set out upon the blue Pacific to greet the rising sun, no wind or star will tell us when we shall leave the Orient behind. Japan must be within the circle. But the neighboring Aleutian Islands are in our eWestern home. New Zealand is more occidental than New York. We dare not cross the bleak Himalayas for fear that our previous deflections born on the banks of the Ganges shall freeze to death in the snows of Thibet. The common ancestors of Semite and Egyptian may have risen to higher destiny among the luxuries of an African environment. What a splendor of Oriental life once spread over the gardens of Andalusia! eYt in the Spanish caliphates there were nine Moors to every Arab. In another aspect, it was not Indus that fashioned into Orientals the Aryan invaders of India. Nor is the Atlantic broad and deep enough to wash away the strain of Orientalism from the descendants of those who once roamed with their herds between the Bal-

tic and the Caspian. Blood is thicker than water. Father Rhine himself could not prevent the genius of Germany from leaping to embrace the thought of India a century ago. Thus throbs the heart of man when a forgotten melody of childhood's days comes back again. Oriental thought cannot be forced within geographical boundaries or confined within the terms of a definition. But it is possible to select some lands, some men of genius, some songs, some sentiments that may roughly represent this vast, mysterious world of the Levant. Emerson's own works furnish a guide. One must be aware, however, of lusty inferences. Every great man is himself a world, imperfectly explored. Many a secret we would be fain to worm out of his books, he has carried with him into the eternal silence. We may never know what Japan gave to Emerson, whether the strains of Cudraka and Kallidaska ever gladdened his heart, how justly he could judge the Tear of Mount Hira, whether he could look with eyes like Goethe's upon the Book of Job, how deeply he was affected by the parable of Jesus. The lore of Egypt and of Babylon was quite unknown to him, and so was early Arabic and modern Turkish poetry.

"Tree gates that open the palace of Oriental thought were closed to him—language, history and travel. Translations at best show only the wrong side of the tapestry. Person depended on such. He was not a historian. He knew not the delirious delights of chronology. His soul was never thrilled by feeling the naked vertebrae of this backbone of history. He had no passion for facts. No sooner did he discern a fact than he transuted it into a symbol. He never visited Asia and seems almost to have made a virtue of staying in the home-land. What cared he for Arabia, when Monadnock gave him visions such as no man ever saw from Sinai? However, there are two ways of reading a translation—the thorny path of the scholar beset with harrowing suspicions of inaccuracy and a parching thirst for the original, and the airy path of the bee in search of honey, the poet's highway to the heart of things. The gathering and classifying of details may not have been to his taste, but Emerson knew how to weigh massive personalities and great events. When the air is clear, one can sit in Concord and survey with naked eye the beauties of Maj Total and the Alhambra."

The speaker discussed in detail the translations of Chinese, Indian, Persian, Arabic and Hebrew authors known to Emerson and likely to have been used by him. Special importance was given to the versions of Bhagavad gita, the poets of Bidpai, the laws of Mann, the Persian poets Sadi, Hafiz and Yal, the Quran and the Hebrew Bible.

He also examined at length the German and French works through which Emerson is likely to have gained insight into Oriental thought. Goethe's importance as an exponent to Emerson of the deepest thought of the East was especially emphasized.

"Living in an age," Professor Schmidt continued, "when every movement of thought on the continent of Europe is quickly felt in England and America, we are scarcely able to realize how Germany could have been so deeply affected by the thought of India and experienced such a revolution in the view of Hebrew antiquity without apparently leaving any but the faintest impression in English literature. Strauss made little stir in 1835, Bruno Bauer appears to have been observed by

book on "Nature," his first published work, Emerson developed substantially the same views, with a system of classification much like that in the essay on experience, and showing a genesis in the same dialectic form. Nature, for use or "commodity," as he calls it, is the first aspect recognized. After food, clothing and shelter, comes next Nature's service to man in satisfying the spiritual want of the beautiful. Then through this comes the symbolic expression of human nature through its correspondence with material nature, and thus arises language. For rightly nature is a discipline, educating understanding and the reason, and also the will and conscience. Then the transition to idealism is easy. Nature is for the education of man, and this lesson is taught us in five distinct ways. Sixthly, we arrive at the knowledge of the one spirit that originates both nature and man, and reveals its nature in the ethical and intellectual constitution of the mind and its correspondences in nature. Thus from nature we come to the over-soul, or what was called reality and subjectivity in the essay on experience. The eighth and final chapter of nature draws practical conclusions, making application of the doctrine to life: "The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty is solved by the redemption of the soul. The ruin or blank that we see when we look at nature is in our own eye. The axis of vision is not coincident with the axis of things, and so they appear not transparent, but opaque. Build, then, your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, the world will unfold its great proportions." Emerson looks on the world of nature and man as the revelation that the over-soul makes to him, and accordingly looks reverently toward it and through it to the great soul of souls, and always sees, under whatever guise, some good. He finds help in everything. He helps every one, too, most by teaching the significance of the world as he has found it. This thought of the revelation of the soul in man and nature is the idea that forms the unity of all that he has written, whether it be in essays like the "Over-Soul," or in historical and critical studies like "English Traits and Representative Men," or in poems of nature like "Monadnock." One will find everywhere, though under slightly differing names, the elements of experience in this sublime poem prefixed to the essay on "Experience":

"The lords of life, the lords of life,
I saw them pass
In their own guise,
Like and unlike,
Portly and grim,
Use and surprise,
Surface and dream,
Succession swift and spectral wrong,
Temperament without a tongue,
And the inventor of the game,
Omnipresent without name;
Some to see, some to be guessed,
They marched from east to west.
Little man, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall,
Walked about with puzzled look;
Him by the hand dear Nature took.
Dearest Nature, strong and kind,
Whispered, 'Dadling, never mind!
Tomorrow they will wear another face,
The founder thou; these are thy race!'"

At the conclusion of Professor Harris's paper, which received the careful attention of the large audience, Mr. Sanborn introduced Mr. John Albee of Newcastle, N. H., who read a sketch of an interesting interview with "Emerson and Thoreau" in 1852.

The following is
from the Boston
Evening Transcript,
July 27, 1903.

nobody in 1841. But even among educated Englishmen and Americans, German seems to have been a rare accomplishment.

"Emerson felt the Oriental impact in another direction. He realized how the ancient Hebrew world had superimposed itself upon the Occident as to some extent a foreign and heterogeneous element. He chides Swedenborg for his 'boyishness' in preserving 'the scarf of Hebrew antiquity.' Yet his spirit was too receptive, his mental disposition too generous, to be satisfied with a purely negative and problematical attitude. Individualist as he was to the core of his being, he yet could not gaze upon the mighty institutions of Christianity, its systems of thought, its churches, rites and sacred customs, its organized efforts for the amelioration of mankind, without feeling that, if this frozen music could be thawed out by the genial warmth of the spirit of life, sweet soul-refreshing melodies would escape.

"This survey of the sources through which Emerson became acquainted with Oriental thought would be of little value, if the contentions were true that he only used it to illustrate his own, but that it in no wise influenced his conception of life. But we do not honor our heroes by ascribing to them an originality which would have made them insensible to the noblest impressions. The greatest spirits of the Orient visited the bard of Concord and whispered their secret in his ears. Shall we think well of him by assuming that he learned

nothing from them? The magi of the East no doubt brought to him gold and frankincense and myrrh, but they also carried with them their knowledge of the stars. It consists of thought swept through him from the silent stars of the sky, he was still more deeply affected when the sons of the morning sang together in the human firmament. If, with a poet's wonder and joy, he looked upon mountains, trees and rippling waters, he gazed with greater delight upon the majestic grandeur or the delicate charm of a human soul.

"Confucius impressed him deeply. He marvelled at the supremacy of moral principles in the Chinese civilization. It may be doubted, however, whether any of those principles came as a distinct addition to the ethical perception of Emerson. Buddhism does not seem to have had a special attraction to him, though he recognized its moral earnestness and ethical insight. Emerson appears to have been less capable of appreciating these cries of the soul ex profunds, these agonizing struggles, these plaintive yearnings for redemption.

"No phase of Oriental thought influenced him more profoundly than Brahminism. It was a fortunate circumstance that he made acquaintance with this subtlest thought of India through Bhagavagita. Here philosophy is poetry and poetry is philosophy. We are still in the midst of a process of thought. Great ideas irradiate the landscape with a glacial light; they do not yet flood its with their almost blinding sheen. Three thoughts—perhaps the most stupendous ever concerned by the human mind—come to view. These are the identity of God and nature, the overcoming of evil with good, and the law of compensation. The Sankhya philosophy looks upon the idea of a god sitting on a throne above the world or immanent in it as a crude survival of the childhood of the race. Nature is conceived to be infinite in space, eternal, exhaustless in energy, inherently right, spiritual and good.

Evil, then cannot belong to the essence and reality of the universe, but is good in the making. The highest good to man is the realization of his spiritual ascendancy, freedom and power. This comes of knowledge dispelling ignorance, love conquering hatred, good overcoming evil. By abstraction from the world of sense and concentration on the highest, the Yogin approaches to perfection. But all existence is subject to the law of Karma. Karma is the deed. The deed flows from the truer disposition, makes character and creates destiny. Retribution is not an everlasting hell for a few years of sin, nor an everlasting dream for a few moments of repentance, faith or goodness. The character formed is a brief section of the soul's existence, fashions an outward form in harmony with its nature, and this in turn issues in another. Thus there is the possibility of a perpetual rising and sinking in the scale of being. That this most marvelous adjustment of character and form of life must itself ultimately become a burden and make the mind gratefully accept the prospect of deliverances from the endless wheel of existence in the Nivorna, does not diminish the intrinsic value of so noble an attempt to solve the great mystery. It measured retribution in terms of character, and here and there the greater thought looms up that the good deed and disposition and character are themselves their own reward.

"It is obvious to every reader of Emerson that this is to a marked extent the work of thought in which his spirit moved. 'Brahma' is a translation and interpretation, but the

"The living heaven thy progress respect,
House it over and architect,
Quarrying men's rejected hours,
Builds therewith eternal towers."

as well as numerous passages in 'The Over-Soul' and other essays show the pantheistic thought of Emerson. This he did not get from Platon, or Spinoza, nor from his own unaided contemplation of nature. Mozoomda knew him for his own, and Vlockananda saw in him a kinsman. This was not merely the feeling of a sympathetic personality. It was the thought of India that met them in Emerson. It may be asked whether there are not Arabaptists, Quakers, quietists enough to account for the outcropping of the doctrine of non-resistance in a Western Quaker. The essay on war might indeed have been read with joy by Fox, and Laborie, and Spencer. But none of them would have understood the higher cosmic bearings of the principle in Uriel. And Emerson did not know Johannes Denek. In his essay on compensation, Emerson tells us how this subject had occupied his mind since childhood. His reflections upon the good parson's sermon were certainly not influenced by philosophical speculations from without. It is also noticeable that the idea of a future state, limited or otherwise, as the issue of the character formed, plays no part in Emerson's thinking. The immortality of the soul is a matter of indifference to him. But the thought of a retribution in terms of character so infinitely exact that in each moment of existence the account is balanced finds fine expression. How far this trend of thinking was influenced by the similar ideas in India must be left unsettled.

It was not the Persia dominated by Zarathustra's thought that left an impression upon Emerson. It was the later Persia that chafed under the restraints of the Koran, rebelled against the authority of the

Prophet and asserted its spiritual independence. Hafiz was dear to Emerson because he was a nonconformist, sincere and true to himself. It is profoundly interesting to watch the influence of the Persian poet on this son of the Puritans. Hafiz taught him that it is not the drunkard who loves wine, and the debauchee can neither love nor sing the praises of love. "Good Saadi dwells above." His would be a sufficient tie to bind his soul to Emerson's even if he were not so demonically wise.

"Trees in groves,
Kine in droves—but—"

In a thousand generations how many men are here who dare to dwell alone, away from creeds and rites and sacred customs, removed from greed, lust and ambition, facing the universe and the Sphinx within?

"The Church spoiled for Emerson the Bible. It was a book with seven seals, and most of Emerson's energy seems to have gone into the effort to break them. Could he have lived today and enjoyed the fruits of critical investigation, he would have gladly listened to the charming story-tellers of Bethel and Beersheba, to elders in the gates and priests at the shrines proclaiming laws of life and social ideals. His rebellious spirit fled from ancient oracles to whose fallibility he saw only too clearly, to prophets not spoiled by being canonized. He never knew the greatness of Amos and Hosea, Isaiah and Jeremiah. His strange indifference to the Book of Job is perhaps to be accounted for by his general lack of appreciation of the tragic element in life. Goethe knew the value of the greatest poem the Semitic world has ever produced, and paid it the sincerest compliment of imitation. Emerson shrank from this abyss of mental agony and spiritual defeat.

It is of interest that Emerson's critical insight led him to discuss the true character of Canticles. With all his mysticism he rejected here, as in the case of Hafiz, the allegorical interpretation, and declared the song to be of earthly love.

"The only Jew whom Emerson really understood was Jesus. Supreme greatness attracted him, as the magnet does the needle. The Nicene creed did not prevent him from giving his heart to Jesus. He revered him too sincerely for adulation; he loved him too tenderly for genuflection. He was not astonished and overwhelmed by Jesus as strangers to his spirit are, but comforted and inspired as is a friend. No fiction of sinlessness put a barrier between them. How deep his spiritual insight was, his parting address to his church shows. This tucld discussion of Jesus's last meal also reveals his remarkable critical acumen. Nevertheless, 'the might that lurks in reaction and recoil' made Emerson emphasize against the artificiality of dogma, with force no longer needed, the independence of the human soul.

"Emerson has not unjustly been charged with being responsible for the strong hold of Oriental speculation upon our Western

World, and for what men are pleased to call 'the vagaries of anti-imperialism.' If there is today in ever-widening circles among us a disposition to listen with reverence to all the great teachers of religion in the world and to emphasize the ethical content of each form of religion, this is in no small measure due to Emerson. If there is a broader outlook upon humanity, a kinder feeling among the representatives of its different races, a fellowship not based on creed or ceremony, a recognition of the value of religious mysticism, Emerson's

are in bringing forth these fruits of the spirit is great. His hospitality of Oriental thought did not make him less the prophet of American democracy. Have the doctrines of the supremacy of manhood, the worth of spiritual independence, the overcoming of darkness with light, peace and good will on earth come from the East? There were good reasons for a generous reception. For the recognition of the worth of man, the liberty of conscience, the simple, well-poised life, the advance through peaceful growth are also the foundations of our Commonwealth. The healthy opposition to the pomp of empire, to war and subtle statecraft is not a vagary. But the dangerous disregard for the fundamental principles of the republic, the strenuous effort to advance the nation's fortunes at the expense of the nation's character, threaten us with the common fate of empires. Salvation lies in a return to those great convictions to which our Concord sage gave so courageous and unwavering expression. It is not the citizen's part to despair of the republic. However dark the clouds may seem the splendid optimism of Emerson will help to win the day.

THE DISCUSSION

Lively Remarks by Mr. Sanborn, Rev. Henry K. Hannah and Others

After the prolonged applause which followed Professor Schmidt's concluding sentences had subsided, Mr. Sanborn said it would be difficult to go deeper into the subject than had been done "in this most remarkable paper which we have just heard."

Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, D. D., said it would be an impertinence to try to supplement the essay. The essayist had told them something definite and (referring to the essayist's fine delivery) had told it in a way that gave pleasure.

Mr. Sanborn said that but few critics realized what an early and profound reader Emerson was. The Baghavad Gita was the core of Emerson's thought.

Rev. George Willis Cooke said that two things should be remembered: In the first place, Emerson had gotten so far away from Christianity as ordinarily interpreted in his time, that his mind was free for the consideration of other forms of faith than that with which he had been made familiar by the churches. In the second place, Emerson did fundamentally recognize the fact that all religions are essentially the same in their origin and nature.

Mr. Sanborn referred to the assertion made in last Wednesday's discussion by Rev. Henry K. Hannah, rector of the Concord Episcopal Church, that Emerson was not a Christian because he did not understand the presence of sin or evil in the world or the scheme for putting evil out of the world. Mr. Sanborn declared that Emerson's doctrine of sin and Evil in the world could be found almost word for word in the writings of St. Augustine.

Rev. Mr. Hannah rose in his seat near the rear of the hall. Mr. Sanborn invited him to take the platform. Mr. Hannah declined to do so. "I rose," said he, "to speak for Miss Leavitt, but she cautions me. What I desired to say for her was that she wants to correct Mr. Sanborn in regard to St. Augustine."

Mr. Sanborn. "I should be glad to be corrected."

Mr. Hannah—"She (Miss Leavitt) says that, at one time, St. Augustine did hold the view of evil which Mr. Emerson prac-

tically held; but he (St. Augustine), I believe, gave it up. That leads me to say the only thing I want to say this morning, and that is this: I question the legitimacy of that method of substantiating the view of any man. You should not go to a man like St. Augustine, whose entire philosophy and view of life were, it seems to me, so different, and take any single thing that he may have said at any time, to substantiate any of Mr. Emerson's doctrines.

The only thing I should question in the paper would be this: I doubt whether the lecturer has a right to lump, under the title of 'Oriental Thoughts,' the whole system of thought which would come with the Old and the New Testament. True, it is Oriental thought. But, if my own thought and reading is at all true, and comes anywhere near the truth, it seems to me that there is developed in that great system of thought, something which is decidedly different from what we ordinarily know as 'Oriental thought.' While it is true, as Mr. Cooke has said, that religion is the same because we are all searching for the same God, let us keep the distinction as clear as we can. I think it would be very interesting to have the essayist say a little something on this point.

The following is
from the Boston
Evening Transcript
of July 29, 1903.

"THE SIMPLER EMERSON"

**A Feeling That He Was the Only
Emerson**

**Interesting Paper by Rev. John White
Chadwick**

**Before the Memorial School at
Concord**

**His Simplest Means Always Secured Eloquent
Effects**

Special to the Transcript:

Concord, July 29—"The Simpler Emerson" was the topic of this morning's very interesting paper by Rev. John White Chadwick of Brooklyn, N. Y., at the Emerson Memorial School. One of the largest audiences of the school was present to hear the distinguished preacher, and recent biographer of Parker and Channing; and they were well rewarded for coming out on the lowering and sultry morning. With all his learning and talents, Mr. Chadwick is himself one of the "simplest" of men, in the best and highest sense of that word. It was fitting, therefore, that, in choosing his own topic for his essay, as he did, he should choose, for what proved to be a graphic and convincing portrayal, the "simpler" Emerson.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PAPER

**The Essayist's Sallient Points Noted
and Summarized Below**

Mr. Chadwick began by saying that one of

Emerson's most interesting and attractive perceptions was that there are several audiences in each particular audience. So there were several Emersons and more in Emerson. There was the poet, the psychologist, the humorist, the orator, the friend, the domestic person, the Concord citizen. And there was the simpler Emerson and the more difficult. Mr. Chadwick related his first experience in reading Emerson: "The book was 'Representative Men,' the time was 1903. When I read in the first paragraph of the men who tasted the earth and found it deliciously sweet, I seemed to be repeating their experience. What I could understand seemed to me better than anything that I had read before. To this day there are parts that baffle me, especially in the earlier essays. Here and there Emerson seems to use a cryptic terminology, of which he has the key, but does not lend it, nor explain the use of it, to me. In other places I appear to understand, but not to be able to interpret. If a friend asks, 'What does this mean?' I answer, 'It is so perfectly expressed that to change a word would be to change the thought.' I find in such sentences illustrations of the principle of necessity in art. The beautiful building or statue has to be so and not otherwise.

"The simpler Emerson is much more in proportion to the whole of Emerson than the simpler Browning to the whole of Browning. Reading the whole body of his writings continuously within the course of a few recent months, I was well-nigh persuaded that the simpler Emerson was the only Emerson; that the proportion of his difficult to his simple matter was that of Falstaff's bread to Falstaff's sack—hardly an appreciable quantity. At the outset the novelty of Emerson's view of man's relation to the world, so fluid in comparison with the hard-and-fast conceptions of the Lockian school, staggered a great many persons. But now science having come to the support of the idealistic view, Berkeley and Huxley having kissed each other, there is much less bewilderment. Moreover Emerson speaking ten times as the poet to once as the metaphysician, and sometimes using that superlative which he deprecated in his more deliberate moods, did sometimes seem to dissipate the objective world into a shadow of the perceiving mind. In his reaction from 'the window theory'—that the soul looks out through the senses, on the external world—he sometimes seemed to accord to nature no reality except as a reflection of mind, our mind. But he corrected this exaggeration more and more as time went on, until at length he wrote, 'There is in nature a parallel unity which corresponds to the unity in mind and makes it available. Not only man puts things in a row, but things are in a row, . . . nature being formed everywhere after a method which we can well understand, and all the parts, to the most remote, allied and explicable.'

"The simplicity of Emerson's discourse suffered much less deduction from its formlessness than is asserted by his harsher critics and conceded by his friends. That he lacked 'wholeness of tissue,' as Matthew Arnold discovered with his habitual light and insisted on with his habitual sweetness, is obvious, and yet if Arnold had known Emerson better he would have made less of this. Many of the Essays, lacking formal unity, have an organic unity which is better. There are degrees of this, the Divinity School address representing the most strict coherency and the most orderly

velopment. Architectonic he was not, yet he liked to have a steeple to his church, a climax to his essay or address." Mr. Chadwick particularized the Thoreau dress, the first he heard Emerson deliver, and that upon Lincoln's anticipatory emanation proclamation of September, 1862. Mr. Chadwick said: "I had heard Lincoln at his best; I had heard Everett, of whom Emerson had written, 'All his speech is music and with such variety and intention that the ear never tires'; I had heard Sumner magnificently thundering, 'Let my people go'; but till I heard Emerson saying, 'Do not let the dying die; hold them back till you have charged their carod heart with this message to other spiritual societies announcing the amelioration of our planet,' I had not heard the best that human speech could do."

"And always with Emerson the simplest means secured the eloquent effects. Never was voice more magical, but from those sloping shoulders slid off too easily the honors of distinguished oratory which he might otherwise have won. It is only a small part of the beauty of Emerson's writing that has the eloquent note, but beauty is everywhere his most commanding trait, and, in proportion as his expression is more beautiful, it is always less obscure. The simpler Emerson is the purveyor of beautiful thoughts, the poet not submitting his poetry to prosodic forms, but expressing it in his choice and novel use of words, in cadences more musical than many of his formal rhythms, in passages of such haunting loveliness that once read, they can never be forgotten. With Thackeray and some others he goes far to convince us that prose is the most beautiful form of writing possible, more beautiful than the most lovely verse.

"The fable of Emerson's difficulty has been encouraged by the character of a few poems even more, perhaps, than by a few essays among which 'The Oversoul' enjoys a particularly bad eminence. But Emerson's essay, 'Poetry and Imagination' exhibits him as a careful student of the forms of poetry, its artifices and devices, and as extremely sensitive to these. With this knowledge of his art how could he so frequently permit himself to be as harsh as Donne? His defect is the more curious because he could be, and often was, quite perfect in the music of his lines." Quoting several examples, Mr. Chadwick said: "That the same hand that moulded these perfections shaped others rough as frozen stubble is a strange thing to doubt. We must believe for one thing that the muse he courted was a fickle muse, that the goddess was sometimes 'invita,' for another that his chief concern was with his thought, not with the form. Much of Emerson's verse has, equally with his prose, the note of eloquence, the sonorous, resonant quality that invites to audible expression. And by this sign we have the simpler Emerson, for where there is eloquence there must be simplicity.

"John Burroughs says that Emerson cared for ideas not for things." Mr. Chadwick doubted whether Burroughs cared for "things" so much. "Emerson's books are full of them, and so vividly expressed that we seem to be in contact with the things themselves, no mere report of them. He never tires of sitting by that loom which weaves of things the garment of the Eternal Thought and listening to its joyous whirr. He thinks much of the garment. 'O mother!' said Robert Collyer's little daughter, 'when you were away from home I went into the closet and just hugged your

dressess.' Not less was Emerson's affection for the living garment of the never-absent spirit of the world."

Mr. Chadwick found other manifestations of the simpler Emerson in his liking for the homelier forms of speech and in his delicious humor which is not so much here and there as everywhere in his writings. "But it is when we pass to the more general aspects of Emerson's teaching that his simplicity is most conspicuous; he is plainest in proportion to the elevation and importance of his thought, its relative significance in the range of his principal ideas. We have in his own words 'the first simple foundation' of his 'belief that the author of nature has not left himself without a witness in any sane mind.' It is that 'the moral sentiment speaks to every man the law after which the universe was made; that we find parity, identity of design through nature, and benefit to be the uniform aim; that there is a force always at work to make the best better and the worst good.' Here is the optimism of Emerson, but it is everywhere. It is so obvious that it is frequently invoked in justification of that contemporary optimism which is characteristically a gross and sordid satisfaction in the social and political conditions of the time, a fat and lazy acquiescence in its tendencies to lower and the lowest things. But nowhere can we find sterner accusation of this bastard optimism than in Emerson. He never despairs of the republic, but, if no one cherishes a better ultimate hope, no one is keener to detect the present rottenness, seeing the national folly and defect, he saw beyond it to the better coming time. He did not think it possible for us to defeat by any ingenuity the blessed purposes of God. At the same time he could wish that our will and endeavor were more active parties to the work."

"As with his national, so with his universal optimism. Perfectly simple in its fundamental cheerfulness, it is not exclusive of the ugliest fact that seems to militate against its validity. Further, the simplicity of Emerson declares itself in his attitude of habitual worship, his sense of God as everywhere present, urgent, insistent, informing all things with his thought, touching them all with his beauty, embracing them all with his law, saturating them all with his love.

"If Emerson could not see, he felt the 'private amity' of everything with any other, and he took a long step forward and placed himself among the evolutionists who stood eager and tremulous upon the threshold of Darwin's generalization. But the parity and identity which delighted him in nature had their best use for him as type and illustration of the parity and identity of all things natural with all things spiritual, 'the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart.' 'One world at a time' for him, and all the time a moral world, all things making for the good, and hence all things having in it their root and ground. 'Religion,' said Dr. Channing, 'is the worship of goodness,' and the whole body of Emerson's thinking resolves itself into a great 'Argon.' The moral sentiment was his 'sky that holds them all,' God, nature, man. And the door that opens on the invasions of this sentiment is self-reliance, the surrender of the soul to the highest leadings which it knows. If there was a simpler Emerson than the prophet of this burden, it was the Emerson who pleaded for the simple life and in his own person made such a life as real as the granite ledges of his ancestral town. It

is the simplicities of his character, even more than the sublimities, that draw after him so many hearts and make possible the grateful reverence of his centennial year."

THE DISCUSSION

Mr. Sanborn and Mr. Mead Express Their Differences Concerning the American Scholar

After the prolonged and very general applause which followed Mr. Chadwick's closing period had subsided, Mr. Sanborn said the school welcomed any attack upon what Mr. Emerson was, or even upon what anybody thought he was. Mr. Sanborn said that the educated class never led the multitude, but always followed. He called upon Mr. Mead, who said he was sorry that he had been called upon.

"But, so long as I have been," said he, "I wish to take up the brief for the scholar. I do not quite agree with Mr. Sanborn. Emerson and his generation are conspicuous illustrations of the other side of the shield. I cannot help remembering that it was a man, learned of all the Egyptians, who led Israel out of Egypt and that it was Paul who sat at the feet of Gamaliel who did more to spread the gospel than did the fishermen of Galilee. And, as one comes right down to the great struggle for the English Commonwealth, it was Hampton, Pym, Cromwell, Milton, Vane and all those students of Cambridge and Oxford who led the movement for the Commonwealth, and the leaders of the Commonwealth were scholars. The leaders of the American Revolution were chiefly graduates of Harvard and of William and Mary. The scholar has been too often recreant, but the scholar has done great and splendid service. With reference to Lincoln, this homely man, I cannot help thinking that, just as Oliver Cromwell found his great panegyrist in Milton, so it is a blessed thing that Lincoln lived in the Golden Age of our poetry and that every one of our great poets has paid to him so great and wonderful a tribute.

"The scholar can always be kept right and encouraged to be kept right by the fact, and the statement of that fact, that

so many scholars in the progress of radicalism and history have kept right.

"As to Mr. Chadwick's criticism I will say that I do not disagree with him even in what he thought I said about Emerson's poetry being always the best possible. He probably refers to something in my recent book. If so, that was not quite what I said. I simply expressed my feeling that many of those works which annoy the machine versifier and the lover of equal verse grow to us gradually to have a peculiar charm, definiteness and propriety."

Mr. Sanborn, replying to Mr. Mead, said, with his most sarcastic smile wreathing his lips and with a manner impossible to convey by the printed word:

"The American scholar! Ha! Ha! It reminds me of the saying that all the deacons are good, but there is a difference in deacons. The trouble with the American scholar is that he must be with the majority and does not feel easy with the minority. He cannot get out of this servitude to the Government. The business of the scholar is to support the Government when it does right and denounce it when it does wrong. When he gets down on his knees instead of standing up on his feet, he betrays his own order. He will have to repent for his want of incupidity in cask-

cloth and ashes. Emerson was peculiarly a man of courage."

Words of appreciation of the paper on the debt to Emerson were uttered by Colonel North and Señorita Carolina H. Huidoboro, a former resident of Chile, now living in Boston.

THE DEFECT IN HIS PHILOSOPHY

As Seen from the Standpoint of the Sect of Friends Is Pointed Out by Rev. B. F. Trueblood

Rev. Benjamin F. Trueblood, secretary of the American Peace Society and one of the leading Friends in America, was the speaker at last evening's session of the Emerson Memorial School in Huntington Hall. His topic was "Emerson and the Inner Life," and his views were from the standpoint of a Friend. The address contended against what the speaker considered as a deeply religious mind for maintaining a light that was too "inner" for the attainment of aims cherished by Emerson.

The lecturer argued that the trying difficulty in a study of the theological conceptions was Emerson's talent as a phrasemaker—in the best sense of the term—probably the greatest that has ever written in English prose, as Tennyson was the greatest phrasemaker among English-speaking poets. Many of Emerson's phrases are so great, so pregnant with meaning, that they "move the world" and make one feel that a new order of things is coming to light. But not infrequently his temptation to turn a fine phrase for the mere mystic beauty of the thing is so great that he sacrifices sense to form, and it is impossible to be sure of what he is trying to say. This is particularly true of some of his expressions about God.

Emerson's simple, living faith in God was doubtless arrived at, he said, from his ancestors, and he read it into himself from English, German, Hebrew, Persian and Hindu literature, but recast it in his own mould. His faith could not harmonize with the cults and creeds and practices about him, and in his inflexible honesty he withdrew; possibly not being able to justly estimate the utterances of other men in these fields. He felt compelled to trust his own faculties and his own conscience, through whose processes he came to a knowledge of the universal moral system.

EMERSON AND GERMANY

Their Debt to Each Other Under Consideration

Affinity of Emerson and the German Character

Fifth Day of Emerson Memorial School

Today's Interesting Paper by Professor Kuno Francke

Special to the Transcript:

Concord, Mass., July 17—"Emerson's Debt to Germany and Germany's Debt to Emerson" was the topic of a very discrim-

inating and thoughtful paper by Professor Kuno Francke, at the Emerson Memorial School this morning.

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, in presenting the essayist, said that, in arranging the programme, it had been thought well to have treated the mission and work of Emerson outside of his own country. "Of all such countries in the world," said he, "that which is the most akin to the spirit of Emerson and that from which he also derived a part of his own inspiration, is Germany—that very broad term which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins as well as virtues. We have the privilege of having with us this morning a gentleman from that part of the world, who is very familiar with his native country and also with ours, and also with their literatures. He will discourse to us this morning on a subject which will be new to most of this audience—"Emerson's Debt to Germany, and Germany's Debt to Emerson." (Applause.)

SYNOPSIS OF PAPER

Lecturer's Salient Points Noted and Summarized Below

Professor Francke began by pointing out the inner affinity existing between Emerson and German character, the German insistence on intellectual personality in particular. "It would be futile to deny," he said, "that the pressure exerted upon the individual by official authority is greater in Germany than in America, England, France or Italy. Indeed, there is good reason for thinking that this very subordination of the individual to superior ordinances has had a large share in the extraordinary achievements of German statecraft, strategy, industry and science of the last fifty years. What I maintain is this: In spite of the intense supervision of personal conduct, in spite of the supremacy of drill and regulation, in spite of the overwhelming sway of historical tradition and class rule, in spite of all this, there is to be found in Germany a decidedly greater variety of individual views, convictions, principles, modes of life, ideals; in short, of individual character than in America. I do not wish here to analyze the causes of this remarkable phenomenon, beyond stating that one of these causes seems to me to lie in the very existence of those barriers which in Germany restrict and hem in individual activity. It seems as though the pressure from without tended to force to light the life within. Certain it is that the German, while submitting to external limitations which no American would tolerate, is wont to guard his intellectual selfhood with a jealous eagerness compared with which the easy adaptation of the American to standards not his own come near being indifference. His inner life the German wants to shape himself; here he tolerates no authority or ordinance; here he is his own master; here he builds his own world.

"It is easy to see how closely allied Emerson's whole being was to this side of German character. The moderation and harmoniousness of his temper preferred him from the angularity, the oddities and eccentricities which often go with the German insistence or pronounced intellectual personality. On this personality itself he insisted with truly German aggressiveness. Indeed, it may be said that his definition of the scholar as being, not a thinker, but man thinking—a definition which is at the root of Emerson's whole view of intellectual life—is an essentially German conception and places Emerson in line with those splendid

defenders of personal conviction which have embodied German thought with all its rugged pugnaciousness, from the days of Luther to Lessing and Fichte, and finally to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche."

The speaker next dwelt on four important consequences of this German insistence on individuality, namely, the German contempt of sham, the German delight in small things, the German sense of the infinite, and the German disdain of intellectual compromises, showing how closely akin Emerson was in all these respects to the German temper. He then passed on to a characterization of the fundamental thought of the great German idealists of the eighteenth century and traced its influence upon Emerson. Continuing he said:

"It is easy to see that here are found side by side all the essential elements of Emerson's spiritual world—his freedom from tradition, his deep interest in man, his belief in moral freedom and in the moral order of the universe, his pantheism, his optimism, his trust in the perfectibility of the race. But it is worth noticing that in the application of these principles there is a decided difference between Emerson and his masters. The great German idealists, while embracing the human race in their thought, while glorying in the idea of a strong and free popular life, addressed themselves in reality to a small circle of elect spirits; these they hoped to influence, to them they adapted their manner of presentation; with the people at large they had little to do. They were, in other words, with all their democratic sympathies, at heart thoroughly aristocratic; they lack, for the most part, simplicity and the direct appeal to the popular heart. It must further be borne in mind that the condition of the German people at that time was one of utter political disintegration, that the very foundations of national existence were crumbling away, one after another, before the onslaught of the Napoleonic invasion, and that the task of the future was nothing less than a complete reorganization of public life. Whatever there is, then, in German literature of that time, of popular appeal is dictated by distress, by the bitter need of the hour, and has to do with the death-agony of a social order sinking into ruin, and the birth throes of a new order not yet fully formed.

"Emerson, on the other hand, although his life was spent amid the most refined circles of New England culture, although his own utterances never fail to appeal to the finest and most elevated aspirations of the human heart, yet always looked beyond his own cultivated surroundings into the wider spheres of common, ordinary life. With all his aristocratic bearing and predilections, he was at heart thoroughly democratic. And the people to which he gave his life's work was not a nation threatened in its existence, crippled, defeated; but a nation that only recently had won its freedom, a healthy young giant, teeming with untried power and latent vitality, unexperienced but perfectly normal, untouched by disappointment, a vast future in his loins. Is it a wonder that Emerson's application of German idealism should, on the whole, have been more sane, more normal, more vigorous, more genuinely popular, more universally human than German idealism itself?"

After illustrating this point by a detailed comparison between Emerson and Fichte, Professor Francke finally considered Emerson's influence upon contemporary German life. He spoke of the decay of German idealism in the second half of the nine-

nenth century, the ascendancy of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, the rise of industrialism, the absence of spirituality in scientific investigation. But a reaction against the pessimism of Schopenhauer, the cynicism of Nietzsche, the soulless monotony of specialization has set in—a reaction closely

bound up with the rising influence of Emerson. To Herman Grimm belongs the credit of having first acquainted Germany with Emerson and of having held him up as a leader in the spiritual awakening which is surely coming. The speaker closed by saying:

"The signs of the time are full of promise. The extraordinary success of such a book as Harnack's 'Essence of Christianity'; the widespread influence of such a university teacher, such a wise, free, kindly man of ideals as Frederick Paulsen; the devoted efforts of Pastor Naumann, of Bruno Wille, Wilhelm Bölsche and others to win the masses back to spiritual hope and an enlightened faith; the new life kindled in poetry and the drama—all this is conclusive evidence that we are on the very verge of a new era of German idealism. And when it comes, there will come with it the demand: less Nietzsche and more Emerson; and a new intellectual bond between America and Germany, will have been established.

THE DISCUSSION

Interesting Debate Which Followed the Paper

After the great and prolonged applause which had greeted the conclusion of Professor Francke's extremely interesting paper had subsided Mr. Sanborn said the ignorance of the average American of German literature, in its formative period at least, was extraordinary. He supposed no country—not even England, which is the slowest in the world to receive ideas from other countries—was, up to 1825, so densely ignorant of what Germany was thinking as was the United States. This might account for Emerson's slowness in becoming acquainted with German idealism, though in its essentials he had it in himself.

Mr. George Willis Cooke said that Professor Francke had not thoroughly recognized the element of idealism in New England. In Emerson's lecture, delivered in 1842, on "The Idealists," in his course of lectures on "The Times," he indicated that idealism as it then existed was indigenous to New England. Emerson's idealism was not formed from any knowledge, second, third, or fourth hand, of the German authors, but from his reading of a wide circle of thinkers in all ages—Plato, and others. In German literature he found more complete, more philosophical, more systematized, that which he had already conceived; and it was made more familiar to him.

Mr. Charles Malloy said he had read Emerson and did not read Goethe.

Mr. F. B. Hornbrooke said the signal value of Emerson was, not that he said an especially new thing, or uttered a new thought—nobody ever did that—but that he gave expression to what was beginning to be in the air, and what was always in the air. Ideas were like microbes—always in the air. Emerson had the advantage over the German idealism, that he said what he had to say in the very best form, and gave it a classic expression; and that was why what he said lived. Emerson was also independent—the mouthpiece — of no party or church, and therefore could always say what he said and thought. (Applause.)

EMERSON'S PHILOSOPHY OUTGROWN

George Willis Cooke Says Its Individualism, Though the Greatest Single Intellectual Phase of American Thought, Is Outdated

George Willis Cooke's lecture on "Emerson and the Transcendental Movement," delivered at Huntington Hall last evening in the Emerson memorial course, was a new essay toward the definition of the term. It was of necessity a discussion of Emerson's philosophy, around whose name has crystallized most of what the transcendental movement meant. Mr. Coke left transcendentalism, in his conclusion, an outgrown and outdated philosophy, though historically recognized as the greatest single intellectual phase of American thought.

The lecturer showed transcendentalism to be, first of all, a religious movement, relying in no way upon agnostic or unbelieving types of thought. Rather there was a considerable demand on human faith, founded on the belief in a set of ideas common to humanity that are not born of experience; something that comes by intuition—a spiritual sense that "transcends" the intellect. To this Emerson applied the term "oversoul," and used as he used it, the word is a substitute for God, a term, in its popular sense, that to Emerson implied limitations he would not admit. As a further development, there was introduced the element of self-reliance, as opposed to what may be called a God-reliance, in the sense that man possessed in himself resources for spiritual and ethical regeneration. The only condition prescribed was a free receptivity and acceptance of the teachings of intuition; transcendentalism being, then, the oversoul plus self-reliance. There was nevertheless the limitation that man, while self-contained and independent of other men, was by no means a free agent, as against this intuitive philosophic element. The whole modern conception of the sociality of man, as opposed to the individuality so earnestly preached by Emerson, has made transcendentalism an outdated philosophy.

The Concord of Emerson

One of the most interesting of the special Emerson lectures was attended by about two hundred people yesterday afternoon in Huntington Hall. The lecturer, Rev. Dr. Gleason, was enabled from personal acquaintance with Thoreau and from familiarity with the Concord woods to treat his subject, "Thoreau," with exceptional interest and authority. The stereopticon views of the noted spots in Concord and the homes and haunts of Emerson and Thoreau brought the famous Concord authors vividly before the audience.

Notes of the School

The Emerson Memorial Meeting will be held at the Hillside Chapel, Concord, next Wednesday, at 3 P. M. At the conclusion of the exercises there—probably at about 4.30—Mrs. Lothrop ("Margaret Sidney") invites all attendants upon the Concord and Boston lectures to a reception at her residence (which adjoins the Hillside Chapel), "Wayside," Hawthorne's old home.

There will be no lecture, either in Concord or Boston tomorrow. The sessions of the school will be resumed Monday morning.

TOWN HALL, CONCORD

At 10 A. M.

July 20—Edwin D. Moad, "Emerson's Message in Education."
" 21—Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, "Emerson and Carlyle."

" 22—Dr. Edward W. Emerson, "The Religion of Emerson."
" 23—Prof. Charles F. Richardson, "Emerson's Place in American Literature."
" 24—Percival Chubb, "Emerson's Spiritual Leadership in England."
" 27—Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, "Emerson and Oriental Thought."
" 28—Charles Malloy, "The Sphinx."
" 29—Rev. John W. Chadwick, "The Simpler Emerson."
" 30—Moorfield Storey, "Emerson and the Civil War."
" 31—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, "A Century from the Birth of Emerson."

HUNTINGTON HALL, BOSTON

At 7.45 P. M.

Tonight—Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, "Emerson and Harvard."
July 20—William R. Thayer, "Emerson's Gospel of Individualism."
" 21—Dr. Francis E. Abbott, "Emerson the Anti-Imperialist, or Prophet of the Natural Rights of Man."
" 22—Rev. R. Heber Newton, "Emerson the Man."
" 23—Henry D. Lloyd, "Emerson's Wit and Humor."
" 24—William M. Salter, "Emerson's Aim and Method in Social Reform."
" 27—Rabbi Charles Fleischer, "Emerson, the Seer of Democracy."
" 28—Rev. Benjamin F. Trueblood, "Emerson and the Inner Light."
" 29—William Lloyd Garrison, "Emerson and the Anti-Slavery Movement."
" 30—Prof. A. E. Dolbear, "Emerson's Thought in Relation to Modern Science."
" 31—Rev. Edward Everett Hale, "Emerson's Gospel for His Own Time and for Ours."

The following is from
the Boston Evening
Transcript, May 23, 1903

Emerson and His Present-Day Critics

An Examination of Varying Views

BY GEORGE PERRY MORRIS

ALL who have set for themselves the task of procuring criticism of Emerson called forth by the centennial celebration just at hand, and who have read it with any care, must have been forced to one of two conclusions; namely, either that his influence has been less pervasive than commonly is supposed and his appeal to the English-speaking world less irresistible than we had flattered ourselves it was, or else the editors of the leading English and American periodicals have failed in enterprise and in accurately sensing the opportunity with which the centenary of Emerson's birth provided them.

The only English journals which as yet have recognized the event in any way are Blackwood's and Macmillan, and they by anonymous contributions. Our own magazine editors are open to much the same indictment.

It has been reserved for a Chicago weekly called Unity to give, in a series of articles, a more comprehensive and instructive body of opinion respecting Emerson than can be found in any one article elsewhere. In the light of New England's contempt for Chicago's culture, the fact is suggestive. Brooklyn has sought in a New Jersey suburb for the orator at its Emerson celebration, Professor Edward Griggs, and one cannot help wondering why Rev. John White Chadwick was passed by, and what has come over the city of Beecher and

tors that it needs to import orators. Colonel Henry Watterston of Louisville is to be imported by the New York Society of Authors to give the eulogy of Emerson at its celebration, which seems an odd choice for a society bearing that name and having its headquarters in New York.

In reviewing current Emersonia* one is struck squarely at the outset with the testimony of all the generations whose representatives have written as to the moral or tonic power of the man. Whether it be Ednah D. Cheney, John Albee, Frank B. Sanborn, Moncure D. Conway, W. Robertson Nicoll, G. Stanley Lee or Bliss Carman, the tribute is the same. "I cannot think of Emerson as a scholar or even as a philosopher; he always comes to me as a vital influence," says Mrs. Cheney, and she gives quotations from diaries of Boston young folk in the forties to show how profoundly he stirred the susceptible, aspiring minds. "A book of Emerson's was the star that shone above me and lighted the pathway," says Albee. "I find myself divided between the wish to portray both the Man I knew and loved and the Philosopher who uttered for me the secret of the universe so early in my youth that I escaped those doubts and that despair which so often confront the thinking man as he stands on the threshold of active life," writes Mr. Sanborn.

It was a reading of Emerson's Essay on History, reprinted in Blackwood's Magazine, that made the young Virginian, Conway, come to himself, give up slaying animals and hating the Negro, and ultimately to evolve from a Methodist circuit rider into an ultra-radical; and he now comes back, as from the dead, to say that Emerson revolutionized his life. Nicoll testifies to the mighty force with which Emerson acted on the minds of young men in Scotland in the '60s. And Bliss Carman in a suggestive bit of autobiography describes the ferment of twenty-five years ago when Science was supposed to be opposed to religion and triumphant over it, and when "there was need of a great friend whose unflinching courage might serve as a stay amid tottering creeds and overthrown convictions. That friend was Emerson. . . . We perceived that while the signs and vestments of our paternal religion might vanish like smoke, the breath of goodness at the core of things remained potent and quickening as before."

As for G. Stanley Lee, he refers to Emerson's influence upon him today in terms that are as ardent as any of Emerson's first followers. "I for one would not have it changed—not one breath or shading of it—this inhuman nearness of Emerson's. I find myself holding to it, to the very sense of it, that there is such a thing, with a kind of grim inner might. In its smaller measure it is the same kind of nearness one feels to God. . . . I know of no man who makes so marvellously real to me the kind of love that outstretches hands. There is no other man who can so flood my days with the realities I never touch, who puts realities into all of one's vast, far comradeships."

Was Emerson a poet? Bliss Carman, who is a poet, argues that so single-hearted was he, so thoroughly the preacher of righteousness, that his work "does not give us the satisfaction in sensuous beauty which we derive from many poets—his inferiors. . . . He was a speaker of maxims, not a builder in rhyme—at least not in the sense that Milton and Tennyson were." Never-

theless, Carman concedes his greatness as an artist because his style was the very image and likeness of himself, he holding, in opposition to some authorities as to what makes literature classic, that the personal and not the impersonal makes the highest art. This perfect identity of style with the man writing also is noted by Robertson Nicoll, whose final estimate is that Emerson was a great and admirable poet, with affinities more Oriental than Occidental, a poet whose verse is at variance with the rulling canons of criticism, but which remains while they may not. Incidentally he remarks that Matthew Arnold's detractor of Emerson's verse reveals Arnold's limitations rather than Emerson's.

A typical criticism from the standpoint of the aesthete is that of Charles Leonard Moore, who finds too much of the preacher and maker of moral maxims in Emerson and too little of "the instinct of a true poet who desires to multiply phenomena and to envisage the whole mass of life" to permit him to call Emerson a poet of the highest class. But even Mr. Moore has to admit that Emerson has left "instructible crystals of verse." "Imagination failed him, the plastic gift failed him in pieces of any length; but there are a score or two of phrases, lines, quatrains, fragments which have a verbal felicity hardly equalled elsewhere in American poetry." Per contra, the man with a mingled love of beauty and duty, when told that Emerson is not a poet because so much of a moralist, says, to quote G. Stanley Lee, that such talk "fills him with impatience—childish perhaps"—because, for him "to be a poet to a man as Emerson is, to be a poet to him on his God-side, to play upon the inner senses of his senses, to relate him vividly and passionately day after day, to that which

* Bibliography of articles noted in this review: John Albee, "A Tribute to Emerson," *The Independent*, May 21. Edith Baker Brown, "The Modern Emerson," *The Critic*, May. Bliss Carman, "Emerson, The Literary World, May. Benjamin de Casseres, "Emerson: Scientist and Poet," *The Critic*, May. John W. Chadwick, "The Divinity School Address," *Unity*, March 10. Ednah D. Cheney, "Personal Reminiscences of Emerson," *Unity*, May 14. Moncure D. Conway, "Emerson the Teacher and the Man," *The Critic*, May. George Willis Cooke, "Emerson as a Reformer," *Unity*, April 9. J. Morgan Gibbon, "Emerson's Influence in England," *The Congregationalist*, May 2. George A. Gordon, D. D., "Emerson as a Religious Influence," *The Atlantic*, May. T. W. Higginson, "The Emerson Centenary," *Succasa*, May. Julia Ward Howe, "Ralph Waldo Emerson as I Knew Him," *The Critic*, May. Gerald Stanley Lee, "Emerson as a Poet," *The Critic*, May. H. W. Mable, "Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1803," *Harper's Magazine*, May. "Concord and Emerson," *The Outlook*, May 2. Annie Russell Marble, "First Editions of Emerson," *The Critic*, May. Rev. W. P. Merrill, "Emerson's Influence in Evangelical Thought," *The Interior*, May 7. Charles Mollay, "Recollections of Emerson," *Boston Herald*, May 10, 17 and 24. Charles Leonard Moore, "A Maker of Maxims," *The Dial*, May 1. Paul Elmer More, "The Influence of Emerson," *The Independent*, May 2. George P. Morris, "Emerson: Individualist, Mystic and Optimist," *The Congregationalist*, May 2. W. Robertson Nicoll, "Ralph Waldo Emerson," *North American Review*, May. Frank Sanborn, "Emerson and Contemporary Poets," *The Critic*, May. "Emerson the Person and Philosopher," *Unity*, Feb. 19. Andrew D. White, "Emerson," *Unity*, April 16. T. W. Higginson, "The Personality of Emerson," *The Outlook*, May 23.

he cannot see. . . ." makes Emerson a poet of the highest order.

It has been contended, notably by John Burroughs and by Edwin D. Mead, that Emerson's intuitive prevision anticipated much of the results of modern science using the inductive or scientific method; and that he saw, years before Darwin, what Darwin and his contemporaries and disciples he, since built up as a generally accepted sci-

ing hypothesis of the mode of evolution of life. Confirmation of this prevision—though seen to be not purely intuitional—is found in what Moncure D. Conway writes of his memories of Emerson as a lecturer in the Divinity School, Cambridge, where, as early as 1863, Emerson was setting forth the suggestive possibilities in John Hunter's idea of "an arrested and progressive development," and was applying the idea not only to man's physical but also to his moral being. (Hunter's collected works appeared in 1835 when Emerson was writing "Nature.") Darwin did not publish the "Origin of Species" until 1859, and that year Conway, as an echo and disciple of Emerson, and entirely ignorant of Darwin's book, was publishing a tract in Albany, N. Y., and advancing the opinion that every animal was man in an arrested development; that men travel upward through the stages of animalism, and that "moral evil is only the living out among men of their arrested developments."

Consideration of Emerson at any time will inevitably lead to discussion of certain aspects of him, criticism of which was contemporaneous with his teaching. Latest attempts to appraise him really have struck out no new thoughts concerning him, unless it be in the striking paradoxical articles of Benjamin de Casseres on "Emerson as a Sceptic and Pessimist" and "Emerson as an Individualist." Present-day criticism but enforces or weakens arguments that men of Emerson's own generation were keen enough to bring.

Thus what Gordon and Nicoll—two theologians, and More and Moore, two humanists versed in classical lore, say of the defective perspective of the man as he viewed human evil, and of his over emphasis on intuition and the subjective and under emphasis on the historical and the objective is not new as to point; it is new as to setting and as to the personalities uttering it.

The poem to be read by Mr. George E. Woodberry in Symphony Hall Sunday evening doubtless will be worthy of the hour. Happily a man poet has found it in him to sing, albeit invited to. But why have not others volunteered? Is the spirit of poetry dead, or confined to women exclusively? How happens it that the only poems which refer to Emerson contributed to the magazines this month are by women. Are women our only worshippers of Idealism now? Or is this fact an unconscious proof of what has been called the essential femininity of Emerson's character?

The poems follow. Can it be said that they are altogether worthy of the poet whose praise is sung? Do they accurately reveal the state of poetry among us today; and if so, why is it? Given the centennial of the birth of a great idealist and general recognition of the event by the more idealistic forces of the community, what keener spur to song could poets have to put in some form of verse their tribute to their master? The lyres seem to be unstrung, or if touched then only to give forth minor strains of a respectable but not unforgettable sort.

EMERSON

Through his own heart, as through a seer's clear glass,

He watched the mighty host of mankind

And, confident, serene, assured, his pen
Pointed the path for wildered souls of men.

What matter in what place may rest today
The crumbling, toppled temples of his clay!
The unhouse-d spirit, strong, alert and free,
Still lifts the voice that thrilled humanity.

(Theodosia Garrison in Success.

EMERSON

kingdoms there are outside the civic state whose orb of power, whose boundaries are not known, but only this—who fine allegiance own, by that allegiance are, themselves, made great.

Thou such fair realm to thee is consecrate, Thou of the vatic glance and orphic tone, Whose cleaving thought the way of man hath shown,

With Freedom as a portion of his Fate, Liberator of the timorous heart—Bringing to balance hopes as large as fears, Hastener of spirits too precipitate—

Crowned and gone! wherever now thou art,

Receive (long due) this tribute of young years, And lend an influence, when the light grows late.

[Edith M. Thomas in the Critic.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Monadnock calls the winds from peak to sea—

The clarion north wind and the full-choired west—

And bids the streams their cliff-born melody

Blend with the airy chants above his rest; And wakes the pines to hymn his hundred years.

In the world symphonies he loved so well; and listens—if perchance from starry spheres

Some echo of a kindred song should swell, Poet whose lofty quest no creed could bar;

To whom the secret springs of life were known;

One with the wild rose and the evening star;

The mountain and the mart alike thy throne—

For thee, from nature's myriad voices now And the deep heart of man, ascends a psalm.

Pan was not closer to the earth than thou, Nor Plato nearer to the empyrean!

[Edna Dean Proctor in the Independent.

AT EMERSON'S GRAVE

What afterthoughts the rough-hewn, uncarved stone

Which marks the resting-place of Concord's Sage

Suggests to our time-serving, restless age! How strong is its simplicity! Unknown

To its complexity of thought! Alone—Amid the commonplace who ever gauge

Life's guerdon by its fickle gaids and wage, Unheeded of the world's grave undertone—

It stands, fit type of him whose soul's behest Transcended mere convention's petty bound,

The boulder's rugged outline power implies;

The rose tints, gleaming through the quartz, suggest

That inward light which energized and crowned

A gracious spirit, kindly, keen and wise.

[Charlotte Brewster Jordan in the Outlook.

In connection with this Emerson centennial, it would be a serious omission to fail to note that Mr. Frank B. Sanborn has framed the dictum, that "the first qualification for estimating Emerson is to acknowledge his superiority; until that is done, the aberration due to vanity will tinge the critic's opinion with odd colors."

This, apropos of Mr. Sanborn's expression of displeasure with Dr. Gordon's article on Emerson. One can admire Mr. Sanborn's loyalty to his master, while at the same time smiling at his canon of criticism. It sounds very much like some very "orthodox" opinions with respect to sacred literature and higher criticism of the Bible, which Mr. Sanborn in his normal mood would be the first to impale on the point of his pen. Mr. Sanborn has hurled too many stones at reputations dear to a majority of his countrymen to be competent to play the role of offended friend and disciple at a time when the infallibility of his

particular oracle is questioned. Was it vanity that tinged his own criticism of McKinley, or now of Roosevelt? Some have assumed that it was conscience, love of liberty, etc. Possibly Dr. Gordon, and W. Robertson Nicoll, and Paul E. More, and Charles Leonard-Moore, also have consciences.

In life Emerson seldom passed beyond the smile, says Mr. Howells. But Whipple has left testimony as to his keen sense of humor and as to his rare power of laughing with, those who laughed at him.

If his immortal shade concerns itself at all with outgivings of the critics of today we can imagine it enjoying the juxtaposition of the clashing sentiments of Bliss Carman and Paul E. More. Carman, facing what he believes to be the dominant "breathless commercial spirit" of today, sighs for another Emerson. "To tell the truth, we need the Philippines much less than we need another Emerson; but since we have got the Philippines we need an original Emerson all the more." Mr. More, on the other hand, credits the unreflecting transcendental optimism of Boston with maternity of "that unformed creature called anti-imperialism," and he deems especially reprehensible Senator Hoar's "Saturnalia or excess of faith" which wantonly closes the eyes to distinctions and would see a Washington in every Aguilardo." In short, according to Mr. More, what the country is suffering from is too much Emersonianism, "too much glorification of untried human nature preached by Channing, made beautiful by Emerson, acted by the abolitionists and reduced to the absurd by Mr. [Edward] Atkinson." Mr. More has read his Emerson to little purpose if he does not know that whatever the aberrations of some of those who clustered about him in life or whatever the follies of present day transcendentalism, Emerson was as sane and shrewd a man as lived in Concord.

There are those who are very confident as to just what he would say or do now with the nation facing new problems. As an idealist, of course, he would rebuke materialism. He did this while he lived. He would be doing it today were he alive. Mr. H. W. Mabie points out with pertinence that Emerson was singularly free from provincialism in his conception of the nation, and more than most singers of his time, sang of the nation and not of a particular section of it in which he lived. Because he was a purely spiritual force there was, he thinks, more of the universal in Emerson's message than in those of other men, although he freely used the language of his time. In this fact, therefore, Mr. Mabie thinks was "the secret of his escape from the limitations of sectional America and his immense and permanent service and significance to the nation in its full, if not its final development."

Which suggests, of course, that inasmuch as we have passed from the specifically national to the international stage of our relations, the Emerson who sang of nationalism might not rise to the level of internationalism. Doubtless the new Emerson whom Mr. Carman longs for when he comes will idealize the internationalism of the present just as Emerson did the nationalism of his day. But where is he?

The following is from the Boston Evening Transcript, May 23, 1903.

EMERSON THE PHILOSOPHER

A Plea for a Revival of Idealism

By PROF. HUGO MÜNSTERBERG*

* An address delivered at New Lecture Hall, Cambridge, May 18, 1900.

At the hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birthday, Harvard University is to take a noble share in the celebration. For years it has been one of the deepest desires of the Harvard community to erect in the college yard a building devoted to philosophy only. Today this building is secured. To be sure, the good will of the community must still do much before the funds allow the erection of a building spacious enough to fulfill our hopes; but whether the hall shall be small or large, we know today that it will soon stand under the Harvard elms and that over its door will be inscribed the name: Ralph Waldo Emerson. No worthier memorial

ould have been selected. Orations may be helpful, but the living word flows away; statue may be lasting, but it does not awaken new thought. We shall have the orations and we shall have a statue, but we shall have now, above all, a memorial which will last longer than a monument and speak louder than an oration: Emerson Hall will be a fountain of inspiration forever. The philosophical work of Harvard has been too long scattered in cores of places; there was no unity, philosophy had no real home. But Emerson Hall will be not only the workshop of the professional students of philosophy, will be not only the background for all that manifold activity in ethics and psychology, in logic and metaphysics, in aesthetics and sociology, it will become a new centre for the whole university, embodying in outer form the mission of philosophy to connect the scattered specialistic knowledge of the sciences. Harvard could not have offered a more glorious gift to Emerson's memorial.

But the spirit of such memorial hour demands, more than all, sincerity. Can we sincerely say that the choice was wise, when we look at it from the point of view of the philosophical interests? It was beautiful to devote the building to Emerson. Was it wise, yes, was it morally right to devote Emerson's name to the philosophy building? Again and again as such a doubt found expression. Your building, we have heard from some of the best, belongs to scientific philosophy; the men who are to teach under its roof are known in the world as serious scholars, who have no sympathy with the vague pseudo-philosophy of popular sentimentalists; between the walls of your hall you will have the apparatus of experimental psychology, and you will be expected to do there the most critical and most consistent work in methodology and epistemology. Is it not irony to put over the door, through which daily hundreds of students are to enter, the name of a man who may be a poet and a prophet, a leader in literature and a leader in life, but who was certainly a mystic and not a thinker, an enthusiast but not a philosopher? Not only those who belittle him today and who short-sightedly deny even his immense religious influence, but even many of Emerson's warmest admirers hold such opinion. They love him, they are inspired by the superb beauty of his intuitions, but they cannot respect the content of his ideas, if they do not wish to deny all their modern knowledge and scientific insight. Yes, for the most part they deny that his ideas form at all a connected whole; they are aphorisms, beautiful sparks. Did he not himself say: "With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall." And yet how can there be philosophy without consistency; how can we interpret reality if we contradict ourselves? If Emerson's views of the world did really not aim towards consistency and did really ignore our modern knowledge, then it would be better to go on with our philosophy work in Harvard without shelter and roof than to have a hall whose name symbolizes both the greatest foe of philosophy, the spirit of inconsistency and the greatest danger for philosophy, a mystic vagueness which ignores real science.

But Emerson stands smiling behind this group of admirers and says, "To be great is to be misunderstood." Yes, he did say, "A foolish consistency is the hob-goblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines;" but he soon adds, "Of one will the actions will be harmonious however unlike they seem." Emerson despises the consistency of the surface because he holds to the consistency of the depths, and every sentence he speaks is an action of the one will, and however unlike they seem they are harmonious, and we can add, they are philosophical; and what may seem to these anxious friends more daring, they are not only in harmony with each other, they are in deepest harmony with the spirit of modern philosophy, with a creed which ought to be taught by the most critical scholars of Harvard's Philosophy Hall.

What is the essence of Emerson's doctrine in the realm of philosophy? It seems like sacrilege to formulate anything he said in the dry terms of technical philosophy. We must tear from it all the richness and splendor of his style, we must throw off the glory of his metaphor, and we must leave out his practical wisdom and his religious emotion. It seems as if we must lose all we love. It seems as if we were to take a painting of Raphael and abstract not only from the richly colored gowns of the persons in it, but from their flesh and blood, till only the skeleton of the figures remained, all beauty would be gone, and yet we know that Raphael himself drew at first the skeletons of his figures, knowing too well that no pose and no gesture is convincing, and no drapery beautiful if the bones and joints fit not correctly together. And such a skeleton of theoretical ideas appears not only without charm, it appears necessarily also uninteresting, without originality, commonplace. All the philosophies, from Plato to Hegel, brought down to their technical formulas sound merely like new combinations of trivial elements, and yet they have made the world, have made revolutions and wars, have led to freedom and peace, have been mightier than traditions and customs; and it is true for every one of them that, as Emerson said, "A philosopher must be more than a philosopher."

There are, it seems, three principles of a philosophical character without which Emerson's life work cannot be conceived. To bring them to the shortest expression we might say, Nature speaks to us; Freedom speaks in us; the Oversoul speaks through us. There is no word in Emerson's twelve volumes which is inconsistent with this threefold conviction, and everything else in his system either follows immediately from this belief or is a non-essential supplement. But that threefold faith is a courageous creed indeed. The first, we said, refers to Nature; he knew Nature in its intimacy, he knew Nature in its glory; "Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." And this, Nature, that is the assertion, is not what natural sciences teach it to be. The Nature of the physicist, the dead world of atoms controlled by the laws of a dead causality, is not really the Nature we live in; the reality of Nature cannot be expressed by the record of its phenomena, but merely by the understanding of its

meaning. Natural science leads us away from Nature as it really is. We must try to understand the thoughts of Nature. "Nature stretches out her arms to embrace man; only let his thoughts be of equal greatness;" and again Emerson says, "All the facts of natural history taken by themselves have no value, but are barren like a single sex; but marry it to human history and it is full of life;" and finally, "The philosopher postpones the apparent order of things to the empire of Thought."

And in the midst of Nature, of the living Nature, we breathe in freedom; man is free. Take that away and Emerson is not. Man is free. He does not mean the freedom of the Declaration of Independence, a document so anti-Emersonian in its conception of man; and he does not mean the liberty after which, as he says, the slaves are crowing while most men are slaves. No, we are free as responsible agents of our morality. We are free with that freedom which annuls fate; and if there is fate, then freedom is its most necessary part, "Forever wells up the impulse of choosing and acting in the soul." "So far as man thinks he is free." "Before the revelations of the soul, time, space and nature shrink away." "Events are grown on the same stem with the personality; they are sub-personalities." "We are not built like a ship to be tossed, but like a house to stand." This freedom alone gives meaning to our life with its duties, and puts the accent of the world's history on the individual, on the personality: "All history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons," and "An institution is the lengthened shadow of a man."

Nature speaks to us, Freedom speaks in us, but through us speaks a Soul that is more than individual, an over-individual soul, an "Oversoul, within which every man is contained and made one with all others." Now even "Nature is a great shadow, pointing always to the sun behind her." Everyone of us belongs to an absolute consciousness which in us and through us wills its will; "Men descend to meet" and "Jove nods to Jove from behind each of us." Yes, "Man is conscious of a universal soul within or behind his individual life, wherein as in a firmament justice, truth, love, freedom arise and shine." The ideals, the duties, the obligations, are not man's will but the will of an Absolute.

Does not all this sound like a wilful denial of all that has been fixed by the sciences of our time? Does not every sophomore who has had his courses in Physics, Psychology, and Sociology know better? He knows, we all know, that the processes of Nature stand under physical laws, that the will of man is the necessary outcome of psychological laws, that the ideals of man are the products of human civilization and sociological laws. And if every atom in the universe moves according to the laws which physics and chemistry, astronomy and geology have discovered, is it not anti-scientific sentimentality to seek a meaning and thoughts in the mechanical motions of the dead world of substance? So the poet may speak, but we ought not to say that his fanciful dreams have value for scholarly philosophers. The philosophy of the scientist ought to be the acknowledgment that matter and energy, and space and time are eternal, and that the smallest grain of sand and the largest solar system move meaninglessly by blind causality.

And emptier still is the naive belief that man is free. Do we not profit from decades of psychological labor, whereby the finest structure of the brain has been discovered, wherein the psychological laws have been studied with the exactitude of a natural science, wherein we have studied the mental life of animals and children, and have observed the illusions of freedom in the hypnotised man and in the insane? Yes, we know today that every mental act, that every psychological process is the absolutely necessary outcome of the given circumstances; that the functions of the cells in the cortex of the brain determine every decision and volition, and that man's deed is as necessary as the falling of the stone when its support is taken away. Yes, modern psychology does not even allow the will as an experience of its own kind; it has shown with all the means of its subtle analysis that all which we feel as our will is only a special combination of sensations which accompany certain movement-impulses in our body. Can we still take it seriously, when the philosopher steps in and pushes sovereignly aside all the exact knowledge of mankind, and declares simply "Man's will is free!"

Finally, the claim for the overpersonal, absolute consciousness in man. It is a triumph of modern science to understand how the duties and ideals have grown up in the history of civilization. What one nation calls moral is perhaps indifferent or immoral for another people or for another time; what the one calls beautiful is ugly for the other; what one period admires as truth is absurdity for another; there is no absolute truth, no absolute beauty, no absolute religion; no absolute morality, and sociology shows how it was necessary that just these ideals and just these obligations should have grown up under a given climate and soil, a given temperament of the race, a given set of economical conditions, a given accumulation of technical achievements. Man has made his Absolute, not the Absolute made man, and whatever hopes and fears make

men believe, the scholarly mind cannot doubt that these beliefs and idealizations are merely the products of the feelings and emotions of individuals bound together by equal conditions of life. Leave it to the raptures of the mystic to ignore scientific truth, to get over soul connection beyond all experience. In short, to accept Emerson's philosophy, the scientific nature is concerned, means to be ignorant where man is concerned, and means to be a mystic where moral and religious, æsthetic and logical ideals are concerned. Can such be the herald of modern philosophy?

But those who are so proud and so quick are not aware that the times have changed and that their speech is the wisdom of yesterday. In the history of human knowledge the periods alternate. Great waves follow each other, and while one tendency of scientific thought is ebbing, another is rising; and there is no greater alternation than that between positivism and idealism. The positivistic period of natural science has ebbed for ten or fifteen years; an idealistic one is rising. Emerson once said here in Harvard that the Church has periods when it has wooden chalices and golden priests, and others when it has golden chalices and wooden priests. That is true for

the churches of human knowledge too, and for knowledge of all denominations. Forty, fifty years ago, in the great period when Helmholtz discovered the conservation of energy and Darwin the origin of species, one naturalistic triumph followed the other, golden high priests of natural science were working with wooden chalices in narrow awkward laboratories; today natural science has golden chalices provided in luxurious institutions, but there are too many wooden priests. The fullest energies of our time are pressing on to an idealistic revival, are bringing about a new idealistic view of the world, and turning in sympathy to that last foregoing period of idealism of which Ralph Waldo Emerson was perhaps the last original exponent. But also with his period was idealism not new. When he came to speak on the Transcendentalist, he began, "The first thing we have to say respecting the new views here in New England is that they are not new." Yes, indeed; since the beginnings of Greek philosophy, more than two thousand years ago, the two great tendencies have constantly followed each other. Each one must have its time of development, must reach its climax, must go over into undue exaggeration, and thus destroy itself to make room for the other, which then begins in its turn to grow, to win, to overdo, and to be defeated.

Glorious had been the triumph of Positivism in the middle of the eighteenth century when the French encyclopædists were at work, those men who wrote the decrees for the French Revolution. But before the last consequences of the Positivism of the eighteenth century were drawn, the idealistic counter movement had started. Emmanuel Kant gave the signal, he fired the shot heard round the world; and Fichte followed, whose ethical Idealism changed the map of Europe, and his spirit went over the Channel to Carlyle, and finally over the ocean to these shores of New England and spoke with the lips of Emerson. It is unimportant whether Emerson studied the great transcendental systems in the original; he knew Kant and Schelling probably at first through Coleridge, and Fichte through Carlyle. But in the meantime Idealism too had exaggerated its claims, it had gone forward to Hegel, and while Hegelian thought, about 1830, with an iron fist held in its grasp the deepest knowledge of his time, his neglect of positive experience demanded reaction, a counter movement became necessary, and in the midst of the nineteenth century the great idealistic movement with all its philosophical and historical energies went down, and a new Positivism, full of enthusiasm for natural science and technique and full of contempt for philosophy, gained the day. With logical consistency, the spirit of empiricism went from realm to realm. It started with the inorganic world, passed into physics, then forward to chemistry, became more ambitious and conquered the world of organisms, and when biology had said its positivistic say, turned from the outer nature of being to the inner nature. The mind of man was scrutinized with positivistic methods: we came to experimental psychology, and finally, as the highest possible aim of naturalism, to the positivistic treatment of society as a whole, to sociology. But naturalism again has overdone its mission, the world has begun to feel that all the technique, that all the naturalistic knowledge makes life not more worth living, that comfort and bigness

do not really mean progress, that naturalism cannot give us an ultimate view of the world. And above all, the reaction has come from the midst of the sciences themselves. Twenty years ago scientific work received its fullest applause for the negation of philosophical demands. Ten years ago the feeling came up that there are after all problems which need philosophy, and today philosophers, with good or bad philosophy, are at work everywhere. The physicists, the chemists and the biologists, the astronomers and the mathematicians, the psychologists and the sociologists, the historians and the economists, the linguists and the jurists, all are today busily engaged in philosophical inquiries, in inquiries into the conditions of their knowledge, into the presuppositions and methods of their sciences, into their ultimate principles and conceptions; in short, without a word of sudden command, the front has changed its direction. We are moving again towards philosophy, towards idealism, towards Emerson.

Does all this mean that we are to forget the achievements of natural science, and ignore the results of empirical labor, of labor which has given us an invincible mastery of stubborn nature and an undreamed-of power to calculate all processes of the physical and of the psychical world? No sane man can entertain such a notion. Yes, such ideas would contradict the laws which have controlled the alternation of Idealism and Positivism through the ages of the past. Whenever Positivism returned, it always showed a new face, and the teaching of the intervening period of Idealism was never lost. The naturalism of the middle of the nineteenth century was not at all identical with the naturalism of the middle of the eighteenth; and so Idealism too, as often as it returned to mankind after periods of neglect and contempt, had every time gained in meaning, had every time found increased responsibilities, had every time to do justice to the new problems the preceding period of Positivism had raised. If Idealism today wants to gain new strength, nothing must be lost of all that the last fifty years have brought us, no step must be taken backward, the careful scientific work of the specialists must be encouraged and strengthened, and yet the totality of this work must be brought under new aspects which allow a higher synthesis; yes, a higher synthesis, that is the problem of the philosopher of today. He does not want to be ignorant of natural science and simply substitute idealistic demands in the place of solid, substantial facts; and he should feel ashamed of a foul compromise with which half-thinkers are easily satisfied, a compromise which allows science its own way till it comes over the boundaries of human emotions, a compromise which accepts rigid causality but pierces little holes in the casual world, making little exceptions here and there that human freedom may be saved in the midst of a world-machinery; a compromise which accepts the social origin of ideals, but claims a mystic knowledge that just our own private pattern will remain in fashion for eternity. No philosophy can live by compromises. If natural science is to be accepted and Idealism is to hold its own, they must be combined, they must form a synthesis in which the one no longer contradicts the other. Just such synthetic harmonization, and not at all a stubborn ignorance of the other side or a compromise with cheap concessions, was

the aim of the period from Kant to Emerson. It is merely the naturalistic period which ignores its idealistic counterpart, which delights in its one-sidedness, which is afraid of harmony because it is suspicious of demands for concessions. It is naturalism only which thinks that mankind can walk on one leg.

If we ask where such harmonization can be found, where the great Idealists of the beginning of the last century have sought it, and where our modern philosophy is seeking it again, well aware that by the progress of science in the meantime the difficulties have been multiplied, the logical responsibilities have become gigantic, we cannot do more here than to point out the direction; we cannot go the way. And it is clear, of course, too, that such an answer has its individual shape, and that no one can promise to give a bird's-eye view of the marching movement while he is himself marching among his comrades. But the individual differences are non-essential. The one great tendency, the Emersonian spirit, if it is rightly understood, is common to them all. What has modern philosophy all over the world to say about that threefold claim concerning Nature, Freedom and Oversoul? What has it to say when natural science has fully said its say and had its fair hearing, and has been approved as sound and welcome?

A philosopher might answer, perhaps, as follows: You Positivists have done wonderfully with your microscopes and your telescopes, with your chronoscopes and spectroscopes; you have measured and weighed and analyzed and described, and finally explained the whole world which you perceive, and there is nothing in space and time and causality which can escape your search. But did not all that work of yours involve certain presuppositions which you had accepted and which it was not your business to look on critically, but which, nevertheless, may be open to inquiry? Your first claims granted, all may follow; but how is it with the first claims? You examine all that is in space and time, but what are space and time? You examine the material substances and the contents of consciousness, but what is consciousness, and what is matter? You seek the special applications of causality, but what is causality? Well, you reply, you give the facts just as you find them; but do you do that really? And what do you mean by saying that you find the facts? Let us look, at least for a moment, to the very simplest facts with which your work begins. You say there are physical objects made up of atoms, and you describe them as a physicist; and there are mental ideas in consciousness made up of sensations, and you describe them as a psychologist; and both, you say, you are finding. But what does it mean, that you find the physical object outside there and the mental idea of the object inside in you; is that really a statement of your immediate experience? The physicist speaks of this table here before me, outside of me; and the psychologist speaks of my idea of this table, enclosed in my consciousness. Both may do well to speak so; but will you make me believe that I find that doubleness in my experience? If I see this table and want to use it I am not aware of one table of wooden stuff and another in me of mental stuff. I am not aware of a twoness at all, and if the physicist says that this wooden table is made up of molecules and has in itself no color and no continuity, and that the mental idea in me furnishes all those qualities of

color and smoothness, but has no solidity, then they speak of two interesting worlds about which I am anxious to know, but certainly neither of them is the world I live in. If I lean on this table I am not aware of a table in my mind at all. I know the one table only, and this one table has its color and its smoothness.

I know what you will answer. You will say, in your immediate experience there are indeed not two worlds of objects, a physical and a psychical; the real thing to which our interests in life refer is not differentiated into a molecular object outside of us and a sensational object in us, but it is clear that every real thing allows a kind of double aspect; we can consider this table in so far as it is common to all of us, in so far as it is a possible object for everyone of us, and in so far as it becomes an object for the individual, and we can call then the objects, in so far as they are common property, physical; and in so far as we take the aspect of individual relations, psychical; and as it must be of highest importance for our practical purposes to discriminate between those two aspects, we have clearly the right to consider the world both from the point of view of the physicist and of the psychologist. It is, of course, an abstraction if we leave out in the one case, the one side, in the other case the other side of our objective experience; but we gain by the possibility of constructing two closed causal systems of which each one must have its special conditions of existence, inasmuch as the one is conceived as related to individuals and the other as independent of individuals.

Very true, we should answer. Something like that saves you completely, justifies fully your claim to separate the physical and the psychical worlds of objects, the world of matter and the world of ideas; but can you deny that you have lost your case, are you not now yourself in the midst of philosophical, methodological discussions, which your physics and psychology themselves cannot settle and yet which must be settled before they enter into their rights; and above all, do you not yourself see now that your whole physics, for instance, is not at all an account of reality, but merely a certain logical transformation of reality; that you do not find the world of physics at all, just as little as you find the psychical ideas, but that you can merely work over and reshape the reality which you find till you construct out of it your world of matter and your world of consciousness? What you believed you would find you have never found, while your construction of physical things may have been most necessary for your purposes; but don't deny that you have left reality far behind you.

And so it is with all your doings. You tell us, for instance, proudly that you show us the deepest nature of the world by showing us the elements which the object contains, and that you thus bring us at least nearer to the essence of things; and yet if we begin to look into your real achievements, we are disappointed again to find that you are far away from even attempting anything of that kind. You tell us that water is hydrogen and oxygen, and if we say "Prove it," you show us simply that you can transform the water into hydrogen and oxygen and that you can transform these two elements again into water. Is that really what you promise? We want to know what the thing is, and you show us simply how the one thing can be transformed into

another thing; and whenever we turn to your wisdom, it is always the same story. You show us always, and most nicely, how the one goes over into the other, but you never show us what the one or the other really is in itself. For your practical purposes just the first may be the important aspect, but do not make us believe, therefore, that it is the only possible aspect. In short, whether science describes or explains, it never gives us what we find in reality, but makes out of reality a new ideal construction in the service of certain purposes, and never gives us the things as they are, but merely the effects and changes which they produce. Are we still, then, to be deeply impressed with the claim of the naturalist that he alone has the monopoly of knowing reality, while we see now that every step of his leads us away from reality? And have we still to be afraid to raise the voice as philosophers with the claim that reality itself must find its expression, that there must be a science which gives account of reality as we really find it, of nature before it is made up and repolished for the purposes of the physicist? Only if we have such other account of nature, then only do we speak of that nature in which we live and in which we act, and if we compare it with such an account of the fuller reality, the constructed schematism of the physicist must appear, indeed, as Emerson said, "barren like a single sex." Not the slightest result of natural science is depreciated, not the slightest discovery ignored, if we insist that all these so-called facts have a meaning only under certain artificial conditions which set us apart from the reality of our life; and in this reality lies the interest of the philosopher. We have thus no reason to reproach the scientist so long as the scientist does not fancy that his science gives an account of nature as it really is. Both kinds of work are necessary, and the scientist may well speak, as the squirrel in Emerson's poem:

"Talents differ,
All is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

Natural science has to crack our nuts, but philosophy has to carry on its back the flourishing forests of life, in which we wander and breathe. And if Emerson is right, today and forever, in claiming that the facts of natural science are not expressions of reality, it is only a small step to see that he was not less right in saying that man is free. Consider man as a particle in the physical universe, consider his actions from the point of view of a causal science, and there is no possibility to escape materialism and fatalism. We must understand every activity as a necessary outcome of foregoing conditions. Psychology must do so, and physics must do the same. The empirical sciences would be disloyal to their own principles if they allowed there the slightest exception. The noblest gesture, the greatest word, the bravest action, must be considered by them under the category of causality. They are necessary effects of all the preceding causes. It may be interesting, it may be fascinating to follow such lines with the enthusiastic energy of scholarly research. But are we really obliged to accept the outcome as an ultimate word concerning the meaning of our freedom? "Forever wells up the impulse of choosing and acting in the soul." Is it really merely an illusion? Has responsibility still its moral value, are we the actors of our actions, are we

still good, are we still guilty, when every deed follows as necessary effect? Is not, then, the whole constitution of the world, which has made us, responsible whenever we move our hand for good or for bad?

But we know now where we are standing; we know now that the world of objects, of psychical as well as of physical, is a constructed world, constructed for the purpose of satisfying our demand for causal connection; for that world holds causality because it is the world seen under the point of view of causality; and just as there cannot be anything in that world of physical and psychical objects which is not causally connected, just so it cannot have any meaning at all to ask for causal connection before the world is conceived in the service of this artificial construction. Reality in itself is not causal, and to ask for the causes of the real experience of our inner life has not more meaning than to ask how many pounds is the weight of a virtue, and how many inches is the length of our hopes. But we must go farther. To apply the question of cause and effect to our real will means not only that we apply to the real object a standard which belongs to the artificial or constructed object, but it means above all that we consider as an object something which in reality is not an object at all. The will which the psychologist describes and must describe, the will which has causes and which is thus not free, is a will conceived as an object found in our mind like an idea, something of which we are aware, something whose happening we perceive, and yet if anything is sure it is the immediate experience that we are aware of our will in a way which is absolutely different from the way in which we perceive objects. We don't perceive our will at all, we will it, we strive it, we fight it; yes, we feel ourselves, only in so far as we are the subjects of will. Our will is our personality, which we don't find but which we are, and which stands opposed and separated by the deepest gulf from the world of objects. Those objects are means and purposes of our will, are ends and aims and instruments; but they come in question for us only as we will them, as we like and dislike them, as we approve and reject them. And if we take this world of objects and reconstruct it into the artificial world of physical and psychical things connected by causality, in this very act of reconstruction, we feel ourselves as willing, deciding, approving, aiming personalities, whose wills decide, who think the world as causally connected, whose freedom guarantees the value of our conception of a world not free. There is no knowledge but in our judgments; there is no judgment but in our affirming and denying; there is no affirming and denying but in our will. Our will chooses for its purposes to conceive reality as if it were unfree. What a climax of confusion to think that this conception of an unfree world, the conception of science can itself now condemn the freedom of the will which has chosen. "Freedom is necessary," said Emerson. We can add, necessity itself is merely a purpose determined by freedom. "Intellect annuls fate," Emerson says. We may add, fate is merely an idea of intellect. Let us be psychologists if we want to analyze, to calculate, to explain the unfree man; but let us be philosophers to understand what it means to be a psychologist. Now the synthesis is reached; the real world is free, but we choose for our purposes to conceive the world as unfree and to construct thus causal sciences.

And if we understand that in reality man is free and that the psychological aspect of man as unfree is a special way of looking on man for special purposes, then suddenly there opens itself before us the vast field of history, and the historical life, which seemed deprived of all interest by the psychological, iconoclastic mood, suddenly wins again a new importance. We feel instinctively that this free man of reality, this man who is a responsible actor of his actions, he only is the agent of history; and history is falsified and history is cheapened when it is brought down to a causal explanation of psychological man instead of real man. History had become an appendix of sociology, and what great historians aimed at in the interpretation of the few "stout and earnest personalities" seemed lost in favor of a construction in which the great man and the genius rank with the fool as mere extreme variations of psychological averages. Now suddenly do we understand that history has to deal with the world of freedom, that it has not to explain, but to interpret, that it has not to connect the facts by linking causes and effects, but by understanding the meaning of purposes, their agreement and disagreement, their growth and liberty. Now we understand why Fichte, why Carlyle, why Emerson believes in heroes and hero-worship, why Idealism has been at all times the fertile ground for writing history and for making history, while Naturalism has made technique, and thought in an anti-historical spirit. Our time begins again to think historically. It can do so because it again begins to emancipate itself from its positivistic disbelief in man's freedom and from its unphilosophic superstition that causal science alone is science, that we know only when we explain.

And when we at last stand man to man in full freedom, no longer as psycho-physical constructions but as free personalities, and when we debate and try to convince each other, will you deny that Jove stands behind each of us and Jove nods to Jove when we meet? Would it have even a meaning for us to go on with our talk, should we try at all to convince each other if you thought and I thought, everyone for himself, that our will is only our personal will, that there is no over-individual will, no Oversoul behind us? Can we discuss at all if we do not presuppose that there is really a truth which we are seeking in common, that there are certain judgments which we are bound to will, which we are obliged to affirm, which we will, but which we do not will as individuals, and of which we take for granted that everyone must will them whom we acknowledge at all as a personality; and if you come with the flippant all

of the sceptic and tell me "No, there is no truth, all is only as it appears to me, there is no objective truth," do you not contradict yourself, are you not saying that at least this, your own statement, expresses objective truth; that you will this with a faith and belief that this will of yours is an over-individual will which is, as such, a duty, an obligation for everyone who thinks? Every escape is futile. And all the over-individuality that lives in our will towards truth comes to us again in our will towards morality. Do not say sceptically that there is no absolute obligation, that you do not feel bound by an over-individual will in your action, that you will do in every moment what pleases you individually. You cannot

even speak this sceptical word without contradicting yourself again, as you demand through the fact of your saying it that we believe that you speak the truth and that you thus feel yourself bound not to lie. If you leave us doubtful whether your word was not a lie, the word itself cannot have any meaning. Don't try to dodge the Oversoul. Men live and fight in its purposes, and men descend to meet. It is as Emerson said, "At first delighted with the triumph of the intellect, we are like hunters on the scent and soldiers who rush to battle; but when the game is run down, when the enemy lies cold in his blood at our feet, we are alarmed at our solitude." Let the sociologists triumphantly reduce the ideals to necessary social products of evolution in the same spirit in which the psychologist eliminates the freedom of the individual; but let us never forget that such a social mechanism is as much an artificial construction necessary for its purposes as is the psycho-physical mechanism of individuality. In that reality with which history deals, in which our freedom lies, there our over-individual will comes from deeper ground than from the soil and the food and the climate. Our logical obligations, our ethical duties, our

aesthetic appreciations, our religious revelations, in reality they do not come from without, they come from within; but from within as far as we are souls in the Oversoul. There is no duty in the world but the duty which we will ourselves; no outer force, no training, no custom, no punishment can make us have duties. Duty is our will, it may be the duty to think for the ideal of truth, the duty to feel for the ideal of aesthetics, the duty to act for the ideal of morality, the duty to have faith in the ideal of religion; but it is always our own will, and yet not our fanciful, personal, individual will. It is a system of purposes upon whose reality all knowledge of the world, and thus the world as we know it, is dependent forever. The wave of Idealism is rising. The shortsighted superstition of Positivism will not lurk under the roof of a new hall of philosophy. To be a true student of the most scientific, of the most scholarly, of the most insistent philosophy means to respect and to study hard the sciences, the physical and the psychical sciences, but at the same time to understand that natural science is not the science of reality, that psychology does not touch the freedom of man, that no life has a meaning without the relation to the Oversoul. We cannot write a whole system and a whole textbook on the front of the new building. It must be enough to write there a symbolic word; happy, forever happy, the university which can write over the door of its temple of philosophy the name: Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The following is
from the Boston
Evening Transcript,
July 31, 1903.

Y, JULY 31, 1903

EMERSONIANS' FINAL DAY

Concord Memorial School's Last
ProceedingsMrs. Julia Ward Howe Was Today's
SpeakerProgress During a Century Her
SubjectDr. Hale Will Give the Closing Address
Tonight

Special to the Transcript:

Concord, July 31—Today the Emerson Memorial School ends. This morning the last Concord lecture was delivered in the town hall by that "grand old woman" of this Emerson century—or, to use her own phrase, member of the "octogenarian phalanx"—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Tonight, in Huntington Hall, Boston, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., will utter the final word. Mrs. Howe's topic was "A Century from the Birth of Emerson." Dr. Hale will speak on "Emerson's Gospel for His Own Time and for Ours." No more fitting voices to "pronounce the benediction" could be imagined than those of the authors of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "The Man without a Country"—literature which has done so much to inspire the true patriotism and the high ideals for which Emerson himself stood.

The course as a whole has been highly successful, and reflects great credit upon the Free Religious Association of America, of which Emerson was one of the founders and vice presidents, and under whose auspices the "school" has been held. Great credit, too, is due to the committee, consisting of Edwin D. Mead, George Willis Cooke, John C. Haynes, Frank B. Sanborn, William R. Thayer, Moorfield Storey and David Greene Haskins, Jr., who have had the "practical" arrangements directly in charge. Mr. Mead, as president of the association, presided at the opening, and a few other of the Concord lectures in his usual felicitous manner. For the rest, Mr. Sanborn has been in the chair. In that position and as a leader in the discussions he has fairly shone. Never have his wide general knowledge, his keen wit, caustic sarcasm and fund of anecdote been made more manifest. If his sarcasm and his reiterated attacks on the "Harvard professors and the educated classes" have not always been a sauce thoroughly palatable to all his hearers, yet they have added a piquancy to the meetings that has caused the listeners to forget their disagreement and to finally join in the wave of laughter that has rippled over the hall. If any hostile criticism were to be made upon the lectures—and it is the farthest possible from the desire of the present writer to seem ungracious—it will be the monotony of the laudation heaped upon the Concord Seer. Indeed, Professor Schmidt deprecated in one of the discus-

sions the lack of genuine debate. He confessed that he was somewhat wearied by the constant adulation, and longed for the scent of the woods and the pine trees. During this last week, however, there has been some debate, due to a difference of opinion between Rev. Henry K. Hannah, rector of the Concord Episcopal Church, and Mr. Sanborn and others as to whether Emerson was a Christian, whether he recognized the problem of sin and evil in the world and the scheme for putting it out of the world, and whether Emerson's views of sin and evil were the same as and substantiated by those of St. Augustine. Rev. John White Chadwick, to be sure, spoke more discriminately of Emerson's work. Once again Mr. Mead and Mr. Sanborn "broke a lance"—a mild one—over the educated classes, Mr. Mead "taking a brief" for the American scholar. While, as Mrs. Malaprop said, "comparisons are odorous," this may perhaps fairly be said: Emerson was such a many-sided man that one side of him appeals more strongly to a given admirer than another; so one lecture has doubtless afforded greater pleasure to one hearer than another essay. Perhaps, however, it would not be unfair to single out two lectures, besides that of this morning, which have impressed the many. They are widely contrasted. One was that of Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell University, on "Emerson and Oriental Thought." The other was that of Rev. John White Chadwick of Brooklyn, N. Y., on "The Simpler Emerson." It was to be expected that great stress would be laid upon Emerson's passion for political righteousness, and that anti-imperialism would figure largely in the lectures. The expected has happened; and, though the word "anti-imperialism" has not been uttered, its essence has cropped out in nearly every paper. The applause which always followed such utterances showed that there were many anti-imperialists present.

Today was indeed a "field day" here. The town hall was crowded with the largest audience of the "school." Mrs. Howe arrived in town yesterday afternoon, and was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Sanborn. Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Sanborn sat upon the platform, leaning lightly upon Mr. Sanborn's arm. There was loud applause and the entire audience arose and stood until she had become seated. In presenting her, Mr. Sanborn said she was no stranger in Concord, and had visited the village long ago; now she came to add to its fame. Mrs. Howe, who was again heartily applauded, then read her paper. It was closely listened to throughout, and again applauded at the close. Its prevailing tone was that of Emerson's own abounding optimism of thankfulness for the progress made in the nineteenth century and of joyful prophesy for the future. Mrs. Howe stood throughout her entire delivery, the silvery and musical notes of her voice penetrated to the rear of the hall, and she showed no signs of fatigue as she sat down. Her manner would have put many a younger woman to shame. An abstract of her paper follows:

SYNOPSIS OF PAPER

Lecturer's Salient Points Noted and
Summarized Below

"With halting and uneven steps we attained the year of our poet's birth, 1803, children of hope, still somewhat overbound

by the traditions of the fathers, and yet led onward by champions who combined a noble enthusiasm with a nobler courage. In view of the great material exansion which then awaited us in the latter part of the century, what could have been more providential than the Transcendental movement which preceded it? When Dives was destined to amass his millions, how instructive were the simple lives of those who gladly accepted poverty as the condition of following their heart's love, philosophy! Emerson said: 'Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind!' Yes, but the ideal was in the saddle also, and its steed had wings.

"The nineteenth century and the one preceding it as well, were, above all, periods of question. In our modern civilizations, Luther began the religious question, Goethe the aesthetic, Napoleon the military. The question of justice, pure and simple, was left for the new continent to propose and to solve. The nineteenth century witnessed a combination of these questions, and our dear poet's manhood awoke to consciousness while this combination was approaching its height. He, entering upon man's estate, finds the whole range of polite literature within his reach. His first utterances, though in the guise of 'woodnotes wild,' have in them the rhythm of the Puritan conscience. He gradually studies and annexes the civilized world, which belonged to him before he belonged to it. What was his theme? Nature—a topic trite enough, but Nature as she had been interpreted before. His communings with her led him to

contrast with her steadfast calm the turbulence of society, the cruel uncharity of priestly rule, the degradation of humanity in the person of the slave, most of all, the unthought of the age.

"In the generation of which I was fortunate in being one, who has done more than the beloved centenarian of our present consideration? His question throughout is: 'How about this so-called philosophy of thine? Has it made thee more really wise, more energetic in fulfilling the duties, civic and personal? Does it interpret for thee beauty and glory of life in such wise that thou dost take highest pleasure in highest things? How does it reason, for example, between the slave and his master? We have emblazoned the device of freedom upon our flag—does this flag consent to sanction that desecration of its pledge? How about religion? Is it to thee the worship of any king really to be esteemed divine, or does it consist in ordinances and prescriptions which bear witness more to man's native ignorance than to the achievements of his educated reason?'

"Among the latent forces which the last wonderful century aroused to efficient action, I must include the sphere of woman's activity, as today conceded and even established. Need I say what a beneficent power has hereby been added to man's struggle with the brute force of nature? Making allowance for all the evils which we still see and deplore, I must think that the ethical and spiritual progress of the century now under consideration is its most astounding feature. The growth everywhere visible of religious tolerance does not appear to me to mark a stage of indifference, but one combining faith in the power of divine things with belief in man's power of apprehending them. I seem to feel in the various religious bodies a growing directness of relation to the

central source of religious power which enables, and indeed obliges, one sect to make room for others in the periphery of the circle, whose bounds are not for us to determine. How are the mighty strongholds of uncharity fallen! In respect of the relation of Philosophy and Religion, may we not find distinct evidence of the progress of the age in the present appreciation of one whose message to mankind was once difficult to read, but is now adopted in the common thought? Incarnation, the embodiment in everyday life of our best hopes and aspirations—is not this a feature of our new philosophy, married to religion? And it is not present with us in the writings of our dear friend? The familiar things of every day are woven into his beautiful prose. This twofold priesthood of man as interpreter of nature and man as exponent of nature, belongs eminently to our dear friend. He surely felt more deeply than most the office of culture in common human life. Mr. Emerson knew, no man more than he, the delights of study, the task of solitary labor, the instruction of the lonely ramble in the woods, or by the seashore. In his rapt mood, he seems remote from us, a creature.

"too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

But when the cry of human need reaches him, he is with us, he is one of us, helpful and brotherly in our midst, giving, not as the world gives, of his inmost and best. "Originality consists largely in freshness of view. This freshness of vision was conceded to our sage, and this it is which enables him to cast so new a glory over the visible world, with whose aspect we are so familiar, but in the interpretation of which we have made so little progress. His freshness, Mr. Emerson carried into his studies. Old scriptures had a new message for him and through him for us. The monumental literature of the East sang for him its cradle song. And all this freshness of interpretation our sage gave to a generation wearied with logic and reason, with pounding of pulpit cushions and proving of the theo-metaphysical problems.

"In all that I have known of the Emerson century, the new form of freedom makes itself felt—freedom of question and answer, of assertion and denial, of association and disassociation. This freedom is which gives to the intellectual life of today so bright a colony. Under the impulse much which was formerly sealed with mystery has been brought within the domain of positive knowledge. Much, on the other hand, which was imposed upon other generations as irrefragable dogma is today happily relegated to the region of the much that we cannot know. Although we still have wars and rumors of war, the prevalence of the peace-promoting qualities over the fighting spirit is an unmistakable feature of our time. I notice this sensibly in the changed relations between young people and their elders. Teachers now intend to train their pupils by sympathy and attraction, and if parents are often over-lax in the discipline of their children, the child can fly to them without encountering the chevaux de frise of terror which in old times separated them.

"Concerning the questions which precede and accompany human progress the Emerson century has given us some important lessons. Timid souls fear to seek to know anything beyond what has been delivered

to them of the fathers. This age, so full of interrogation, has done much to convince all that honest question, even of things most sacred, is always safe. Shall we dread to grow irreverent in proportion as we seek to understand the true inwardness of things eternal? Shall we expect to find the nearer aspect of Truth less majestic than her remote disguise? No! a thousand times, no! Of this reverent daring, our dear friend has given us an eminent example. Who has attacked more daringly than he the false commonplace which contented the social world of his time? Yet so discriminating was his touch, so delicate his perception, that not a feature of any availing belief was marred or disturbed by him.

"The rehabilitation of the Present is to me a welcome feature of the century which we are now reviewing. The apotheosis of the ancients dimly shadowed forth a truth which we more clearly recognize today, viz.: That the spiritual significance of a man's life-work does not fully realize itself until it is ended. As I stand in this place, where we have so often seen our beloved sage, I must feel that he is honored and even understood now as he would not have been in his lifetime. To me today his seat is not empty; his voice is not silent. The golden trumpets of world power carry far and wide his glowing syllables in which is distilled so much of the wisdom of the world, so much of individual fire and fervor. The beneficent countenance associated with these utterances smiles upon us with an earnest which coming ages will neither dim nor deny. A new century opens before us whose youth will soon forsake us of the octogenarian phalanx. In its inevitable course new exigencies will develop new resources. The coming hundred of years may surpass the last as far as the last one has gone beyond the wildest dreams of its predecessor. We elders think with dear affection of the generations which we shall never see with mortal eyes. If, in their onward sweep, they should pause to take account of us, let them remember us as foes of all tyrannies, as the friends of all true progress. We have made war on the supremacy of stereotype and tradition—we leave for our parting word our unalterable faith in God and man.

"In all our homage, let us remember that no man is so great as the truth which belongs to all men, the truth which it is our prerogative to pursue with our thought and to embody in our life." (Great applause.)

THE DISCUSSION

Mr. Mead, Mr. Sanborn, Mrs. A. G. Cooper and Others Speak

In the discussion that followed the paper, Mrs. Francis H. Brown of Boston said: "We came here to honor a prophet and stay to honor a prophetess," referring to Mrs. Howe. Then she went on to express her appreciation of Emerson. Mr. Sanborn read some impressions of Emerson published in the London Spectator by David MacRae, a Scotchman. John T. Michau,

of St. Joseph, Mo., said that Emerson had been the lighthouse in our sea of tim that points us forward in that pathwa that leads us to the stars. Mrs. A. J. Cooper of Washington, D. C., a very intelligent colored woman, said that she could not sit still, having been stirred as she had been by the words of Mr. Chadwick the other day and of Mrs. Howe today. She referred to Emerson's—

"Do not let the dying die,"

and characterized it as a "grand psalm," a "great gloria in excelsis," a "just and fitting companion piece to Mrs. Howe's own 'As he died to make men holy Let us die to make them free.'"

Continuing, Mrs. Cooper said: "I wondered if these disciples and letters of Emerson were not ready nowadays to say: 'Do not let the dead hear it; do not let them wake up.' I wondered if those souls that flitted out with those glad tidings on their lips might not be saddened by the thought that those tidings were not all that they thought they were; that many were crying 'peace' when there was no peace." (Applause.)

George H. Albert Meyer of Paris, France, denied strongly that Emerson did not sympathize strongly with the common people.

Mr. Mead said: "These lectures will not have done their proper work unless they prove an inspiration to churches and societies in coming days to continue the study of Emerson's character. Mrs. Howe has emphasized the word 'unthought.' That was the great vice against which Emerson stood. Emerson put it in another form, and pleaded for a 'revival of the human mind.' Our danger is that, in the plenitude of material resources, we shall come to rely upon the materialities, and not upon the spiritualities, upon those forces for which the 'machine' and the dollar and the gun stand, instead of those ideals which are along the sure salvation of nations as of men. (Applause.) There was not half so much war in the nineteenth as in the eighteenth century. If our 'unthought' ceases, if our reliance upon the spiritual arm is stimulated in America as it should be, then the record of this century will be brighter still. Let us take hope; but let us not forget the words just uttered by Mrs. Cooper, which seem so solemn upon the lips of one of her race."

At Mr. Mead's suggestion, Mrs. Howe, after speaking briefly of Emerson's beautiful benignity, recited her famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic" so impressively and beautifully as to elicit great applause.

On motion of Rev. Mary Safford, pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Des Moines, Io., a rising vote of thanks was tendered to the committee who have had charge of the lectures. Mr. Sanborn then declared the Concord school at a end.

Mrs. Howe, her daughter, Mrs. Hall, Miss Julia Osgood and Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead were the guests at luncheon of Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, at her home, "The Wayside."

Through the kindness of Miss Ellen Emerson, her father's study was opened this afternoon for the inspection of all attendants upon the school who wished to visit it. Many availed themselves of the opportunity.

WAS A TRUE SCIENTIST

Emerson Formulated Theories Which Science Has Itself Accepted Decades Afterwards

It had remained for Professor A. E. Dolbear to consider before the school the subject of "Emerson's Thought in Relation to Modern Science." The speaker declared that the philosophy of Emerson was wholly scientific and proceeded to explain that Emerson had arrived at a theory of nature which is wholly in keeping with the tenets of modern science made decades afterwards.

"It is easy nowadays to believe in any of the great scientific generalizations that have been established in the nineteenth century, but it was not so seventy years

So, when Emerson was presented with a problem," Professor Dolbear explained, "then the world was dominated by the conception of a special creation; of some power interpolating factors in the series, by fiat, or by controlling by supreme will or other quality, the processes of nature. The Bible was a book of final reference and nothing was so firmly established as its infallibility—on no evidence: Emerson, a child of that age, came to disbelieve in creation; to disbelieve the historical accuracy of the Bible.

"There is no other recourse for a thinking mind than to substitute a theory of nature, working by law, where the processes were continuous and miracles were not. If he was like most men of his or any age, the present included, he would not have worried a moment about theories of nature or attempt to account for the beginning, the progress and the end of things. He was not like them, but more like Socrates, or Newton, or Kepler or any of those rare, great spirits, who are not content with passive inertia in intellectual effort.

"His time-honored conceptions failing, he sought the alternative and, without necessarily following the paths of science, saw by philosophic insight that all in nature was governed by laws that were permanent and sufficient for all the manifestations presenting themselves. Such a man is a scientist."

The following is
from the Boston
Evening Transcript,
May 23, 1903.

EMERSON CENTENNIAL

Addresses Commemorate the
Philosopher

His Birthday 100 Years Ago Next
Monday

The Free Religious Association
Meets

Chief Address Tomorrow by President
Eliot

Centennial observances of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson May 25, 1803, began in this city today, with the meeting of the Free Religious Association in Parker Memorial Hall. Emerson was one of the founders of the association in 1867, and the addresses this morning, listened to with notable interest and sympathy by an audience which filled the floor and gallery, were partly historical and partly an estimate of the Concord philosopher's character and influence. Edwin D. Mead presided, and delivered the opening address, although his remarks were preceded by an organ voluntary, and the singing of Mendelssohn's "How Lovely Are the Messengers of Peace," by the augmented choir of the Parker Memorial Church under the leadership of F. W. Wodell, the choirmaster. Mrs. G. F. Cheney was organist.

EDWIN D. MEAD'S OPENING

Mr. Mead said in opening that one of the most impressive and most cheering things of the time were the arrangements from the Atlantic to the Pacific to observe the centennial anniversary of the birth of Emerson. He thought that never in the world's history had there been so large an observance of a purely intellectual anniversary. It came as a special sacrament, and he loved to think that it represented a longing on the part of the American people for a different set of ideals from those which had obtained in this country since the war spirit swept over it in 1896. "Emerson stands for everything which is highest and best in our life," Mr. Mead said. "He has spoken in his addresses on education the most pregnant and most prophetic word which has been spoken since John Milton. In his Harvard address of 1838 he gave us the programme for our religion for a thousand years, and it is with special fitness that we come here to consider his religious influence. He was one of the founders of this association, and he was present at that original meeting in Horticultural Hall May 30, 1867, a meeting which attracted some attention and which had been advertised in the newspapers for days beforehand.

"The call was issued by Octavius B. Frothingham, William J. Potter and Rowland Connor, and the first speaker on a long list was Ralph Waldo Emerson. The only three of the list living today are Henry Blanchard, Francis Abbott and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Some of them were there in representative character, speaking for the liberal Unitarians, for the progressive Universalists, for the progressive Friends, but Mr. Emerson, in the words of Mr. Frothingham, was chosen to speak for those worthy men who have no sect, who are strictly Universal in character. Others, like sturdy John Brown at Harper's Ferry, were there to speak for themselves. Such a one was Colonel Higginson. I like to think of his presence there, and rejoice that he is to preside at the meeting this evening.

"But I rejoice more at the long service of Colonel Higginson, who has always spoken the sane word, the helpful human word. In his eightieth year let our hearts go out to him in greeting. Francis Abbott will not be present tonight, for he is confined to his house in sickness and suffering. Let us remember that except for Emerson, whose addresses have gained world-wide currency, his words at the meeting when this association was organized, phrased its highest motive: 'To hallow American civilization by a profounder consciousness of the divine.'"

The president of the association then elected was Octavius Frothingham; Colonel Higginson was one of the officers of that year; and of the six directors, one was Mrs. Ednah Dean Cheney, who will be at the festival tonight. In the first speech to the association, Mr. Mead said that Emerson declared that the churches of Boston of that day had been outgrown, that the people in them felt themselves cabined, cribbed, confined and pleaded for the union of men in good works, for pure beneficence. Two years later he made a much more important speech in which he pleaded for the relinquishment of theological discussions and a greater attention to good works. That was Emerson's great message to the Free Religious Association. Mr. Mead pointed out that the Unitarian Churches were far in advance of where they were in the time of those early addresses, and urged that

they continue to follow Emerson's teaching.

LONGFELLOW HYMN SUNG

Mr. Mead closed by asking the audience to sing Samuel Longfellow's hymn, "O Life That Maketh Old Things New," remarking that this hymn was written for the convention of the Free Religious Association of 1874, when Emerson was vice president. The hymn was sung, then Mr. Mead presented Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham as the second speaker.

EMERSON A RELIGIOUS FORCE

Mr. Frothingham took for his topic, "Emerson as a Religious Force," and remarked that Theodore Parker, in whose memory the building in which the meeting was held was erected, "was accustomed to thank God for three things—for the sun, for the moon and for Ralph Waldo Emerson."

"One of the amazing things to my mind," he went on, "is the progress of Emerson's religious thought in the succeeding years. The man who left the pulpit for conscientious reasons has done more, except perhaps William Ellery Channing, for those who still find in the pulpit an opportunity for service and the exercise of spiritual influence. Though the dean of the Harvard Divinity School, after Emerson's famous address there, was heard to say that what was not folly in it was atheism, the present dean of the Divinity School is now planning to place a tablet in the little chapel where those wonderful words were spoken.

"Emerson is only to be properly understood from the religious point of view. Though a philosopher and poet, he never

ceased to be a prophet, and as preacher he took the whole world for his parish. Though he left the pulpit he never left the ministry. He had put on righteousness, and it never ceased to clothe him with spiritual power. He may have produced no system, but in underlying unity of principle he had no equal. Essentially Emerson was a mystic. From first to last he looked into his own heart and trusted to what was written there. He listened for the inward voice, and once said that the trouble with men was that they would not listen. He believed that there was nothing in the world so sacred as a man's own self; that a man should learn to detect that bar of inward light which now and then flashes across his consciousness, and to depend upon it. Emerson belonged to that great spiritual anti-slavery society among whose charter members are Buddha and Christ, he believed that conscience was more to be trusted than conformity. Why should we not have a religion of experience rather than tradition, Emerson asked; and what we did not have he proceeded to give us. 'Let men stand on their own feet,' he said, 'And God will speak to them.' Ah, in these days of revisions which only half revise, and revelations which do not reveal, we need once again to hear the trumpet call of Emerson's truth!

"His early hearers did not understand his rhapsodies over the commonplace; they saw nothing in the daily things of nature. They wanted miracles two thousand years ago to give them revelations. Thank God, all this is changed. The lesson he has taught us is that the divine is everywhere. Nature is the word of God to the heart of man, and when a man understands and hears it he comes to himself and really lives. But that is not the only lesson he taught. His trust in democracy showed his faith in all men,

because there is something of the divine in all men that can be trusted. He exemplified the religious truth on which our fathers built. Nobody has showed more clearly than he the true foundations on which our great republic is built.

"It is a fascinating task to try to classify Emerson. Lowell called him the Yankee Plato and Holmes the Buddha of the West. More recently somebody compared him to Channing, saying: 'Channing made a map of the sky, but Emerson merely traced the course of a comet,' but Emerson's vision of the comet of the heavenly light within will endure until the end of consciousness. As a religious force he is active still to renew religious inspiration and quicken conscience. He has entered into the heart of the people."

PERSONALITY IN HIS THOUGHT

Rev. Charles Francis Carter of Lexington was next introduced to speak of "Personality of Emerson's Religious Thought." He touched upon the four cardinal points where his thought touches personality. "The first," he said, "is the principle of self-respect, which Emerson taught from first to last. He served a warrant on every man to be himself. Each should be unique in the world; stand alone in his place. Conventions he held of little account; traditions, however venerable, he was ever ready to cast off, lest they should become anchors, keeping men from being themselves. He taught always the value of the individual man. His writings bristle with taunts and challenges. But together with this principle of self-reliance he counselled men to be humble; to think very little of themselves; to get into large relations with the universe. We are nothing; the sight is everything. This is the abiding truth of the mystics from Paul to Emerson—that the things not seen are real. How sacred is self-respect when so founded. It is only another name for faith; for, as he himself said, self-reliance is reliance on God. Here we come to bedrock; to the very essence of religion. With self-reliance and perseverance, every man can go his way a representation of the divine.

Rev. Charles G. Ames made the next address, on "Emerson's Radical Conservatism." He spoke of the fine balance of these two qualities in Emerson; his conservatism not of the kind that blocks the wheels of progress; his radicalism never reasonless. He could see the possibility of error in all systems of philosophy or belief, though he gave them honor and consideration. He called on everybody to hold studiously to the well-considered verdict of his own faculty, and to hold even more studiously to those beliefs that come to us, we know not how, outside our faculties. The conservatism of his radicalism is shown by his picture of God walking with men as with his children; the radicalism of his conservatism is shown by his throwing off all the pretences of men's authority. Though reverently affectionate in regard to old traditions, he is not bound by them. He regarded each personality as a manifestation of one universal life. His interest was centred in the divine incarnation that made men's personalities possible. Where did men get their personalities? They were not self-derived, and that was evidence of God to him.

Mrs. Anna Garland Spencer, the last speaker, considered Emerson as the friend of those who would live in the spirit. He has given to such a faith in the eternal order; has told them that they need not be concerned

about justifying the ways of the Almighty, for the way and the end are alike secure. He has taught that our concern is with our own contribution to life, and not with another's. He has shown us that our part in the world is not anything unless it is our own, for that is the only real thing.

Meetings of Tonight and Tomorrow

Notable Emersonian Figures at the Festival Tonight—President Eliot Speaks Sunday

The afternoon session will be devoted to the subject of "Religious Education," with addresses by Professor George F. Moore of the Harvard Divinity School, upon "The Theological School of the Future;" Rev. Edward Cummings, upon "The Sunday School of the Future;" George H. Martine, supervisor of the Boston public schools, upon "Religion in the Public Schools," and Professor Henry S. Nash of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, upon "The Rational Use of the Bible."

The evening festival at the Quincy House will be in the main a continuation of the Emerson commemoration. Colonel T. W. Higginson will preside, and there will be addresses by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Dr. Francis E. Abbot, Frank B. Sanborn, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, Rev. Charles F. Dole, Rev. C. W. Wendte, Rev. Daniel Evans and others.

The special event of the whole celebration will be held in Symphony Hall, Sunday evening. President Eliot of Harvard will deliver an oration upon Emerson and his teachings. He has had his subject in preparation for some time, and it will be a masterly effort. President Eliot, it is understood, will take up some of the leading questions of the day and show how they are influenced by Emerson's teachings, and in what light Emerson would view the problems of today. Every ticket for the celebration was long ago given out, and the hall will not hold all those who desire to hear President Eliot's address.

At the meeting of the Free Religious Association this morning it was announced that an overflow meeting has been arranged for those who have been disappointed about getting tickets for Symphony Hall. At this overflow meeting, to be held tomorrow evening in Parker Memorial, Frank W. Sanborn of Concord will give reminiscences of Emerson and Theodore Parker, and Rev. S. M. Crothers, D. D., of Cambridge, and Charles F. Dole of Jamaica Plain will also speak. There will be music by the full chorus of the Parker Memorial Choir.

Emerson's grave at Concord, his home and his haunts will all be visited by thousands during the centennial observances. The town is also preparing to entertain the thousands who will visit the historic home of its foremost citizen.

Tufts College Observances

The Emerson centennial celebration at Tufts College took place yesterday. In the library, at College Hall, a valuable and interesting collection was upon exhibition, consisting of manuscripts, autograph letters, first editions and old and rare portraits of Emerson; and during the evening the college, public and many guests gathered in Goddard Chapel to listen to readings by Professor Thomas Whittemore from both the prose and verse of Emerson. Among his selections in verse were "The Problem," "Each and All," "Voluntaries," "Forbearance," "Character," "The Fable," "Terminus," "Days," "The Snow Storm," and "The Concord Hymn." For the prose readings the professor made selections from "The American

Scholar," "Self-Reliance," "Books," "Uses of Great Men," "Work and Days," and "Speech on Burns."

Frank Sanborn's Reminiscences

He Was the Speaker Announced for Normal School English Club's Emerson Meeting

At the Boston Normal School, corner Dartmouth and Appleton streets, the English Club of that school held its annual open meeting this afternoon at three o'clock. The work for the year has been upon Lowell and Emerson; and Mr. Frank Sanborn was to address the meeting, giving personal reminiscences of Emerson.

The following is from the Boston Evening Transcript, July 22, 1903.

FRANK SANBORN'S PHILIPPIC

Harvard University Sharply Excoriated

For Early Treatment of Ralph Waldo Emerson

"Red Letter" Day at the Memorial School

Lecture on "Emerson's Religion" by His Son

Special to the Transcript:

Concord, Mass., July 22—This has been a "red-letter" day in the history of the Emerson Memorial School. This morning, in the Town Hall, Edward Waldo Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, lectured on "The Religion of Emerson." This afternoon, in the Hillside Chapel, on Lexington road, where the famous Concord School of Philosophy used to meet, and where Emerson, Alcott, Harris, Sanborn, Davidson, Snider, Julia Ward Howe, Ednah Dean Cheney, Elizabeth Peabody and others lectured, a "memorial" meeting was held. Mr. Frank B. Sanborn presided. His address was largely an excoriation of the treatment of Emerson by Harvard University from 1828 to 1863. Mr. Sanborn did not spare his own and Emerson's alma mater. The North American Review and the "Respectable Daily," as the Boston Advertiser was called—then the two mouthpieces of Harvard—came in for their share of this well-known journalist and free lance's sarcasm. Mr. Samuel H. Emery, Jr., of Quincy, Ill., sent some interesting recollections of Emerson and the School of Philosophy. Rev. A. N. Alcott of Minneapolis, a distant kinsman of A. Bronson Alcott, sent some reminiscences of the latter and the school. There were other interesting oral and written contributions, among them a quotation from a recent letter in the London Times from its brilliant correspondent, Mr. Smalley, eulogizing Emerson.

After the exercises, a reception was tendered those in attendance upon the

school by Mrs. Lothrop ('Margaret Sidney'), at her residence adjoining the chapel grounds, "Wayside," Hawthorne's old home.

FRANK SANBORN'S REMARKS

Sharp Criticism of Harvard's Treatment of Emerson from 1838 to 1893

Mr. Sanborn, speaking from the heart upon a subject with which no man is more thoroughly imbued, said:

"Friends of Philosophy and Literature: We are assembled here today, not only to pay a personal tribute to Emerson, the man and the neighbor, but to remember him in his long and fruitful activity as the Thinker, the Teacher, and the Reformer. So far extended was his life on earth that he had seen the bigotries, the stupidities, the small prejudices and immense egotisms which greeted or ignored the first thirty years of his literary life, so far overcome, that even the university which neglected and ridiculed him from 1838 to 1893, has come to regard him as one of its treasures, and has called a stone structure, hereafter to be dedicated to Philosophy, by his illustrious name. Yet when he was sent to their shadowy and insignificant Coventry by the Philistine majority of the fellows, faculty and alumni of his alma mater, in the long years that produced his most epoch-making books, Emerson was the same wise and serene influence that he is today, when his fame has extended over the whole civilized world.

"In his endurance of long neglect and aversion, Emerson only followed the experience of all grand leaders of thought. To be great is to be misunderstood by those who stand near. Pliny, and who knows how many ancients before him? said: 'To confer benefit and get a bad name for it is the prerogative of the princely.' Bene facere et male audire, regium est; Emerson knew this as well as Pliny did, and had counted the cost of his bold venture, when he left the traditional pulpit of his ancestors, and appealed to the public at large, outside of churches and colleges. He knew what awaits the advanced believer, and he said in his essay on Montaigne: 'Great believers are always reckoned infidels, impracticable, fantastic, atheistic—or really persons of no account. Presently, the unbeliever, for love of belief, burns the believer.' This did not happen to Emerson, because burning heretics had gone out of fashion; but the unbelievers sent him to Coventry, as they thought. They woke up after a generation, and found themselves there.

"Harvard University, the alma mater of Emerson, singularly mischose the objects on which it turned its eyes and its candleabra, after it found Emerson setting up as a thinker for himself. Until 1838, it had a certain pride in him as a son who might do it credit; asked him to read a Phi Beta poem in 1834, and to give an oration in 1837; but there it stopped, and became an unjust step-mother for the next thirty years. He was invited by a few students to give in Divinity Hall the address of 1833, which brought so much opprobrium on him. Andrews Norton attacked the address in the daily organ of Harvard, the Boston Advertiser, as 'the latest form of infidelity'; the faculty of Divinity College, in whose chapel and presence he had spoken, disowned him, and for about twenty years after he was the subject of attacks in public places, or public prints, by professors of the university, which now honors his

memory and is building the sepulchres of other prophets.

"Emerson stood by his colors, and after many years the mob opposed to him gave way. But they kept up the

attack as long as they could. The two mouthpieces of Harvard at that period were the North American Review, always edited by a college professor, and the 'Respectable Daily,' whose owner was a kinsman of Edward Everett, then president of Harvard University. I have cursorily glanced through the quarterly, for twenty years, and cannot find that it ever reviewed or otherwise noticed Emerson's 'Nature' of 1836, though it had praised his centennial address of 1835; as for the Advertiser, I have not burrowed through its heaps of indifference to see; but I fancy it was set against Emerson by his gallant defence of Alcott, whom the 'Tiser' had denounced for folly and blasphemy. Nor did the North American pay any heed to the Essays as they came out, nor to the reprint of 'Nature' in 1849. But in April, 1847, after sharpening his tusks on the novel of 'Margaret' and George Eliot's translation of Strauss, the rejecter of pearls in the North American (afterwards my college professor in what Harvard was then pleased to call 'philosophy'), rent and chewed up Emerson's 'Poems,' which had come out the winter before.

Five years after the North American had discharged its pop-squirt, I entered Harvard College (1852), and had occasion to know by personal observation what Philistinism reigned there. Of the 400 students and faculty in the college proper, it would be a large estimate to guess that a fifth part had read Emerson to any great extent; most of them had only heard his name, if even that. The faculty would as soon have thought of asking Wendell Phillips to lecture to the students on constitutional law, as of inviting Emerson to give instruction on any subject.

As the slavery contest grew warmer, and the slaveholders contemptuously tore up the Missouri Compromise, in order to push Negro-slavery into Kansas, the slow and timid conscience of Harvard began to stir and writhe in pain; but in September, 1856, when Emerson made his indignant plea for freedom in Kansas, not a half-dozen of the instructors of youth were there to hear and second him, in the village of Cambridge. It took her more than seven years to come out of her transformation; for even in 1862, a good share of her professors were unwilling that Lincoln should free the slaves. But her own darling sons dying on the field of battle brought her to her senses—and darkness.

"With this regeneration her appreciation of Emerson rose to something like justice; she invited him, after an interval of thirty years, to sound once more in her hearing that eloquence against which she had stopped her ears in 1837. No doubt she was helped to this sober second thought by the praise of him she heard from our own country and foreign lands."

MR. EMERY'S CONTRIBUTION

Tells of an Interesting Conversation with Emerson

From Quincy, Ill., Samuel H. Emery, Jr., has been sent a paper of a peculiarly interesting account of his recollections of and acquaintance with Emerson, which was read by Mr. Sanborn. The writer said:

"My acquaintance with Mr. Emerson began in the fall or winter of 1866, when he came to Quincy to deliver a lecture, at the invitation of the 'Encore Club' of which I was president. I was then living at the house of my father, who was an Orthodox Congregational minister and pastor of a Quincy church. He very cordially assented to my desire to invite Mr. Emerson to take supper with us, and he very graciously accepted our invitation. At the table, my father, quite to my horror, asked his guest to say grace; but Mr. Emerson immediately responded in these words:

"'Spirit of all good, we invoke thy blessing.'"

I have never forgotten some incidents of the lecture. A travelling doctor (one Dr. O'Leary), subsequently to our engagement had engaged the hall for a two weeks' course of lectures, and, on account of our previous engagement, was obliged to suspend for one evening. He had some cheap paintings, evidently reproduced from photographs, of several important persons, among others, of Mr. Emerson. As his lectures were free, and of a popular sort, the hall had been crowded every night with a class who, for the most part, had probably never heard of Mr. Emerson. But Dr. O'Leary, the night before that on which our lecture was to come, paid Mr. Emerson such high compliments, and so urged the attendance of his audience the next evening, that, to our very great surprise, there was hardly standing room left. Dr. O'Leary had improvised a raised platform at the other end of the hall from the regular stage, and Mr. Emerson spoke from this improvised platform. It consisted mainly of loose boards, and Mr. Emerson's form of emphasis, raising himself on his toes and gesticulating downward, resulted in an unusual commotion. My remembrance is that the subject of this first lecture was "Immortality"; but that lecture, as now published, may have been delivered subsequently.

"After the lecture I went with him to his room at the hotel, where he talked to me delightfully, as long as I dared to stay. The apothegms which I enclose are what I could remember and jotted down the next day. I asked him for his autograph, and he wrote:

"So near is grandeur to our dust,
So high is God to man,
When duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

ANSWERS AND APOTHEGMS

"Are we as near to God as we ever shall be?"

"Yes, potentially; that is, it is in our power to be."

"Humdini are more commonly found among women than men."

"Is all Nature re-created daily?"

"The Good Spirit never antedates. He never gives us today what we shall need tomorrow."

"The one evil of the world is blockheads, and wise men save it; without wise men the world would long ago have been bankrupt."

"It is the rule that nations and races advance only by contact with other races and nations."

"When we look around upon the achievements of such souls as La Place and Newton, it seems to us that all which is in God is possible for us; that we can make ourselves archangels."

"Soul creates body forever. Swendborg was a good prophet and seer," he says, "I saw in Heaven streets and gardens, houses and stores—and beautiful forms."

"Insanity (Swendborg thinks) is a good safeguard. When by circumstances, or even by the Will, the pressure upon the soul is too great, it protects itself by insanity; which is a shield against undue pressure."

"It would be dangerous for us to say all souls are immortal,—the soul may commit suicide. Evil-doing is death, and souls that do evil are dead."

"Marcus Aurelius said 'It is well to die if there be Gods.' This said to live if there be none."

"The simplest faith is the best. Socrates

said, "The daemon does not tell me what to do; but when I would do what I should not, he warns me."

"I believe in the Esculapian theory,—in the wonderful recuperative power of the soul. Agassiz will show you a lizard whose leg you can pluck off, or whose eye you may destroy,—and the little creature will replace them. This power of the lizard seems greater than is given to man, in some directions; yet I believe the soul will, in time, cure any malady."

"Agassiz is a Darwinian,—notwithstanding that petulant, childish remark of his (totally unworthy of the man) with which he concluded a speech in Boston the other day.—'We are not children of monkeys; we are children of God.'"

"I call Bronson Alcott my test of mind. Carlyle, with his English butcher-prejudice, or an affection of it, calls him a 'potato maniac'; for Alcott is what is sometimes called a 'vegetarian.'—that is, he does not willingly eat meat."

"The 'Secret of Hegel,' by Scirling, is a rugged book. If one wants to practise intellectual gymnastics, to cultivate intellectual muscle,—let him read it, if he has power and leisure to master it."

"When Wendell Phillips delivers his famous lecture, 'The Lost Aria,' it is with a sort of irony. He says: 'If you will not let me speak about the events of today,—the living drama, a part of which I am,—I will take you back 2000 years and more.'"

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

Tribute to Emerson from Mr. Smalley and to Alcott from a Distant Kinsman

After reading Mr. Emery's reminiscences, Mr. Sanborn said the testimony to Emerson's uniform courtesy and simplicity of manner was cumulative, and quoted from a recent letter of Mr. Smalley's in the London Times, detailing his first interview with Emerson, when he visited him in Concord, with his nephew, William Emerson, which said: "Nothing could be more charming than his manner. He had that air of high breeding which comes from consider-

ation for others. There was not a trace of condescension or superiority of any kind in his welcome to the two boys who stood on his threshold. I saw him often afterwards, in many various circumstances, in America and England, and his manner never altered. There was a quaint benignity which never forsook him. His tall, slight figure was not quite straight, but easy in movement. Heroic, either in stature or feature, he was not; but the stamp of distinction was on both, and of absolute simplicity. Of affectation he was incapable."

"Bronson Alcott and the Concord School of Philosophy" was the title of a contribution from Rev. A. N. Alcott—a distant kinsman of Bronson Alcott—who now resides at Minneapolis, Minn., but formerly at Fredericksburg, Ohio, at which place Bronson Alcott visited him in 1880. This letter contained interesting descriptions of Mr. Alcott's personal appearance at that time and numerous anecdotes. "If," said the writer, "Pythagoras of Crotona, or Empedocles of Agrigentum had been reincarnated, and presented himself then and there, he could not have filled my ideal of a philosopher better. Notwithstanding the aspect of age given by his long white locks falling well down to his shoulders, Mr. Alcott's step was strong, quick and elastic. I knew at once that New England transcendentalism had arrived; yes, the modern Plato was there! No man native to Ohio or to the whole West could match that appearance. Under the ample brim of that tall hat I saw a broad, benevolent countenance, serene and placid as a summer sky; his demeanor was that of one evidently schooled in the great world and accustomed to men."

"But such a guest as he was! So royally

graceful and courtly in his manners, so charming, so instructive, and, best of all, so absolutely at home, and making us feel entirely at home with him."

The letter went on to speak eulogistically of Mr. Alcott as presiding over a conversation, and the grace with which he then took the intellectual throne, of the two eloquent discourses which he preached to delighted congregations, and of his addressing the school children and how instantly they became his friends because of his benignant manner and evident knowledge of their nature. "As our acquaintance grew, I asked his opinion of the Bible, of religion and of miracle. For answer I obtained very little; perhaps he feared to offend. He seemed to avoid such themes. As we were accustomed to have family worship every morning after breakfast, I at first asked him to read the scriptures and lead in prayer (the next morning after his arrival). He declined, and proposed to unite with us. I afterward came to know that a stated form was not his idea of worship. Forms were little to him." The writer closed with an account of his visit to the Concord School of Philosophy, in July, 1881, and quotes from the journal which he kept at that time.

"THE RELIGION OF EMERSON"

Interesting Paper Before the Memorial School by Edward Waldo Emerson, Son of the Philosopher—A Breeze in the Discussion

Special to the Transcript:

Concord, July 22.—By far the largest audience that has attended the Emerson Memorial School was present this morning, notwithstanding the threatening weather, to hear Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, the son of the Concord seer, speak on "The Religion of Emerson."

Dr. Emerson said that he might more properly speak of his father's religious life than of his "religion," for there was no separation between them. Freedom was more easy to him than religion. He always delighted to address young people. He desired, above all things else, that they should not later on become mere deniers. He always laid emphasis on the thought that "man in the bush with God may meet."

The Old Book always had its charm for him. He chafed at the traditional work in the church of his day, and, coming in from the woods, he felt suffocated by it. When he came to the Unitarians of his day, without enthusiasm even in their work, he found worship dwelling on the plane of the understanding rather than of divine reason. He left his pulpit as a man of honor and even questioned his fitness for the pastoral duties of a minister. Nature was his shrine. His constant advice to the young was "listen." If Mr. Emerson seldom attended church it was because he found that the church, as it then was, was seldom helpful to him, and was occupied with the very things he had left behind. Yet he was always more reverent than many regular church attendants. The late Dr. Bartol said of Mr. Emerson that his besetting spirituality was his only ecclesiastical sin.

His address to the young was: "Do not speak much of God." His intolerance was not for the devout worshipper, but for the stupid absence of wonder and faith in the presence of nature. He was as sorry for

the minister whose idea of God had not got beyond the Jehovah of the Pentateuch as he would be if he had not got beyond Zeus or Thor. On the lecture platform he found the opportunity that he could not in the pulpit. People, in the middle of the week, at the lecture, were not on their guard against supposed heresy.

After the Divinity School address, Mr. Emerson was denounced as an atheist. This was untrue. If he did not attack a personality to God, it was because he thought too much of God, and not too little. He was cleaving to God, and not to a name. "God everywhere" was his thought. As regards the future life, the soul should not be too curious. He was too manly and sensible to be a recluse. He loved mankind; he loved his poor. To be isolated, to him, was to be so far dead.

Mr. Emerson never sincerely enjoyed a sermon, but orations and addresses he did enjoy. The disagreeable word "sage" would never have pleased him. "Seer" was certainly better. He strove to report what he saw simply and beautifully. There is no doubt where he would have stood today. The matter of color would be nothing to him today, whether in the South, the Malayan or the Hawaiian Islands. The eternal law must be heard by America in time, for it will vindicate itself. He wrote not for 1857 but for today and all time. Mr. Emerson did not grieve very much over Harvard's treatment of him because of his Phi Beta Kappa oration and the Divinity School address, because he knew the truth was with him. He abhorred self-consciousness; the truth was the thing—not the individual. He did dislike the notoriety, the discussions in the newspapers and the sympathy offered to him by his friends.

In the discussion that followed the applause which followed, Dr. Emerson's paper, Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor of the Congregational Church, Lexington, said that to affirm an appreciation of Emerson's religion was like trying to prove the beauty of the lily. All Emerson's writings were permeated with true religion. He was most essentially religious. We found his spiritual credential on every page of his works. There was the basal faith that God was revealing himself to every soul, and that the part of each man was to hold himself attentive to the revelation. Emerson was a first-hand reporter of the living God, and that was the very essence of religion.

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer said she owed to Emerson the greatest debt that one human being could owe to another, when it was impersonal, and she expressed her gratitude therefor.

Professor A. E. Dolbear of Tufts College, Rev. Loren B. Macdonald, minister of the First Parish (Unitarian) Church, Concord, also spoke briefly in appreciation of Emerson and Dr. Emerson's paper.

There was quite a breeze toward the end of the discussion. It was created by the remarks of Rev. Henry K. Hannah, rector of the Episcopal Church in Concord, who declared that Mr. Emerson was not a Christian, because he did not recognize the existence of sin and because he did not recognize the scheme by which sin was to be put out of the world.

Professor Maulsby of Tufts College differed from Mr. Hannah, defending Emerson from the foregoing charge. He said that the essence of Christianity did not consist in what Mr. Hannah thought it did.

Mr. Mead said that if anyone thought

that Emerson did not recognize the presence of sin in the world he, the speaker, would like to furnish a list of one hundred sinners whom Emerson had already judged. Mr. Sanborn, while not participating in the discussion, said afterwards in conversation with the Transcript representative that Emerson's doctrine would be found almost word for word in St. Augustine, who was the father of Calvinism.

Emerson, the Anti-Imperialist

Dr. Francis E. Abbott Attacks a Recent View of Emerson and Touches on Current Political Questions

"Emerson, the Anti-Imperialist, or Prophet of the Natural Rights of Man," was the subject of the Emerson Memorial School lecture in Huntington Hall last evening. Dr. Francis E. Abbott, the speaker, reviewed Emerson's career as an agitator, and discussed his views on the duties of a citizen and the doctrine of democracy in general; the latter turning chiefly upon certain criticisms recently made upon Emerson, as having taught a different sort of equality than appears in the Declaration of Independence. Emerson was described as being, throughout his life, too original and independent a character to join as a member in organized efforts, though when the time for action came there was no one more prompt or earnest in seeking out the nodal points of conflict.

In Emerson's connection with the anti-slavery movement, to which Dr. Abbott referred, this would be found to be a prevailing character of his activity. In his utterances, whether on anti-slavery or political problems as they enlisted his attention, or in problems more strictly ethical, his conception of Americanism was pointed out as entirely in accord with the teachings of Jefferson and Lincoln, in urging at all times an equal freedom under the law for all. His teaching was everywhere a paraphrase of Lincoln's, that government should be "of the people, by the people, for the people"; not the Jefferson Davis conception of a purely white man's rule. Emerson everywhere urges this conception of the unimpeded, equal freedom of all men; the sovereignty of nature; to equal opportunities and equal security, in the attainment of individual aims. Nowhere does he do aught but condemn the modern contempt for moral law that grows indignant at restrictions on the game of exploiting other men. He has repeatedly taught that progress was always in successive ameliorations of conditions, from the emancipation of privileged classes to the emancipation of all from whatever conditions of servitude.

TOWN HALL, CONCORD At 10 A.M.

- July 23—Prof. Charles F. Richardson, "Emerson's Place in American Literature."
- " 24—Percival Chubb, "Emerson's Spiritual Leadership in England."
- " 27—Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, "Emerson and Oriental Thought."
- " 28—Charles Malloy, "The Sphinx."
- " 29—Rev. John W. Chadwick, "The Simpler Emerson."
- " 30—McCorfield Storey, "Emerson and the Civil War."
- " 31—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, "A Century from the Birth of Emerson."

HUNTINGTON HALL, BOSTON At 7.45 P.M.

- Tonight—Rev. R. Heber Newton, "Emerson the Man."
- July 23—Henry D. Lloyd, "Emerson's Wit and Humor."
- " 24—William M. Salter, "Emerson's Aim and Method in Social Reform."

- " 27—Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, "The American Woman's Debt to Emerson."
- " 28—Rev. Benjamin F. Trueblood, "Emerson and the Inner Light."
- " 29—William Lloyd Garrison, "Emerson and the Anti-Slavery Movement."
- " 30—Prof. A. E. Dolbear, "Emerson's Thought in Relation to Modern Science."
- " 31—Rev. Edward Everett Hale, "Emerson's Gospel for His Own Time and for Ours."



sonality of Emerson," by Frank B. Sanborn, which was issued by Charles E. Goodspeed yesterday, there is an interesting bit of Emersoniana. At the death of Mary Emerson, in 1863, Mr. Sanborn wrote of her, in the Boston Commonwealth, of which he was then editor: "Her conversation was a singular melange of sincere devotion, worldly wisdom, wit, and anecdote; and she was thought to have the power of saying more disagreeable things in a half-hour than any person living. Reproof was her mission, she thought, and she fulfilled it unsparringly. But she knew how to be tolerant, was a great humorist, and loved to meet forcible persons who would not agree with her." A kinswoman of Emerson complained to him that a young editor ought not to have told so much truth to the deceased, but the sage of Concord read the paragraph, and merely said: "I see that he was well acquainted with Aunt Mary."

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Speaking of Emerson brings up to the associated sense the names of the others of

the day of Boston's literary uncontested leadership. As The Listener was thinking of the names associated with Emerson's he received the following note from one who is peculiarly qualified to be correct as to the origin of a famous expression currently thought to have originated with Dr. Holmes:

Had the Listener listened in a certain Park street ante-room on the occasion of a seventieth anniversary breakfast, given Mrs. Howe by the New England Women's Club, he would have learned that the "seventy years young," so often quoted as from Holmes, was not original with him, but with Mrs. Howe's daughter Maud, now Mrs. Elliott, who in her invitation to Holmes wrote that her mother was not seventy years old, but seventy years young. Holmes naturally made use of the phrase in his reply, which was read at the breakfast and sent to the papers—hence the mistake. The writer learned this in an ante-room conversation with Maud Howe herself—the morning of the breakfast, and has since had it confirmed by Mrs. Howe and by her daughter, Mrs. Richards—the well-known author of juvenile books.

With his abundance, Dr. Holmes can well afford to yield up this one gem, which though by no means stolen is not his own.

A. M. D.

